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PERSONAL MEMOIRS;

OR

REMINISCENCES

OF MEN AND MANNERS

AT HOME AND ABROAD,

DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

WITH

OCCASIONAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE;

BEING FRAGMENTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF

PRYSE LOCKHART GORDON, ESQ.,

26691

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

A confinement of many years to my sofa, from a severe and protracted indisposition, (the effects of a *coup de soleil* when on service in Sicily in the year 1813,) induced me to sketch the most interesting events of my life. It will be for the Public to pronounce whether they are worthy of record; at all events the employment has served to beguile the *tedium vitæ* of my monotonous existence, which I found the more irksome, from having been previously engaged in active pursuits for nearly half a century. The only materials I had for my literary labours, were a few memoranda of my travels in Italy with the late Lord Montgomery, which I had left in a portfolio in my agent's hands in London five-and-twenty

years back, and the existence of which I had almost forgotten, until they were returned with other papers, on my removal to the Continent in 1814.

Three years ago a friend asked me to give him a *route* to Italy. I opened my papers, from which I culled documents which I thought might be useful to him; and finding this employment agreeable, I continued my literary labours, and concocted "a Companion for the visitor at Bruxelles," to which I added an improved copy of the directions I had given to my friend for his Italian tour, forming a pocket volume. By the advice of a literary friend, I sent the manuscript to London, where it was published, and the edition met with a rapid sale. Elated with the success of this little work, and the mania continuing, I was soon deep in my Memoirs, and the present two volumes have been the result of my labours; a few pages of which have already appeared in the New Monthly Magazine for the months of August and September 1829, under the title of "Sketches from the portfolio of a Sexagenarian."

A good-natured critic in the Edinburgh Re-

view observes, in reviewing the work of a military man, "that soldiers are not expected to write like Addison or Scott." It cannot however be supposed that reviewers in general will make any distinction between authors in red coats or black; and when a man is bold enough to appear in print, he must submit to the ordeal of criticism. All that ought to be expected from a military man who attempts to write a book, is a plain unadorned narrative of any events in which he may have taken a share, or which he may have witnessed; and the reading Public is disposed to treat him with great lenity.

The soldier necessarily meets, in the course of his active career, with adventures and characters of almost every description, in the various countries which his profession leads him to visit; and if he have the good taste to avoid affectation, and to tell his tale in simple, intelligible language, he will probably not fail to tell it pleasantly and acceptably.

Having had the good fortune to be acquainted with some of the most talented men of our times at home; and having had the advantage of travelling on the Continent with a young nobleman

at a most interesting period, I enjoyed opportunities of seeing much of the world, and meeting persons of celebrity in various countries.

From materials thus derived, I have collected a *mélange* of Anecdotes and Sketches, which I here with all due deference submit to the Public.

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PERSONAL MEMOIRS,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

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I HAD the good fortune to be ushered into the world in the same year with his Majesty George the Fourth, (whom God preserve!)—viz. A.D. 1762. on St. George's day; which, since his Majesty's accession to the throne, has been celebrated as his *jour de fête*. This I consider "a feather in my cap;" and I am not a little elevated, when I think of the quantity of gunpowder that is blazed away, the bottles that are cracked, the liquor that is quaffed, and the wax, tallow, and oil consumed, to commemorate my entrance into life! "*Ego et Rex meus!*"

My father, the Rev. Harry Gordon, was the

humble pastor of Ardersier, an obscure parish in Nairnshire, in the northern part of Scotland, the revenues of which hardly amounted to one hundred pounds a year; but as he was also chaplain to a Highland garrison in his neighbourhood, he received a further remuneration of fifteen shillings per Sunday, and a mess-dinner when he chose to accept it.

He converted his glebe, and a farm which he rented from his patron, into grass, and supplied the troops with milk. My mother understood the management of the dairy, and I have heard her say, that though the produce of the milk was sold at the low rate of twopence the Scotch pint, (two quarts,) her profits were little short of the minister's stipend. Unfortunately, my father was of a delicate constitution; and the *manse* (clergyman's house) being situated on the top of a hill, exposed to the north-east winds, was ill-calculated for a weak chest. A severe cold fastening on his lungs, produced a rapid consumption, which carried him off in his thirtieth year. This was a sad blow; for there was no other provision for our family but the scanty pittance of twenty-five pounds a year, the pension of a Scottish clergyman's widow. Providence, however, did not forsake us in this desolate state. My worthy and venerable grandfather, the Rev. Walter Morison, also a minister of the established church at Deskford, County of Banff, who had sent his own family into

the world; invited my mother and her children to reside with him in the Low Country, distant about sixty miles.

I was at this time but four years of age, and have no recollection of our emigration, although I have a faint one of my grandmother playing on the violin, which she held on her lap like a guitar, and setting us dancing; but the good-humoured old lady did not survive our arrival more than two years.

The annals of a family, living in peaceful retirement in a distant corner of Scotland, cannot be expected to afford much matter worthy of notice; at the same time, a slight sketch of the economy of such an establishment fifty years ago, may not be altogether uninteresting, to show how much may be done by good management of small means. The example of a clergyman rearing, educating, and sending into the world, two large families, on a revenue but little exceeding a hundred pounds, is worthy of record and of imitation. A lesson from humble life may sometimes be useful, though the details may not be amusing.

It is generally admitted that the Scottish clergy is as respectable a body of men as any in the island, in regard to their moral character; and the statistical accounts of their parishes, collected by Sir John Sinclair, are proofs that they are not deficient in literary acquirement. The institution

of parochial schools is well known to be the cause of the general dissemination of learning throughout the kingdom, while it affords advantages for inculcating morals along with literature, which no other country possesses, excepting Switzerland. In one of these seminaries I was placed, along with my three brothers.

The parish, two miles from Cullen, a royal burgh, was small, containing about six hundred inhabitants, chiefly little farmers, renting land from 20 to 100*l.* a year. The school-house was a miserable cottage, consisting of what is called a *butt* and a *ben*—one end for the use of the scholars, and the other for that of the *dominie,* serving him as "kitchen, parlour, and hall;" his dormitory being an opening in the wall, with a folding door. This building could only be known from a peasant's habitation by its being covered with slates. There was no play-ground; so that the church-yard, the walls of which were dilapidated, served as the arena of our gambols. A patriotic pupil, however, a native of Aberdeen, some years after I quitted school, had realized a little money as a sailor, and when he returned among his household gods, determined to enclose this cemetery at his own cost, for which he readily obtained permission of the lord of the manor; and when he died, his brother, a farmer in the parish, to whom he had left his little means, caused a

stone to be erected over his grave, with an epitaph of his own composition:

Hic jacet Johannes Anderson, Aberdoniensis—

Here his Latinity failed him: the sequel was consequently in English—

Who built this church-yard dyke at his own expenses.

The endowments of the school were as limited as the building—twelve pounds per annum, with grass for a cow! Latin, English, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, geography, and the first four books of Euclid, were taught by a man of considerable classical acquirement, for this pitiful sum, together with the poor emolument he derived from his pupils, (seldom exceeding twenty,) whose means allowed them to pay one shilling per quarter, with a couple of peats daily, in winter, for the common fire. The chief part of the scholars only contributed the money; for though not paupers, many of their families could not afford even this small sum.

Our pedagogue, James Alves, M. A. was a man of more than ordinary endowments; for besides being an excellent classical scholar, he was a mathematician, and unhappily for himself as well as his pupils, a poet!

He had published a small volume of fugitive verses, consisting of odes and songs, which he dedicated to the celebrated Dr. Beattie, in whose

class he had studied moral philosophy; and he received so much commendation from that great man, that the dominie paid more attention to the *Muses* than to *Ruddiman*,* and neglected his school. He was, besides, too indulgent, and wanted the tact of conveying to his pupils the knowledge he possessed himself, sparing the rod when correction would have been efficient. As he gave myself and brothers private instruction at home, on condition of receiving his board, I was a particular favourite, and, in consequence, much indulged. When my grandfather examined my themes, they were previously corrected by my kind friend. I should thus have been left in complete ignorance, had not a worthy friend of my family, Mr. Abercromby of Glassaugh, residing in the county town, invited me to his house, that I might have the benefit of attending the grammar-school, a seminary at that time of some celebrity. Alves, shortly after my departure, losing all his pupils at the manse, and being obliged to associate with dull and ignorant farmers, and to instruct their progeny, his habits of indolence encreased. He now had no one to point out a hole in his hose, or in the elbow of his threadbare rusty habit, as my mother was wont to do, and to have it repaired. He moped and pined, often neglecting to come to his dinner at the manse, but might be

* The Author of the Latin *Rudiments* then in general use.

seen straying in a meadow, through which ran a brook, spouting his verses, or lying on a sunny bank, composing his odes. He became the derision of his scholars, and got the name, in the parish, of the "wud* (mad) Dominie." The fact was, this worthy, inoffensive, and talented man, was out of his sphere, "a pearl among swine;" his accomplishments could not be appreciated by a herd of boors, in whose society his ill stars had thrown him. Naturally shy and reserved, he kept in the back-ground even at such low meetings as he could not always avoid; and though his habits were sober, he soon acquired a taste for spirituous liquors, which encreased to such a degree, that he became totally unfit to attend the ordinary duties of his charge, and but for the interference of my mother, would have been dismissed. She respected the poor man for his talents and his kind heart, and pitied him for his weakness. Remonstrating with him on the low habits he was acquiring, she adroitly threw in a little flattery of his poetical acquirements, and brought him for a time to abandon altogether the use of ardent spirits, to attend to his duties, and again to court the Muses. Moliere, it is said, read his plays to his nurse. Alves rehearsed his verses to my mother, whose approbation he highly valued. A copy of a new series of them was

* *Wod*, or *wode*,—mad, wild.

presented, in the author's name, to a beautiful and accomplished lady of quality, Jane Duchess of Gordon, and he obtained permission that they might be dedicated to her Grace. Aided by the Duchess's generous donation of twenty guineas, our poet was enabled again to go to press with a second volume, and to provide himself with a new suit of clothes, which he much wanted.

The praise of the author of the 'Minstrel,' and the dignified and popular name of his patroness, occasioned the sale of a few hundred copies, which so elevated the poor poet, that he fancied himself the actual minstrel whom Beattie had described, and that his riches were to have no end.

He laboured again incessantly with his muse, and would have forgotten even to eat his simple fare but for an old woman in the village, whom he occasionally permitted to enter his *sanctum sanctorum*, to sweep away the cobwebs, and make his *porridge:* his bed was arranged only on Saturday nights. At the end of three months he had finished a third series of effusions, chiefly translations from the Roman poets. These he forwarded to his publisher; but the *Mæcenas* of the Scottish metropolis, fifty years ago, was not so liberal as the *Constable* of modern times; and instead of encouraging the author to go to press with his new lucubrations, told him that *two-thirds* of his former volumes were still reposing on his shelves,

and demanded a settlement of his account—the balance against the poet being eleven pounds seventeen shillings.

The effect of such a disappointment on a man of his simplicity and ignorance of the world, may be readily imagined; and to add to his chagrin, complaints were daily coming to my grandfather from the farmers, "that the dominie paid no attention to his school, and their pastor's interference was requested." However unwilling the good-natured man was to listen to these remonstrances, he could not, as a matter of justice, refuse to investigate what he had but too much reason to believe well-founded.

When the pedagogue was sent for, to be cautioned on the neglect of his duties as a parish school-master, it was evident to the reverend man, old as he was, that the defaulter had been paying his respects to the "mountain dew;" and on this account the lecture was put off to the following day; for this pious worthy man considered any one in such a state as "*non compos mentis*." The morning came, and poor Alves was reported by his *cobweb-sweeper* to have "a sair head,"* and to be incapable of quitting his blankets. On inquiry, it was found that the invalid was suffering from high fever. Such is the temper of the Scottish people, that when the farmer of the mains of the

* A head-ache is so called.

Kirktown (who had been the principal complainer against the dominie) heard of his illness, he forgot all his ill-will, and set out to the borough-town to call the doctor, who pronounced his patient to be in a state of extreme danger; but a naturally vigorous constitution brought him through an attack that would have killed nineteen men out of twenty, addicted to the drinking of alcohol.

The parson's lecture was never pronounced; and the poor poet, during a long confinement, had abundance of leisure to reflect on "the folly of his ways," and resolved "to turn from them."

Soon after he had made this wise resolution, and about a year after I had quitted his school, a vacancy occurred in the rectorship of the grammar-school in the county-town, where I was now placed. The election fell on Alves; and I need not add how delighted I was to be again under the tuition of my old favourite. He had now a decent salary, and his title of dominie was sunk in that of rector. My mother had taken care that he should be provided with a decent stock of linen, and a suit of good clothes; so that he made a most respectable appearance when marching to church at the head of his pupils. Forty years afterwards, on the publication of "Guy Mannering," I was much struck with the similarity of "Dominie Sampson" with my friend Alves in many points; and it is singular that one of my brothers mentioned the likeness in one of his

letters to *me*, while *I* was making the remark to *him*—a proof that the Author of that admirable work has drawn his character from nature.

In this attempt to sketch a country schoolmaster of fifty years ago, I am desirous of showing the great benefit that Scotland derives from the institution of parochial schools, and at the same time of exhibiting the miserable state of the masters. Here was a man, who was capable of filling with credit a chair of rhetoric or belles lettres, fagging from morning to night to earn the wages of a ploughman, and, but for my mother, living in a damp and dark kennel, on the vilest food, which a pauper in England would have spurned.

We hear, every now and then, that the government intends to ameliorate the situation of this ill-treated class of useful men, but nothing has yet been done. If the parochial school-masters were placed on a respectable footing, no measure could be more popular; and the consequences would shortly be seen, in the schools being directed by masters more capable of filling situations of so much importance to the rising generation. At present, these men are but little better off than they were in my time. They are commonly young men who have taken a degree of A.M. at the colleges, whose inexperience but ill qualifies them for such a task; and as they only retain these pitiful situations as a *pis-aller* until something better presents itself, they care but little for

the advancement of their pupils.* With all these disadvantages, however, it is surprising how many young men have prospered in the world, who have received no other education except what these country schools afford. From my little parish I can count half a dozen who have risen to independence, and some to wealth, at the expense of four shillings per annum!

My grandfather, whose limited means I have already stated, sent into the world his own five sons, myself, three brothers, and a sister, and yet contrived to make some annual saving, although he lived hospitably. He had a little assistance, indeed, from the *bursaries* at King's College, Aberdeen, the patron of which was his friend. I shall sketch the routine of a northern university, to contrast the expense and discipline of these humble institutions with the establishments in England. My *egotism* in this detail must be excused.

But to return to Alves. He was determined to redeem his character, and fulfilled the duties of his charge with great diligence; although his *bonhomie* and simplicity laid him open to the jeers of many of his roguish pupils, who, finding that nothing could induce him to punish them with the *rod*, so imposed on his good-nature, that they defied his authority altogether. This coming to

* Since this was written, their situation has been ameliorated.

the ears of some of the parents, and to those of the magistrates, the poor pedagogue was nearly losing his chair from sheer good-nature; but fortunately, a plot of a few wicked young dogs was discovered, which had almost proved *fatal* to the Dominie. They had put crackers in his pocket, and laid a train of gunpowder to set fire to them; which trick, had it succeeded, might have had more serious effects than were intended; but an explosion in his rectorial *pulpit* only occurred, which so terrified him, that it was a long time before he could be persuaded to remount it. The culprits were detected, and a complaint was made to their parents, who wisely directed them to be severely flogged by the town-drummer. This judicious step completely restored the rector to his authority.

At fourteen I had acquired a pretty competent knowledge of Latin, and a smattering of the Greek grammar. I wrote a good bold hand; I knew something of geography and arithmetic; and was pronounced "as being fully qualified to go to college." Fortunately one of my brothers had taken his degree, and vacated his bursary, so that I stept into his shoes. These exhibitions (as they are called in England), though only nine pounds per annum for four sessions (terms) of five months each, are nearly sufficient to maintain a youth of prudence. The sons of the richer lairds, or private gentlemen, having the privilege of wear-

ing a scarlet cape to their gowns, hold up their heads, and look down on the poor bursars, who in return pelt them with snow-balls, and treat them with contempt, to shew how little they value these aristocrats. They are "the gentlemen-commoners" of the north, and have, like their brethren in the south, the pleasure of paying for every thing *double;* but I suspect they do not acquire an ounce more learning.

Young men, in my opinion, are generally sent a year or two too soon to our colleges, and before they have acquired a sufficient knowledge of grammar. This was my case; and the consequence was, that I had not time during the short sessions to make any great progress either in Greek or mathematics; and before I could finish the common course of education at my college, I quitted it for a pair of colours.

The dress of the students is a plain scarlet gown, which being commonly of coarse materials, and having no appropriate cap or head-gear, has a mean appearance. The *toga* destined for me had belonged to one of my brothers, and was become, like that of Joseph, of "many colours," and was, moreover, too short for my long legs (for I had shot up to five feet ten). I was therefore determined to dismiss this heir-loom, and to expend a couple of guineas, which my mother's friend, the lady of rank and fashion whom I have before mentioned, had given me, when I had the honour to be

presented to her, at a very early age, in recompense for the *graceful* double bow I had been taught to make by a peripatetic dancing-master. This money had been carefully deposited in my grandfather's hands at the lawful interest of five per cent, and had amounted to two pounds ten shillings, which was to serve me for my *menus plaisirs;* but such was my vanity, that I sacrificed two thirds of my wealth for a new *mantilla*, and had I not known that bursars dare not aspire to velvet collars, I should have mounted one with the remainder.

I kept a regular account, by my mother's desire, of my disbursements during my absence of six months, a copy of which I preserved; and it may at this time be considered as rather a curious document: it is as follows:—

A. Domini 1776.

	£.	s.	d.
Expenses of a journey on foot from Deskford to Aberdeen, (fifty miles) performed in two days, with my companion, James Gray . . .	0	2	4
College fees to the bell-ringer and sacrist . .	0	5	0
My share of coals and candles for the winter .	0	17	6
Pens, ink, and paper	0	6	6
Breakfast of bread and milk, at the rate of 9d. per week (26 weeks)	0	19	6
Board (dinner) at college table, at 14s. per month	4	4	0
	£6	14	10

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	6	14	10
Bread, cheese, butter, smoked haddocks, small beer and other *luxuries*, for supper	1	4	0
Tea and sugar, once or twice a week	0	12	0
Expenses at taverns and dancing balls	0	18	0
To Sweety Nell, an old woman who sold *lolly-pops*	0	13	0
Washing	1	4	0
Expenses of college balls	0	8	0
To the bed-maker	0	12	0
To *Squinting Sandy*, for cleaning shoes	0	6	0
A pair of gloves at the graduation ball	0	1	6
Sweeties at various times	0	6	0
Three penknives (always losing them)	0	3	0
Shuttlecocks	0	1	4
Fines for being *late* at roll-call	0	3	6
Ditto for throwing a snowball at the sacrist	0	0	6
Fee to the Greek Professor	1	11	6
Ditto to Professor of Humanity (Latin)	0	15	0
Charity in church	0	1	1
Ditto to beggars	0	1	6
Paid for lessons in drawing	0	12	0
To a Highland serjeant for lessons in the broad-sword	0	6	0
Skates and cudgels	0	4	6
Expenses of returning home, (partly in a return hack-chaise)	0	5	0
	£17	4	3

The above was expended, my *first* year—the *second* I was more extravagant, for I got rid of ten pounds beyond my bursary; but my *chum* kept me within bounds, otherwise I probably

should have incurred debts, though it is seldom that a student can get credit beyond a very limited sum, from any shopkeeper or tradesman.

N.B. My grandfather thought me very extravagant, observing that his expenses never exceeded twelve pounds per session; but that was *sixty years* before.

Fifty years ago cock-fighting was a sport permitted at the schools in Scotland, at Shrovetide. I was a great amateur of it from an early age, which increased with my years; and although I have a horror at the murderous mode of these battles, where the birds are armed with the instruments of destruction, and death alone decides them, yet I cannot, to this day, pass a *pugnum* between a brace of cocks in a farmyard, or in the streets of a country-town, without awaiting the issue.

On the day fixed at our school for the great warfare, the room was fitted out by the removal of the benches, as the *arena;* and every boy brought with him a few cocks, the number being limited to four. They were generally dunghill; but one fellow had got a better breed, and generally became the victor, of which I was not a little jealous, not alone for his triumph, but for the loss of my cocks, which, if not killed in battle (which does not often occur), were runaways, (called Fugies*,) and were

* Fugitives.

instantly decapitated,—became the property of the *dominie*, and were consigned to his *pot*. The owner of the best cock is elected *king* for the day, and is crowned, not with laurels, but with the tail feathers of the enemy's birds he has conquered. I was ambitious of this honour, and having seen some English cocks at the little seaport of Portsoy, the property of a skipper (one of whose sons was my acquaintance), I got a few chickens, and at the next campaign I was ready with a brace of such game-cocks as had never before been seen in the parish. They were shaved comb and bells, in battle array, and trimmed according to the English fashion by the assistance of my sea friend, who brought them to Deskford in triumph a few weeks before the day of battle. When they were produced in the pit, thus disfigured from lack of plumage, there was a general laugh at my expense; but I knew this derision would be of short duration.

The former victor, Peterkin, whom I have mentioned, thought himself, however, sure of victory, and pitted a bird that looked twice the size of my half-naked stranger. How did my pulses beat when the onset commenced! but my triumph was immediate. In half a dozen flights my "black-crested red" laid his enemy prostrate to crow no more. A similar fate awaited all Peterkin's brood, except a brace of them which were consigned for cowardice to the master's larder!

Though the victory could not be denied to me on this occasion, it was decided by the whole school that no more Englishmen with shaven crowns should be allowed to enter the pit.

Never was such a *chapeau plumé* seen as what decorated my brow! I was carried about the village, thus equipped and otherwise fantastically dressed, on a sort of brancard on the shoulders of my companions, singing the song of triumph in praise of cocks in the Latin language, a stanza of which I recollect,

O Gallus gallinaceus
Et animal insigne!
Qui sæpe præstas hominum
Officium benigne!
Electa vocat decies vix oriente sole,
Et facit ut Gallina sit fœcunda mater prole.

I have not heard who the author of this very *classical* effusion was, but the song consisted of many stanzas equally *sublime*.

When the procession was over, the *dramatis personæ* halted at the manse, where a fête had been prepared by my mother, as I had made myself "cock-sure" of the regal honours; and the whole school, with the dominie at their head, did ample justice to a plentiful repast, consisting of barley-broth, in which the dead cocks (two brace) were served up and greedily devoured, accompanied by a leg of mutton; curds and cream, and pancakes making the second course. The peda-

gogue observed with a satisfactory grin, that Pryse ought to be always king, and that he should vote for the introduction of the shavers (as my cocks were nicknamed) next year.

This custom of cock-fighting is of high antiquity. In Ireland at the same season there is a barbarous and cruel sport, where the poor cock has no chance of saving his life by his bravery, being tied to a stake, when shillalas are *shyed* at him, and he can only avoid death by jumping as far as his cord will admit; but his fate is only postponed, for he is sure to die. I never could witness, more than once, this senseless and savage pastime during my residence in the "Green Island." The actors and spectators in that country, however, I understand, take great pleasure in it, and the sports commonly end in broken heads.

CHAPTER II.

A college chum—College exploits—A Whig philosopher—The snow-ball—An antiquary—A gift to Alma Mater—Confiscated—Family details—Dr. Burney—A rare book—Personal accomplishments—A country dancing-master—A pair of colours—Preparations to leave home.

I WAS most fortunate in having for my *chum* a youth nearly of my own age, James Gray,* the son of a respectable farmer in Deskford; but as he had a bursary at Fordyce, (a neighbouring parish,) where there was an excellent school, we had only met in holiday times.

Gray had profited by a good teacher, and was an excellent classical scholar, with great application. His father, who was lately dead, had been so reduced in circumstances as to prevent his widow from carrying on the concerns of a large farm, and to oblige her to retire to a small cottage and a croft, half a mile from the manse.

At the annual competition for bursaries, Gray

* Afterwards joint-editor and proprietor of the Morning Chronicle with Mr. Perry.

carried off the first prize, (five pounds per annum,) and was thereby enabled, with a little assistance from his mother, to prosecute his studies, and to dine at the college-table. We agreed to inhabit the same chamber, and joined our slender finances to purchase coals, candles, &c. Gray proved an admirable companion, good-tempered and gay, and though fond of manly sports and frolics, was extremely clever and studious. With so good an example before me, I could not fail of profiting; and before half the session was over, I had risen from the rear of the third form to the centre of the first. Our class consisted of forty-five; many were highlanders and adults; I was the youngest, though the tallest among them, and I considered my height of no little importance.

The throwing of snow-balls was prohibited in the college square, under penalty of sixpence for each offence. I had been mulcted more than once; when one unlucky morning, in *shying* at a student, my missile came in contact with the head and wig of Mr. Professor Dunbar. I was detected by the sacrist,* who owed me a grudge for a similar offence on his own person; a complaint was handed up to Mr. Leslie; and I was summoned to the august tribunal of the college conclave. I pleaded guilty to a breach of the general order, "but without any intention of

* The Keeper of the College.

assaulting the Professor's person." I was severely lectured, and fined five shillings for the poor of the parish. The following morning, however, I was again called on to make a personal apology to the professor of logic; but on my entering his presence, at the hour of breakfast, the good-natured little philosopher held out his hand, requesting me at the same time to join his meal, and on my plate I found the sum of five shillings, which he desired me to put into my pocket, insinuating "that he by no means approved of such heavy mulcts," and assuring me, "that he retained no anger for the accident that had occurred to his well-powdered wig." Many years afterwards I met the little doctor in London, and reminded him of his good-humour and liberality.

Dunbar possessed considerable talents, both as a scholar and a philosopher; perhaps he dealt a little too deeply in metaphysics, besides being imprudent in his politics. He was a professed whig, and wrote a pamphlet in Latin against the ministers for carrying on the American war. It was said to be clever, but of course had but few readers.

We attended the lectures of Mr. Ogilvie, Professor of Humanity,* three times a week. He was esteemed the most elegant scholar in Scotland of his day; and his translations of Horace

* The Latin language—*Literæ Humaniores.*

and Virgil have perhaps never been surpassed: they ought to have been printed "*in usum Delphini.*" Ogilvie was also a man of great general erudition and critical knowledge, especially in natural history and the fine arts. He was a profound antiquary and medallist, though his opportunities of acquiring this taste were so limited. He had, however, collected a little museum, and was rich in rare prints, especially portraits of eminent persons.

On my return from Italy in 1800, I paid my old master a visit; and though then at a very advanced age, he was in complete possession of his mental faculties, but a cripple with gout. I presented him with a few Greek and Roman coins, which I had picked up in my travels, and also some fragments from Pompeii, and a small genuine Greek vase. It was delightful to see how the eyes of the old antiquary sparkled (or rather squinted), when I laid before him these treasures as a *ricordanza,* and the pleasure with which he examined them. I was much surprised to find in our conversation the minute acquaintance which he had of every work of art in Italy, the correctness of his taste and wonderful memory.

He shewed me a large collection of castes in sulphur, which my uncle, Mr. C. Morison, had presented to the college where he had been educated. They probably would never have seen

the light, had they not been committed to the especial care of Ogilvie.

Many years afterwards Mr. Morison, who died at Rome, left by will to this royal university the most curious gallery of pictures ever amassed by an individual, consisting of more than three hundred specimens, chiefly of the cabinet size, of all the great Italian masters, from the invention of oil-painting down to the perfection of the art by Raphael. This precious collection was seized by order of the French authorities, on the death of Mr. M. at Rome, in the year 1810, under the pretext of its being the property of a public body. The *senâtus-consultum* of the college, after corresponding with the Abbé Macdonald, then living in the Roman capital, finding many difficulties, and dreading considerable expense in recovering this legacy, (which, though confiscated, had not been sold,) abandoned it to the plunderers; and I have since learned that the French commissary, in the year 1814, contrived to appropriate it to himself, and to remove it to Paris. Since poor Ogilvie was gathered to his fathers, no attempts have been made, so far as I know, for the recovery of these lost treasures. Some other men of learning and taste in the university,—Dr. Macpherson, the Rev. Dr. Forbes, the Professor of Divinity and Principal Jack—were, I believe, desirous to obtain them; and these gentlemen deserve credit for their intentions, at least. But this kingly univer-

sity is but slenderly endowed; and I suppose the college funds would permit only a small disbursement for this laudable purpose. Yet I have always thought that these inestimable specimens of early art might have been procured by means of the banker Torlonia (now Duke of Bracciano), a great friend of Mr. Morison's. It is much to be lamented that a collection of Italian pictures, selected by one of the first connoisseurs in Europe, during a residence in the Roman capital of more than half a century, should have been thus lost. Had Mr. M.'s magnificent bequest reached its destination, Scotland could have boasted of possessing treasures of art which can never again be equalled. It would have formed a school of itself, and shown the rise and progress of painting from its earliest to its best days.

With an occasional visit to my kind friends at Banff, at Rannes, Berkenbog, and Glassaugh, the summer (which I remember was a very fine one) passed away agreeably. It certainly was the happiest of my life. My brothers were already in the world; the eldest, Alexander, had been two years in the island of Tobago, as superintendant of the estate of Mr. S——. Poor fellow! he fell a victim to the climate at the age of twenty-six. George, my great favourite, was studying law in Aberdeen; and Abercromby was attending the divinity class, having chosen the church for a profession.

In November I returned to college with my chum. We entered the class of Thomas Gordon, the oldest professor in Europe; all my brethren had been his *élèves*, and I was considered as one of his family. Many a good cup of tea and toast, of cake and sweet wine, did I partake of during the session at his hospitable table. Gray, who became a great favourite also on account of his superior talents, was often invited to these little parties; and as the Misses Gordon, spinsters of "a certain age," knew that our fare at the public table was but scanty, their treats were both frequent and abundant. I studied hard, and got over the *pons asinorum* with eclât, keeping my station in the first form. Gray became so good a mathematician, that sometimes when the old professor's rheumatism did not permit him to attend to his class, James acted as his deputy. We had two Englishmen reading Euclid, one of whom became afterwards a distinguished character as a scholar, Dr. Charles Burney, son of Dr. B. the friend of Dr. Johnson, and brother to the author of Evelina. He did not make any great figure in algebra, but he was an excellent classical scholar, and a lively pleasant fellow, though he kept himself aloof from his class-fellows. He had lodgings in the town, and was noticed by some of the professors, to whom he had letters of introduction. My brother became his intimate friend, and Gray and myself were admitted into his confidence occasionally;

though I could perceive he was a little jealous of my *chum's* superiority as a mathematician. In Latin and Greek he had no rival.

Dr. B. was well known as a public teacher at Greenwich, and as a profound Greek scholar. I was in the habit of meeting him often for a period of more than thirty-five years. B. was certainly a highly accomplished man, and a most industrious schoolmaster. Soon after he had taken his degree of M.A. he became usher in a private academy, kept by Mr. R. at C——, whose daughter he married, and became his successor in the school, which he removed to the neighbourhood of H———h near the well-known *Magpie;* but it was on too small a scale for the Doctor's ambition; and when he was foiled in getting appointed the head master of the Charter House, he finally settled at Greenwich. A few years previous to his death in 1819, he had resigned the *birch* to his only son, a youth of superior talents, and high endowments. Some years previous to his quitting the school, the Doctor got into holy orders, was created D.D. by mandate of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and became a popular preacher. He had previously obtained the degree of LLD. from Aberdeen and Glasgow. He frequently harangued at St. James's church in presence of royalty, his discourses being well adapted for royal ears; and his eloquence was admired by the Prince Regent. The Lord Chancellor presented him with a good living, and he aspired

to a mitre; but his health had been for some time on the decline: a sedentary life had deranged his stomach, and produced spasms and indigestion, which carried him off, just as he had reached his grand climacteric. He had lived in habits of social intercourse with all the learned and clever men of his day, Parr, Porson, Perry, Matthew Raine, Horne Tooke, &c. &c.

The Doctor's great passion was collecting books: he was frequently opposed to his Majesty's agent, George Nichol, at public auctions. His library was regarded as a national object, and was purchased by vote of the House of Commons for the British Museum, and estimated at the sum of 16,000*l.* I picked up for him in my travels through Italy, in 1800, the most rare and valuable book in the collection, "Lascaris Grammatica Græca, Milan, 1476," the first Greek book ever printed. It is so rare that five or six copies only are known to exist. I purchased it at Ferrara, from a *soi-disant Marchese,* for fourscore zequins, and ceded it to the Doctor for the same sum. I had also collected several other precious relics in my travels during the Italian revolution, all of which were added to the Doctor's collection "for an old song."

But to return to my own studies. Along with Euclid, Algebra, &c. I read the Latin poets with Professor Ogilvie. The previous year, our class had been instructed by Mr. Leslie in English

exercises, especially in rehearsing Milton and Thomson, his favourite authors. Having a good ear and a sonorous voice, I was esteemed the best reciter in our class. I also became an expert cudgel player, under the auspices of a retired serjeant of the Highland Watch; this exercise I continued for many years, and I feared no man at single-stick. Skaiting I also practised with immoderate zeal, in defiance of hundreds of severe falls and bruises, from venturing to cut dangerous capers. I never afterwards lost an opportunity of enjoying this delightful amusement. I became a member of the Edinburgh skaiting club, danced the *hays*, and rolled like a Mercury. Even on the Serpentine River, I was considered an adept. I had been early taught to dance by a *peripatetic* fiddler, of the name of Douglas, who travelled about the country instructing school-boys in the art of dancing reels and making bows; he visited Deskford twice a year, and his *practeesings*, as he called them, were held in a barn; his terms were moderate enough, being half-a-crown for twelve lessons. Monsieur Douglas, being a great amateur of "mountain-dew," was generally fitter to reel than to dance. Under this elegant *maitre de ballet*, I became, before I was twelve years old, a most active cutter of capers, was much admired for my performance of the Highland fling in a strathspey, and was quite *au fait* in reels, hornpipes, and *shauntrews*.

At Banff, I was placed under the tuition of another *posture-master*, Monsieur Isaac Cooper, who had taught his art at Aberdeen, and boasted of having been the pupil of that *great* man, Mr. Strange of Edinburgh, though this was not believed. Be this as it may, the Signor Cooper was a first rate *professor*, and he had a great number of masters and misses for pupils. Our public rehearsals were monthly; the admittance to them costing sixpence each person.

Gray and myself had not been parted ten days, when my mother received a large dispatch, with an official seal containing a kind letter from Lieutenant Colonel Browne of the Royal Marines, who had married our relation, and enclosing a commission for me as second lieutenant of that corps. This warm-hearted good man had for some time been endeavouring to procure this for me, and had now fortunately obtained it, in a large augmentation of the corps, at the top of which I stood, and might soon expect promotion. He had also got permission for my joining him on the recruiting service at Cork, where he was inspecting field-officer, an unusual favour; but one which he thought was of importance, on account of my youth and inexperience. This, in some measure, reconciled my grandfather to my making my *debut* in life, before my education was finished.

The profession of arms having been long my ambition, I rejoiced at my good fortune; though

I felt pangs of regret in quitting my family, and separating myself from my friends, perhaps for ever. Preparations were speedily made for my equipment; I was provided with a dozen fine Holland shirts, six home-made, with sheets, table-cloths, towels, &c. &c.

Towards the end of June, I was ready to commence my career in the world; but before I quit the subject of home, I must give some further account of it; premising that my father was succeeded in his parish by my uncle Mr. Walter Morison, to which he was presented by the patron, my godfather, Pryse Campbell of Calder, (Member of Parliament for the County of Cromarty,) the grandsire of the present *Thane* of *Cawdor*.

CHAPTER III.

A Virtuoso—Family dynasty—Burnet of Leys—Ker of the Knock—Cant the Covenanter—Curious political sermons—The Brodies—The Duchess of Gordon—The gayeties of Banff—A masquerade.

I HAVE already mentioned my uncle Colin Morison. At an early age he discovered a turn for drawing, and the kind patron of our family, James Earl of Findlater, recommended him to make painting his profession; and his Lordship not only furnished him with the means of proceeding to Rome to study this art, but gave him also letters of introduction to several of his friends in that capital. He made considerable progress in the school of design, but having met with an accident by the bursting of his gun whilst shooting, he injured his eye-sight, and abandoned painting for sculpture. Though he never rose to any eminence in this branch of the art, he was celebrated for his taste and judgment in restoring ancient busts and statues, and became one of the most eminent antiquaries of his time, being considered

among the first connoisseurs in Europe for half a century.

Mr. Morison was well known also as a *cicerone*, and collector of virtù. He once intended to reside in his *natale solum* when in the prime of life, having realized a moderate independence, with which intention he purchased the estate of Rosieburn in Banffshire; but neither the climate nor the mode of living suited his Italian habits, and after a visit of a few months, he returned to the banks of the Tiber, where he ended his days in 1816, in his seventy-eighth year.

Every man is proud of having good blood in his veins. My maternal grandmother was descended from Andrew Ker,* (a near relation of the family of Roxburghe,) and Bessy Burnet, daughter of Sir Robert of Leys, a family of Saxon descent, and one of the most ancient in Scotland.† Portraits of these my ancestors were discovered in a farm-house on the estate of Knock, in Banffshire, about the middle of the last century, and were in the possession of our family, and also a very

* His Christian name was John, but he changed it from Lord John to simple *Andrew*. Lord John Ker was banished for killing a sentry at Holyrood House, but having obtained the King's pardon, after an absence of fifteen years returned from Holland, and was shipwrecked at Slaines Castle. He passed the remainder of his life in Banffshire, where he purchased an estate.

† The celebrated Bishop Burnet was a cadet of this family.

curious collection of manuscript sermons neatly written, and in fine preservation. They had been preached by the celebrated Cant * in the hall at Leys, about the year 1645, during the time of the covenanters, the reverend man not being able to hold forth in the parish kirk, as Montrose's troops were in the neighbourhood. These discourses were chiefly political; they became the property of my brother Abercromby on the death of my grandfather, who at my son's request presented them to Sir Walter Scott, and they are considered by him as a valuable literary curiosity. I have but little to say of my father's family, though it was a most numerous one; one uncle and two aunts only having lived to maturity. The former had served thirty years in India, and attained to the rank of colonel: he met with his death through an accident on the eve of his return to Europe. Out of a few thousands which he had realized, he left five hundred to my mother, to whom he was much attached. I can count three generations, on my paternal side, of clergy in the county of Moray, and four on my mother's. My paternal grandfather was the minister of Alves during the rebellion in 1745, and had the distinguished honour of quartering for a night His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, a few days previous to the battle of Culloden, and his body-guard bivouacked

* The word *canting* is said to be derived from this preacher.

on the glebe, breaking down the fences, and robbing the hen-roosts. In recompense for the parson's hospitality, he received a silver medal from the celebrated hero of Culloden, which I have been often told was worn round my grand-mother's neck, suspended to a ribbon of royal purple —but alas! this trophy was purloined by one of her children for a plaything, and it was unhappily lost, to the unspeakable regret of the whole family. This good woman was daughter to Brodie of Windy Hills, the brother of Lethen. I met the late heiress of that fine estate at Gordon Castle some thirty years ago, when she did me the honour to acknowledge me as a branch of her family-tree, invited me to her castle during the shooting season, and treated me with the greatest kindness. Some years after, when I was on the staff at Edinburgh, my cousin Miss Brodie made me do the honours of her hospitable table, at her frequent parties. She died a spinster in 1807, and was succeeded by her sister, married to Mr. Dunbar; but having no issue, the fine property of Lethen descends to a very distant relation, the son of the late Mr. Thomas Brodie, well-known as the laborious editor of the Index to the Journals of the House of Commons. Lethen being a cadet of the house of Brodie, the late Mr. Alexander Brodie, father of the present amiable and excellent Duchess of Gordon, paid me very great personal attention for many

years, as one of his clan. In my long intercourse with the world, I never knew a more gentleman-like, amiable, and intelligent man. Before I quit the subject of my education, I must endeavour to do justice to one of my earliest and best friends, William Abercromby of Glassaugh. Under his hospitable roof at Banff, I lived four years, being always treated as one of the family. Through this acquaintance I had an opportunity, when a boy, of being introduced into good society; for my kind friend, though his means were at that time very slender, kept open house, and the best company in the north was to be found at his table.

During the period of my being at school, Banff was perhaps the gayest little town in Scotland. Besides many respectable residents, at the head of which was the Countess Dowager of F—— in the castle, most of the country gentlemen and their families had their winter establishments in town. The Duke and Duchess of G—— frequently made a visit to Banff for a few days. At that time, in 1775, her Grace was unquestionably the most beautiful and fascinating woman in Great Britain. Mr. A—— was one of the Duchess's prime favourites. Anxious to prove himself sensible of her Grace's kindness, on one occasion he proposed for her gratification a novel kind of fête for a provincial town, namely a masquerade. All the elderly, prudent, good folks of the conclave held up their hands against such

an innovation on morals and decorum, and others considered the society of Banff too circumscribed to admit of an entertainment of that sort. The Duchess, however, was of a different opinion, and thought it an admirable *ploy*; the *wiseacres* were of course overruled, and preparations were made on the spur of the occasion. Mr. Abercromby's town-house was certainly on a very small scale for a *bal masqué*, but the principal beds were pulled down, four rooms were opened for the reception of the company, and hung with green garlands, and tastefully lighted up. The great difficulty was to procure masks, as the fête was to take place in eight and forty hours. Mr. James Imlach, an ingenious bookseller, was consulted, and he undertook to furnish some sort of disguise for "the human face divine." On this occasion, my services were put into requisition, and I sat up a whole night pasting cartridge paper and noses on the *wig-blocks* of Mr. T. Wright, citizen and barber. As our models were not very elegant, a great deal was left to the taste of the artists. I had the luck of making one so extremely grotesque, that it was selected by my chief for the character of a French cook, which his Grace personated with great humour, after having appeared for an hour or two as the Baronet of B—— without being detected. The Duke had borrowed Sir Robert's hat and wig, of a very particular cut, as well as a suit of his apparel, and was so admi-

rably disguised, that as he walked from the inn to the scene of action, a few hundred yards, the populace, who had turned out to see the procession, actually believed they saw the knight in *propria persona*, and exclaimed—"Look at our ain Sir Robert—he does na fash wi' a sedan, honest man!" The Duchess was first a flower-girl, and changed her *costume* before supper for a superb court-dress: she was unmasked, and glittering in diamonds. I had read the Arabian tales, and was transported to the regions of that fanciful work.

I was permitted to assist at the ball, and played my part as well as I could, in the character of a country-lad looking for a footboy's place. I even ventured to address the Duchess as a candidate; and she gave me half-a-crown for *arles*.

Every one, both young and old, exerted themselves to keep up the spirit of the party, and it went off with great good-humour, producing laughter, hilarity, and sallies of wit and repartee. I have heard the Duchess since say, that she never passed a happier evening. When people are determined to be pleased, the task is very easy.

CHAPTER IV.

Parochial schools—A fortunate youth—Sketches of old schoolfellows—The rewards of merit—Industry—Superstition—Witchcraft—Fairies—The defamers punished—A warlock.

THE institution of parochial schools is a great blessing to Scotland; and though the education which boys receive at them is not very brilliant, they qualify them for future pursuits, and enable many young men, whose parents have limited means, to attend college, where the expenses are certainly small, compared with similar institutions in England. In our little parish, containing a population of six or seven hundred souls, I can count a great number of persons who have risen to independence from the education they received at this little school, and by their good conduct. Mr. Peterkin went out to the West Indies as book-keeper to a planter, his relation, and returned to his *natale solum* with a fortune of 2 or 3000*l.* a year. Another, the son of a poor cottager, got into an attorney's office in London, after having been em-

ployed to copy accounts at two-pence a page for ten years; by diligence, hard labour, and perseverance, he got on step by step, until he had the direction of his employer's affairs, and finally succeeded to his business. He has been for many years an eminent conveyancer in the great Babylon; and I have no doubt has realized a plum. His mother kept a little alehouse in the parish (the only one, by the way, in it); and carrotty Sandy, as he was called, trudged to the school, barefooted, with a couple of peats, to contribute to the fire, under his arm. A third was a poor orphan, who received his education in *forma pauperis*, and was partly maintained by my mother's bounty, his father having been a servant in the family. This boy had talents and application of no ordinary nature. At the age of fifteen he walked to Aberdeen, presented himself as a candidate for a bursary at the King's College, and wrote a *theme*, which gained him a sum sufficient to keep him at his studies during the session. In summer, he hired himself to a farmer, that he might have the means of supporting himself. In this way he continued, until he took his degree of M. A.; and having saved out of his scanty earnings sufficient funds to rig himself out with decent apparel, he set out for the great city, with a testimonial of good conduct from my grandfather, and certificates of his classical acquirements from the professors of King's College.

He fortunately obtained the situation of an usher in my uncle's academy at Enfield, from my mother's recommendation, Here his good fortune did not forsake him: he made the acquaintance, and gained the friendship of one of his pupils (the son of a rich merchant), who took him as his private tutor for a few years, and settled an annuity on him when his labours were finished. In the mean time, by the advice of his friends, he turned his thoughts to the church; and although by the regulations he ought to have attended his terms at one of the English universities, this was got over by the kindness of his patron, who prevailed on the Bishop of Sodor and Man to ordain him. Twenty years after our separation at school, I went to pay my uncle a visit at Enfield, and was agreeably surprised to see a well-looking priest in the pulpit of the village, whom I recognised as my old school fellow M——e. After service I accosted him, and my uncle invited him to dinner, when I learned the above details; and further, that besides his curacy, he had a living in Bedfordshire worth 600*l.* a year, presented to him by the Lord Chancellor, through the influence of his old pupil; but the most extraordinary part of the parson's history was, that he had almost entirely got rid of his strong north-country accent; and from having been a thorough-bred clown in manner and appearance, he had become a most clerical-looking personage, and worthy of filling

the stall of a cathedral in outward deportment. He was also a popular preacher. This man's history is a remarkable instance of the effects of temperance and assiduity; for although the Doctor (he had been dignified with the degree of D.D.) had industry, he had no genius or talent, except a knowledge of Greek and Latin; and my uncle told me, that such were his early habits of economy, that he did not disburse above 50*l.* per annum in house-keeping, lived in a small lodging without a servant, and in order to add to his income, (already 800*l.* a year,) he slaved as the master of the free-school in the village.

In addition to these examples of the good fortune of my contemporaries in this retired corner of Scotland, my friend Gray is an extraordinary instance of success in life; but he possessed talents of a superior order, which he had opportunities of exhibiting to the public by his connexion with Mr. Perry; and had he lived, he would have made as distinguished a figure as his colleague.

On my return to visit my mother, after an absence of ten years, I found another old school companion, who had also paid a visit to his household gods, viz. an old woman, his aunt (the only relation he had), who kept a little shop in the neighbouring borough-town. This boy, at the age of thirteen, took a fancy to be a sailor, and left his paternal roof to seek his fortune on the salt seas. He smuggled himself on board a

coaster from Portsoy; and when the smack had doubled the point of Peterhead, he came out of his hiding-place, and throwing himself at the feet of the skipper, implored him to be taken into his service as cabin-boy. The arrangement was made, and Jamie became a tar, and remained in his humble office for a couple of years, making a slight variation of more genteel sound in his name. His good conduct was rewarded by his being made a mate at the age of seventeen to another and larger coaster sailing from Aberdeen, where he remained only a short time; for there being a hot press in the river, and no respect paid to his situation as an officer,* poor Jamie was seized by a man-of-war's gang, and in spite of all remonstrances on the illegality of the act, was put on board a tender at Sheerness, from whence he was removed to a frigate, and shipped for the West Indies. This event, which he considered as the greatest calamity that could befall him, turned out the *premier pas* to his good fortune.

The young Scotsman was found to know enough of seamanship to be rated able; and his conduct proved so meritorious, that he was noticed by the first lieutenant, his countryman, who got him made a quarter-master, it being discovered that he was a bit of a scholar and an accountant. In an action with a French frigate, our hero dis-

* Mates by the law are protected from press-gangs.

tinguished himself by heading the boarders, which compelled the enemy to strike. For this exploit he was placed on the quarter-deck, and rated a midshipman. When he had served his time, his friend the first lieutenant (who had been promoted, and got a pennant) recommended him to the notice of Captain A. Mitchell; and at the peace in 1782, he was made a lieutenant in his patron's frigate, and again embarked for the West Indies, from which he had just returned, the ship having been paid off.

The old aunt, who had been to him a mother on the death of his own parent, was surprised one morning to see a smart youth, dressed like a gentleman, enter her humble abode, and who, cordially embracing her, pronounced his name. She knew that her dear Jamie was living, and that he was an officer (for she had testimonials of his existence annually by a letter, containing an order on his agent to receive ten pounds); but his actual presence in her own house was more than her nerves could bear, and the poor old creature had nearly expired of joy.

The gallant lieutenant's first care was to settle his relation in a better habitation, which he fitted up comfortably, reserving an apartment for himself. The little shop was discontinued, for Elspet had become infirm and nearly blind. She was no longer capable of measuring her stay-tape and buckram. Jamie had realised 600*l.* from savings

and prize-money, the interests of which he settled on his aunt; but she only lived a few months to enjoy his bounty.

To follow up his history, a few words only are required:—At the commencement of the revolutionary war in 1793, he wrote to his friend (now become an admiral, and having hoisted his flag), requesting employment: his wishes were attended to, and he was appointed to the flag-ship. After serving four years, he was made a commander; and at a general promotion in 1802, a post-captain. At this short peace he had a short respite, and again revisited home; but on the admiral's again hoisting his flag, he was appointed his captain. He has been a rear admiral for nearly ten years, but having become very deaf and rheumatic, he is no longer capable of serving, and is consequently placed on the superannuated list. He continues to reside in his native village, enjoying *otium cum dignitate* and his well-merited laurels.

Fifty years ago, the lower orders of peasantry in the north were extremely superstitious, of which the following will serve as an example, as well as a remarkable instance of the good effect of industry.

One summer evening, when the school was at play, a singular cavalcade entered the kirktown, consisting of a man and his wife, with a son and daughter, clothed in tartan. The man wore trews and a highland bonnet, and conducted a

small cart (drawn by two stout ponies) which was laden with divers articles of household furniture, pots and pans, &c. The dame was equipped in a plaid, which she wore over her head, exhibiting the border of a *mutch;* she led a cow of small size, which was followed by a calf. The daughter had also a similar plaid, without any other head-gear except a black snood, the costume of a maiden. She appeared to be seventeen or eighteen, and conducted another cow of similar breed. The youth, a year or two younger, had charge of a stout donkey, (a rare animal in the north at this time,) who carried panniers, filled with the smaller household goods; on the top of these was a wicker basket, in which were a few fowls: they brought up the rear of the cavalcade, attended by a rough bandy-legged highland terrier. They halted opposite the school-house, and the moment I discovered the strangers to be mountaineers, I saluted them in my best Gaelic, asking them "from whence they came, and where they were going?" my common questions on these occasions.

The youth, who spoke good English as well as his mother-tongue, satisfied my curiosity in both languages, at the same time presenting a paper. By this time, the dominie made his appearance and examined the document, which was found to be a certificate from the minister of a parish on Spey side, stating "that the bearer, Donald Machattie

and his family, were honest and industrious pre sons, of good moral character," &c.

Young Donald, the *scholar*, further explained, "that his father had taken the *tack* of a small farm in our parish; that his mother had been a servant in the family of Sir James Grant of that iik; that she had lately succeeded to some money by the death of a relation at Aberdeen, of which place she was a native, and having "a langing to the laigh country (she was now the *spokes-woman*) had prevailed on her man (husband) to flit out of the wild highlands to a Christian country. The farmie they had taken, Donald had seen, but she had not; it was called," she said "Broomie Knowe," and if they liked the place, they were promised mair ground."

Patience and perseverance will overcome great difficulties. Donald the elder was by trade a carpenter, but could turn his hand to any thing; a trowel he could wield as well as a saw; he was, moreover, an agriculturist and a gardener. In fourteen days he worked so hard, assisted by his son and a labourer he hired, that the cottage of Broomie Knowe was fit to receive the family. Some insinuated that he had been assisted by the fairies, whose hillock was hard by, for the operations had the appearance of magic.

In seven years Broomie Knowe quite altered its appearance. The kail-yard was enlarged, and

surrounded by a stout wall; fruit trees and gooseberry-bushes were planted; two good chambers were added to the cottage, and a new set of offices erected; the ponies were changed for a larger breed, but that of the cows could not be improved: they were the best milkers in the parish except the minister's.

It so happened that a disease, one year, had got among horned cattle; a great many cows, particularly, had been seized with this malady, and many had cast their calves; but in this general calamity the "nowt" at Broomie Knowe had escaped, and so had the minister's. Their honest worthy pastor, who had lived with them sixty years, however, could not be suspected of dealing with witches, whatever the Machatties might have to do with the "evil one:" at last a cow died at the manse! There was now no longer any doubt but the "highland boddies" must be in compact with the d—l, for they had still escaped the general calamity.

These suspicions began by murmurs; elf darts had been found, which the fairies were supposed to use in slaying the cattle. In the valley near their dwelling was a knoll, covered with rich and early grass, affording the young lambs shelter, and a bite of fine herbage in the spring. It was called "The Fairy Hillock," and he was a bold youth who would pass this haunt of elves by moonlight.

My mother had heard the idle gossipings, and had advised Mrs. Donald not to notice such *clish ma-claver*;* but now it had become serious, and she was anxious that a stop should be put to such wicked suspicions; besides she had a particular value for this industrious family, and had frequently assisted the guid wife to dispose of her corned butter and *blue-mould* cheese, and had also given her hints in the improvement of her dairy.

The defamers were formally summoned to attend the Kirk session the following day; their crime was pointed out to them in the most emphatical language by the reverend man, whom they knew had never given any of his parishioners bad advice. There were four culprits examined, all of whom confessed, "that they had said what they believed, viz. that Elspet Anderson, spouse of Donald Machattie, was a *witch*, dealt with the evil one, and that she was the cause of the death of every head of nowt, cow, and calf, stot, and coy, that had died in the parish." My grandfather was endowed with extraordinary benevolence and good-nature. He had passed his eightieth year, and had never been known to lose his temper; but on this occasion he was ruffled; and after having in vain tried to point out to these deluded persons the folly as well as impiety of their conduct, he broke up the meeting by warning

* A war of words, or noise of voices.

them, " that he should send a minute of the case to the sheriff of the county, and entreat him to prosecute them as public defamers and disturbers of the peace;" adding " that they merited excommunication."

Machattie and his family in a few days went to the county-town charged with the *procès verbal* of the ministers and elders; a precognition was taken by the sheriff, with the depositions of the parties. The culprits were summoned to attend at an early day, and the case was heard at great length. There was no want of proof of the defamatory words and actions; indeed three out of the four persisted in their belief of what they had alleged, to the great astonishment and indignation of the judge and the court. They were all fined as severely as the law or their circumstances would permit; two, however, recanted, and came forward to make a written apology, which at the request of Donald was accepted, and part of the fines remitted.

I have given this long detail, to exhibit in a striking manner the effect of superstition on weak minds, fifty years ago; fortunately, these delusions are wearing out gradually in the north, though, within the last twenty years, I found *two* more examples of the belief in witchcraft, which I shall relate, especially as they were not of a vindictive tendency, such as I have given.

On a shooting excursion in the Grampians,

twenty years since, I found one morning, that although the sun shone bright, and it was early in the season, the grouse were extremely shy, and I could hardly get a shot; this I attributed to heavy rains having fallen in the night; the ground being wet, the birds would not sit. My gilly, (attendant,) however, was of a different opinion, and boldly asserted, "that he weel kent the reason." Being desirous of ascertaining this important point, I begged him to let me into his secret. "In the mean time," said I, "let us have a glass of mountain-dew at this spring—'a drink's shorter than a tale!'" My valet being nothing loath to this proposal, we sat down, and after having quaffed his horn, he said with a grave and solemn face, in his broken English, which I shall not attempt to imitate—"Did you not meet at the brig of Dee an old woman driving *twa* sheep?" As passengers are not common in these wilds, I certainly recollected meeting such a damsel, who said "good day."—"Aye," replied my friend, "she got the *first* words of you; but had *you* spoken *first* to her, 'the *poots** would have sat like sklate stanes;' that woman's nae canny!" Now this fellow I had known for several years, and I had selected him when I "took to the hill," (as the highlandman would say,) as particularly intelligent. I therefore thought he was quizzing

* Pullets—young grouse.

me, as he was a sort of licensed *wag*; but on a cross examination, I found that he was quite serious in his belief of this woman's *power*. He further told me, "that she lived in his parish, and was weel kent to deal with the evil one, and that he always took care when he met her, to have the first words of speech with her."—On asking him if he ever went to the Kirk, he replied, "that he was a Catholic, and as the priest lived at a great distance, he seldom attended his prayers." I advised him to ask his confessor the next time he saw him, if he thought this old woman dealt with the d—l?

The other example I met with of the belief in witchcraft, is somewhat similar.

In crossing in a ferry-boat one day, (1810.) in Banffshire, and remounting my horse, (an ill-broke colt which I had borrowed from a farmer,) he kicked up his heels before I could get on my saddle, and chucked me over his head into a ploughed field, without my receiving any bodily injury! The *nag* seemed gratified that he had got rid of his rider, for he capered and pranced across the country for half an hour, before he could be caught, and certainly he had the appearance of being bewitched by the extraordinary exertions he made to get rid of his saddle, as well as of his rider, by rolling on his back in the ploughed field. At length a travelling tinker, who had been a pas-

senger with me in the boat, succeeded in catching his rein.

On putting my hand into my pocket to give this fellow something, I found my purse was gone; this I thought very extraordinary, as I had it in my hand to pay the boatman. I therefore concluded that it must have dropped out in my somerset, and as it contained some fifteen or twenty shillings, I determined to go back to the spot where I had fallen, which was not very distant. The tinker volunteered to assist me in my search, and as I did not intend to remount this restive animal, the saddle being dirty and torn, I offered him an extra shilling to conduct it to the house of a friend at Turreff, whither I was bound, and from which I was not more than two miles distant. During our walk, the patcher of pots and kettles began interrogating me what kind of folks I had met in my ride? "I followed you close," said he, "and fell in with a fellow driving an ass, who they say is a warlock; he is one of my trade, though no friend of mine; for he is a disgrace to the calling, and instead of tinkering like an honest man, he is aye begging. They say he has the art of casting his cantrips, and injuring folk that refuse him aumous (alms)."—"I certainly did meet this chap," said I, "and he asked charity, which I declined giving him, observing that he was a stout fellow and able to work."—"Aye, aye!"

rejoined my companion, "it is just so. Had you given him as little as a baubee, he could have done you no harm; but you may be as sure as the sun is in the *lift*, (pointing to it,) that what I tell your honour is true.—It's no' the first time I have heard of his doing mischief, and it's weel you *escapit* with hale banes."

CHAPTER V.

Scottish agriculture—Doctor Samuel Johnson—Cullen House The Earl of Findlater—Improvement—Turnips—Visit to a Nobleman—French dinners in masquerade—My debut in high life—A country ball—An unlucky finale—The death of a peer—A castle—Kind reception by a duchess—Visit to my *natale solum*—Return to England.

In no part of Scotland has agriculture advanced more rapidly than in Banffshire, and this improvement originated from the patriotic exertions of James, Earl of Findlater, about the year 1760.

This nobleman possessed large estates in the above county, extending along the coast from Cullen to Banff, and comprehending five parishes in a ring fence, a great part of which was at this period ill-cultivated, and, in fact, in a state of nature. Lord F. on his succession to the estates, began his improvements by extensive plantations, in which he had an able coadjutor, Thomas Reid; but unfortunately the soils that would have produced oak, ash, elm, and other hard timber, were planted chiefly with Scotch firs; and his Lordship's

example being followed by the Duke of Gordon and the Earl of Fife, many millions of these unsightly trees were planted, which are of very inferior utility, and certainly not ornamental. Had larch been tried, the result would have been far better, for many fine trees of that species* may be seen in the Glen at Cullen House, and at Gordon Castle, as well as oak and ash—a proof that hard wood will thrive in this climate, when not exposed to the north-east winds.

When Doctor Samuel Johnson passed through Cullen on his celebrated tour, the parson of the parish, the Rev. James Grant, an intelligent man, waited on him, offering his services as cicerone, and mentioning "that this glen contained many noble trees;" but the Doctor had already written in his Journal, "A tree might be a show in Scotland, as a horse in Venice." The truth is, that the learned critic had traversed the plains of Buchan by the coast, a distance of forty miles, where no tree will grow higher than the wall that shelters it; but at Cullen the climate is quite different, from its not being exposed to the east winds; and in no part of the island will trees thrive better than on the coast of the Murray Firth: at Cromarty, they grow on the very verge of the sea. At Gordon Castle, the whole tribe of laurel, arbutus, laurestina, &c. are as vigorous as at Mount

* In the Highlands the larch now springs up, self-sown.

Edgecumbe. But to return to the Doctor. After visiting Cullen House, where he was gratified by the sight of a fine library, he proceeded through the grounds to the high road; and as he passed the glen, he put down the blinds of the carriage, under pretence that he was incommoded by the sun, skulked in the corner, and shut his eyes that he might not see "the vegetable decoration." This is at least the report I had from the parson's mouth thirty years after. In giving this anecdote, I do not wish it to be supposed that I join in the "hue and cry" made by my countrymen, that the biographer has written a libel on Scotland; on the contrary, I think his tour is often flattering and complimentary to the nation, although he has occasionally, in moments of spleen, or perhaps in a playful mood, with his friend Bozzy, indulged in satirical remarks on the poverty of Scotland and its inhabitants.

Lord Findlater, finding that example was better than precept, particularly with farmers, took into his own hands a large experimental farm, and cultivated it on the most approved system of agriculture.

From his Lordship's example, the raising of turnips became universal, and feeding of stock the consequence. My own recollection of that district between Cullen and Banff, called the Boyne, is of about half a century. In my boyish days its cultivation had commenced; the farms had been

divided into larger lots; and many excellent commodious houses, with offices in proportion, erected on them, so that in a short time the country began to show an appearance of wealth and prosperity. But, alas! the noble Lord who had so encouraged his tenants and benefitted so many individuals, as well as held out an example to his neighbours, suddenly died! A greater public loss could not have been sustained, and unfortunately his son and successor was abroad, and it was known that the young lord had no taste for the pursuits of agriculture: he had resided many years on the continent, from whence it was not likely he would soon return. He came, however, a year or two after his father's death, bringing with him a countess, who, being a catholic, had a confessor in the shape of a priest, a French *chef de cuisine*, two *aides*, a baker and pastry cook! all of that nation.

The new Lord gave notice that he would receive his friends, the gentry of the county, on a fixed day every week. This system was quite novel, and was ill-received: there were but few visitors at the castle for the first three months; but Lady F. was found to be amiable and affable; and although Milord was cold in manner and shy to strangers, his table on Wednesdays was plentiful and *recherché*; but few knew what they were eating! The dishes were disguised, and quite French, excepting a joint, (*morçeau de resistance*,) on the side-table, which strangers were afraid to

ask for, not knowing whether or not it was to make its appearance on the board! Shoulders of lamb and hams looked like fiddles, and every thing was served up in masquerade. Potatoes and other vegetables kept company with the joint on the side-board: there was no hobnobbing; the cloth was not removed, when the dessert was served; nor did the bottle circulate afterwards. All these were innovations and new fashions but ill-suited to the meridian of the north; yet a little habit accustomed the good folks who ventured to attend on the public days; and many discovered, on a second visit, the necessity to call for beer when they were thirsty, and to whisper to the butler (who trod on tip-toe, and served the plates with white gloves!), that a slice of roast beef would be acceptable; and moreover, though the bottle did not circulate as at other tables, yet there was always a plentiful supply of the most delicious wines to those who were *amateurs*. The greatest evil was, that a man had not time to get his *modicum* of drink. The dinner lasted two hours; and when it was ended, the company washed their fingers and mouths,* and rose from the

* An old gentleman, who had never before seen finger-glasses, drank off the contents of his vessel, when the butler put down another; but the laird turned to him saying—"Na, na, John, I'm for nae mair cauld water."—The same guest, when vermicelli soup was placed before him, exclaimed, "I winna fash wi' boiled worms."

table, by no means pleased with such French fashions!

A year or two after Lord F. was domiciled at his castle, I had obtained a furlough to visit my *penates*. My mother, as I have already stated, after the death of my grandfather, had removed to a small cottage near Glasshaugh, presented to her by our kind friend Mr. Abercromby. My brother, who served as curate at a chapel of ease in the neighbourhood, lived with her; and a little room was fitted up for me.

It was considered proper that I should pay my respects to his Lordship: his family had been long the patron of mine; and he had kindly promised to give my brother the first living that became vacant in his gift. It was therefore of importance that I should conduct myself *en règle* in the great man's presence, who was described as being "pompous, proud, and particularly reserved in his manners." My good mother, fearing I might presume too much, charged me "to talk little, and above all, not to drink too much wine."

Thus counselled, I mounted my pony (for I had purchased a little nag), and having dispatched my wardrobe to the house of a friend in the burgh, where I put on my best apparel, I made my appearance at the hour of dinner on the public day. I had previously left my name at the great man's door, but had not been admitted.

It was not, therefore, without a little embarrass-

ment that I advanced, when my name was announced by the groom of the chambers. His Lordship was in the bay window conversing with an old friend of mine, Mr. Hay, of Rannes, whom I could not fail to recollect, for he measured *six feet seven inches* in his stocking soles! This gave me some confidence, for this gentleman had been very kind to me when I was at school; and I had passed a holiday more than once at Rannes.

Lord F. held out his hand and received me with great courtesy, saying that he had hoped to have seen me at Cullen House before this time. My Lady and her father confessor had quitted the north; but the French cook and his staff remained.

I had seen a few handsome dinners in London, but never before so splendid an entertainment. Besides my acquaintance, Mr. H., there were several other gentlemen, to whom I was known; but I was relieved when the former, who was lame from gout, took my arm to assist him to the dining-room, and placed me at his side. The dinner was served in three courses, and perfectly French, except the *morçeau de resistance* on the side-table. I did ample justice to the various *plats*, and got some credit with our noble host by knowing the names of many of them.

The conversation, as is usual, turned on cookery; and Rannes, who had been many years in France, was very learned on the occasion; and though the

bottle did not circulate, the old squire assisted me to turn off three flasks of claret during the dessert, exclusive of other wines, all of which were exquisite.

Never did a *parvenu* make a more successful *début* in high life. I took this early opportunity of thanking his Lordship for his kindness to my mother, and the interest he had taken in my brother, which was in appearance received with courtesy, and a renewal of his desire to give him the first settlement in his gift.

I continued occasionally to pay my respects to his Lordship, during a six months' residence with my mother. I was invited to come when I liked, and pressed to pass a month or two with his Lordship, which I declined, for various reasons, but continued to pass a day or two with him when invited.

At the festive season of Christmas, I proposed a little dance in the village. At this hop, we were surprised by the *entrée* of milord, and a party from the castle. I acted as the master of the ceremonies, and pressed his Lordship to join in the merry dance, introducing a buxom farmer's daughter to him; and to the astonishment of the company, he took the fair lady's gloveless hand, led her to the top of the country-dance, and went through the figure con amore! and so much was he gratified with this fête champêtre, that he in-

vited the whole party to a ball at Cullen House, of which he gave me the direction.

The following day he circulated cards of invitation to all the gentry within a circle of twenty miles. Nearly one hundred persons attended, and never had any thing been seen so splendid, in the north. Monsieur Bertrand exerted himself, decorating the supper-tables with magnificent temples, vases, and other ornaments in paste and sugar, and every luxury that could be imagined. The ball-room was illuminated with chandeliers and various coloured lamps, festoons of artificial flowers, and green-house plants filled the air with their delicious perfumes. The astonishment of the natives at this fairy scene cannot be described, and the floors being chalked, they hesitated to tread on them for fear of destroying their beauty. His Lordship opened the ball with the Honourable Miss O——e, a lady of quality, after a minuet had been danced by the French cook with a lady's maid; this *pas de deux* being followed up by the introduction of the whole dramatis personæ of the second table, and "the lazy vermin of the hall," who joined in the dance. It may be concluded that this innovation on the usages of society occasioned great displeasure among the higher ranks. Several families quitted the festivities before the supper was served, though beds had been pre-

pared for them, and though many good-humoured folks wished to put the best face they could on this masquerade as a good joke at Christmas-time, the *amour propre* of the Hidalgos could not brook such an indignity; murmurs reached the noble host's ear, but no apologies or explanations were offered. There was, however, no want of amateurs to consume the luxuries of the supper, and dancing continued till the lights were burned out. They were never again lighted; for shortly after this scene occurred, his Lordship quitted the north, and went abroad never to return! Entirely deserted by his family and friends, he became a "dead letter" in Scotland, and died in the year 1817, at his chateau in Germany. He left his German estate and all his personal property, (amounting, it was said, to sixty-five thousand pounds,) to his butler, a Prussian. This settlement was disputed by his Lordship's heir, and a process ensued to set it aside; but it had been too well secured, and the heirs of entail were defeated.

Having many relations in the county of Moray, I mounted my Rozinante, (sending on my portmanteau by the carrier,) to visit them.

My mother advised me to pay my respects to the Duchess of Gordon, who had always been very kind to her, and to whom she had for some time paid an annual visit. As I had been so well received

at one great man's house, I was easily persuaded to venture on another; accordingly, provided with my credentials, I reached Gordon Castle at three o'clock, having left my *Monture* at the village. When I gave my card to the porter, he stared at me, and making a profound bow, said, in a strong highland accent, "An ye be Maister P—— G——, the son of Maister Hairry G——, who was minister at A——r. I'm your foster-breether, for my ain mither nurst your Honour—and weel do I ken your ain mama, and a bonny lady she is, and she aye gies me half a croon ilka yeer that she cums to the castle; but in troth I dinna like ta'king siller frae a widow, though they say it's her ain faut she is ane. My name's Johnny M'Ewen, and I cam to the castle a callant, and noo I'm porter, and I hae a wife and twa little anes. I'm auler nor your Honour by sax years, and I'm unco glaid to see ye, Captain, and sae will the Duchess, for your mama's a great faavrite wi her Grace."

I did not attempt to interrupt my foster-brother in his long harangue, and when he had finished, I shook hands with him, and we speedily became friends. Johnny took up my card, and in an instant I was admitted, and conducted to her Grace's morning-room. I confess I felt a little palpitation as I entered her bower, but was speedily relieved from all embarrassment, by

her gracious smile of affability; for holding out her fair hand, she invited me to sit down on her sofa. She was writing a letter, which being speedily sealed, we got into friendly conversation. Two of her daughters, the Ladies L—— and G——, were employed in drawing—beautiful and interesting sylphs; lovely subjects themselves for the pencil. We chatted till the dressing-bell sounded, when Johnny was ordered to shew me to my room. Equipped in my best apparel, highly powdered, and highly pleased, I entered the drawing-room, where were assembled, besides the family, several strangers. The Duke was from home, but her Grace presented me to her brother Colonel H—— M——l, and to her facetious and lively friend Mrs. G——, of C——n, whom I soon discovered, young as I was, to be a considerable coquette. I was placed by her side at dinner, when she played off all her airs, on which she was rallied by the Duchess, who complimented me on the readiness of some of my repartees.

The dinner was a mixture of the French and Scotch schools, and when the ladies retired; the claret was circulated quickly by the gallant Colonel, who seemed a bon-vivant. We, however, soon went to the drawing-room, when a party of whist was proposed. I had a tolerable notion of this game, and only feared that the stakes would be too high for my slender purse. The Duchess,

however, relieved me on this point by saying, "that they were low." I had the honour of being her Grace's partner, and as we were lucky, I was pronounced an adept, and rose a winner of a couple of guineas, one of which I slipped into the hands of my friend Johnny, who gave me in return *twenty-one bows.*

After breakfast the next day, I was about to take my leave; but my kind hostess would not hear of this, saying many civil things, and that I must remain some days, &c. It was not difficult to persuade me to accede to so flattering an invitation, and I remained a week, living on the fat of the land, filling my purse with half-crowns, and *flirting* with the *gay widow.*

I was so puffed up with the reception I had met with from the fascinating Duchess, and with my good luck at cards (for I had pocketed six guineas), that I began to fancy myself a personage of some consequence; but when I had crossed the Spey, and mounted my sorry pony, I found out that I was only a poor subaltern, and that I must descend from champagne and half-crown whist to mountain-dew and half-penny quadrille among the relations and friends I was about to visit. "From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step." These worthy people, of whom I could count a dozen, received and entertained me with hospitable cordiality; and I passed six weeks among them with great pleasure. I penetrated as far as

Cromarty, where lived a family of F—th—s, my cousins, the mother of whom was the dear friend of mine. My facetious uncle had been dead some years, and I had no inducement to revisit the place of my birth;* but in the fort and neighbourhood I found several friends of my family, who were most kind to me, and on this tour I obtained the *brevet rank* of *captain*.

On the approach of spring I bid adieu to my kind and hospitable friends. I left my pony with my brother, to carry him to his cure at Portsoy.

I embarked from Aberdeen in a smack, and had a most disastrous passage of twelve days, narrowly escaping being drowned on the Goodwin Sands. I had been long disgusted with a sea life, and this added not a little to my dislike of it. I determined, if ever an opportunity occurred, I would quit a service that exposed me to "a prison with a chance of being drowned;" but this did not present itself until the commencement of the French revolution.

* I merely visited the church in which I was christened.

CHAPTER VI.

My debut in the world—My grandfather—Arrival in England —First impressions of London—A Scotch grocer—Scotch economy—The old clothesman—Visit to a relation—Departure for Ireland—Arrival at Cork—An Irish Table-d'hôte — Commencement of dissipation—Hunting exploits —A justice of the peace—A change of quarters — Prudent resolutions — A letter of introduction — A hospitable friend—Irish hospitality—Irish society—Disinterested friendship — Fête Champêtre — Fête on the Shannon — Coercion—The door locked—A lucky escape—Keeping possession—A fanatic rebel—A short campaign—The castle besieged—The assault—The surrender—The reward of crime —The sham invasion—The enemy in sight—The march to Bantry Bay—The denouement—A bull.

It was on the 25th of September, 1778, that I quitted my paternal roof. On taking leave of my venerable grandfather, then in his 86th year, he put into my hand a small parcel, saying, "My dear boy, I have written a short advice to you in the shape of a sermon—attend to the text—'Follow not the multitude to do evil.'" On my arrival at Aberdeen, from whence I was to embark for London, I opened the little manuscript, and besides the good advice it contained, I found five pounds in

bank notes. Alas! I never again saw this affectionate parent: he died two years after; and notwithstanding his great age, this event was unexpected, and occasioned by visiting a sick parishioner for spiritual comfort.

I have never heard of any person endowed with such a constitution as my grandfather's; he had had no disease incident to human nature, neither small-pox, measles, hooping-cough, fever, gout nor rheumatism, head-ache nor derangement of the bowels or stomach. During the sixty-five years of his incumbency in his parish, he had not been absent from his pulpit a single day on the score of indisposition. In severe winters he occasionally caught a cold or sore throat: his remedy for the first was thin gruel, and, for the second he swallowed a bit of castile soap, with a glass of spring water, when going to bed; which, he said, never failed to remove the symptoms within eight-and-forty hours.

No minister of the gospel probably was ever more universally respected or lamented. Born about the period of the final abolition of prelacy in Scotland, it might have been expected he would have imbibed some of the rigid doctrines of John Knox and Andrew Cant; yet this pious man, though truly orthodox in his religious opinions, had none of the fanaticism of his time, nor any hatred to Catholics and Episcopacy, but like Nathaniel of old, "loved all men."

His habits were as simple as his faith, always good-humoured and cheerful; his humble yet plentiful table was open to his friends, though his limited means obliged him to live with the greatest economy. He had educated and sent into the world two large families, upon an income, *communibus annis*, under a hundred pounds; and so well was he contented with his lot, that his patron, James, Earl of Findlater, had some difficulty in making him accept of an addition of 25*l.* a year to his stipend, when he began to advance into old age. The manse had been long in a dilapidated state; but though he was offered a new one, he declined this. At his death he had saved a few hundred pounds, which he judiciously settled on a granddaughter who was imbecile, and on the interest of which she still lives.

I had the pleasure of passing a few days at Aberdeen with my two brothers, one of whom was studying law, and the other divinity. I embarked in a smack, *supercargo* to a kit of salmon, for my uncle, who kept an academy at Enfield, as I have already mentioned.

The crowded population of the environs of London, and the approach to it by Westminster, struck me with astonishment; though fifty years ago, there were but few houses in St. George's fields, and the number of stage coaches and private carriages was not a tenth of what it is now. I had a letter to a Scotch grocer in Piccadilly from

a relation at Aberdeen, and I thought it would be a prudent measure to deliver my credentials to the vender of figs. On my presenting my letter, he gave me a great many bows, and when he had perused it, he begged me to walk into a small dark room behind his shop, which stunk of bacon, Hamburgh sausages, and rotten cheese, uniting an effluvia as insufferable as the bilge-water of the smack. "Weel," said my new friend in a most perfect Buchan accent, "what can I do for ye, *Captain?*—(this was speedy promotion.) My cousin tells me he kens your family—I have several of your name my customers."—"I want," I replied, "a lodging for a day or two, before I go to visit a relation at Enfield."—"An what may his name be, if you please?—I serve twa families there." When I satisfied him, and added that he was master of an academy, and had three-score of boarders, his eye glistened, and he rejoined, "I ha' a relation by the mither's side o' the name of Morison, may be ye are of the same kin; at ony rate, I would be greatly obleeged if you wud mention to your uncle that I sell tea and sugar, and a' kind o' groceries as cheap as ony man within the city of London or Wastminster, and wud be obleeged to you to tak a *caird* o' my shop—h'ell find it to his advantage to deal wi' me. I'm sorry I canna ge ye a bed mysell, for I ha' unluckily let my first stage, and am raither hampered for room,

for I ha' a sick mither; but I will introduce you to an honest man, and a country man, and vary *ceevil;* he lives in Suffolk Street, near Charing Cross—but as ye dinna ken Lunnun I'll send my shop-boy to show you the road; it's No. 6. The man's name is Mitchel, and he keeps a tailor's shop—you'll be wanting new claiths, and you canna do better than get them frae him—he's an honest man." I had *tact* enough to perceive that Mr. Mackey, from his discourse, seemed to have his own and his friend's interest at heart more than mine; nevertheless I thanked him for his kindness, and would accept of his offer by giving me a few lines to the tailor, and I would get into a hackney-coach, and save him the trouble of sending his lad with me. "Na, na," replied he, "that will cost ye a shilling—keep your siller in your pouch—y'ell ha' occasun for it, I'se warrant.—Suffolk Street is nae a quarter of a mile off." I told him that I had left my baggage in the smack, and that I had nothing to carry but what was on my back. Mr. Ogilvie, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had formed on the passage, and had brought me to town, at this moment passed in his carriage and spoke to me. "He seems a ceevil-like gentleman," rejoined the grocer; "fat's his trade?"—"I believe," said I, "he is a West India merchant." "In ye had ony interest with him," continued Mr. Mackey, "I wish ye would speak a guid word for me. I wu'd

serve him wi' his ain commodities, and may be buy from him." But on my saying that I had never seen or heard of him till yesterday, he gave up the case as hopeless.

The introductory note being written, my worthy friend presented me with a dozen of figs in a paper, saying, "I dare say ye have a sweet tooth in your head—prie thae figs, they are vary frash, and lat your uncle taste ane or twa o' them—they are particularly guid for the bairns, and when you come back frae Enfield, call in and tak your breakfast—I ha' guid honey, and noo and then a yellow haddock that the skippers wha' deal wi' me bring up." On promising that I would see him again, we shook hands and parted, his last words being, "see fat ye can do wi' your uncle for me." I have often since thought this grocer an admirable specimen of a Scotch tradesman; his selfishness and attention to his own interest all his cunning could not conceal, and it so disgusted me, that I never repeated my visit. I know not if he was any relation to the celebrated oilman of the same name in Piccadilly. How has "the March of Intellect" changed in half a century! The modern Mackey of Piccadilly is a man of genius, and invents new sauces, for which he gets royal patents, and imports wild-boars' heads from the continent, price five guineas! yet he still condescends to deal in split peas and Scotch barley.

I found my countryman, the tailor, a very "ceevil" sort of person, as had been represented; and on bargaining for a room on the second floor and my breakfast, I was encouraged by the moderate price to employ him to rig me out with a new wardrobe, of which I stood very much in want; for my mother had wisely advised that this should be done in London, that I might be in the fashion. I ordered a new suit complete, with a morning-dress, &c. which I found would greatly reduce my finances, which only amounted to sixty pounds, out of which I would require a suit of regimentals. In four-and-twenty hours I put on my new costume, and a fellow with a long beard happening to pass under the window when the tailor was trying on my garments, he advised me to dispose of my old clothes to this Jew; he was called up, and after a minute inspection, he swore in his Hebrew lingo, "that the goods wash very bad, full of de little holes, which de *mosh* did eat." With the assistance of my host, and a great deal of bargaining, I squeezed up Moses to thirty-five shillings for my whole kit, including a hat, a pair of boots, and divers pairs of clumsy shoes; this was my first mercantile transaction. Thus equipped, I got into a stage-coach from High Holborn, and was transported to Forty (four-tree) Hill near Enfield, the abode of my relation, who received me with open arms. I expected to have met a wag, like uncle Watty, but found a quiet, *dominie*-looking,

tall and thin man, "full of wise saws and modern instances," but extremely good-natured in appearance. He had been married a few years, and had a family. I told him that in the coach I had met an old gentleman who was well acquainted with him, an inhabitant of the village. I added that I did not know his name, but I thought I could sketch him—a pencil was procured, and I drew a head, which on being shown, my uncle and his wife exclaimed—"Old Dickens!" It was afterwards shown to the old gentleman, and much praised.

I remained with this kind relative a week: it was holiday time. I assisted him to feed the pigs, in which pursuit he was quite a Parson Trulliber. My grandfather had taught me to play at backgammon, and though I was but a novice, I beat the pedagogue, which annoyed him not a little, though the best-tempered man I ever met—so easily are we disturbed by trifles."

On my return to town I delivered a letter which had been sent to me by Colonel Browne, to a brother officer recruiting in London; he kindly showed me the *lions* of the day. I went with him to the play, and accompanied him to a cheap eating-house, the Bedford Head in Maiden Lane, where we had an excellent dinner and a pint of wine for three shillings. As I had been so many months without doing any duty, since the date of

my commission, he recommended me to set out forthwith to Cork. I found I had a balance left of fifteen pounds after paying for my outfit. I took coach to Bristol, from whence I was to proceed to my destination by the packet. I procured from Captain Campbell a letter to another brother officer, Captain Rockford, at this port, a wild Irishman, but very good-natured. The wind was foul, and I was detained a fortnight, during which time I lived in a recruiting mess, and my finances had dwindled into a few pounds. At length the packet sailed, which was driven into Minchead by a gale of wind, which continued four days; the passengers were, as is usual, sent on shore, and the expenses of the inn reduced my pounds into shillings. The skipper, however, undertook to supply me with money for my expenses from the Cove to Cork. We arrived in safety, and considering my youth and inexperience, I had reason to congratulate myself on accomplishing my voyages "without scaith or scorn."

I had, moreover, the pleasure of meeting my worthy patron and his family in health, and of being received by them with cordiality. In a few days I found myself quite at home.

I was to have the charge of a recruiting party at head-quarters, and to share the profits with Captain Ross, who told me they were considerable, averaging ten or twelve guineas a week.

Never could I have hoped for such good-fortune in my debut; kind friends, good society, and money coming down like a shower of gold!

The colonel placed me *en pension*, in the house of an apothecary on the Parade. Madame was a person of ton, and gave dinners: she had two flirting daughters, indefatigable dancers, and Miss Molly played on the piano and sung Irish airs. This was the cadette given out by her mamma to be eighteen, though it was known she was five-and-twenty! In this family I was to be an inmate. The young ladies quizzed me in a good-humoured way, when I had been domiciliated a few weeks, and I retorted in their brogue, which, having a good ear, I imitated with some success. In these playful moods I discovered, unpractised as I was in the arts of the sex, that Miss *Molly* was setting her cap at the young Scotsman. I got a hint, indeed, that she had laid snares to catch a brother officer of mine, who had been my predecessor as a lodger: this put me on my guard.

My cunning hostess played another *game*. She saw I had plenty of money, and initiated me in the mysteries of the card-table, taught me the science of whist, and instructed me in brag and cribbage. Though the stakes were low, I found my weekly disbursements at "the history of the four kings" amounted to more than my board and lodging. I began to find out that they were a vulgar set, and I only wanted a fair pretence to

break with them. One evening after dining at the mess of a highland regiment in barracks, and having taken more wine than usual, I sat down to the card-table, and was fleeced of five guineas. This I thought would be an excellent reason for moving my quarters. I told my friend the colonel what had happened, insinuating the risk I ran of becoming a gambler, by remaining an inmate in this family. The hint was sufficient to alarm my worthy patron, and I immediately removed to a private house, where I could get a mutton-chop cooked at my own hour, when I was not engaged; but in fact I dined four times a week at head quarters, where I also in general passed my evenings.

It is astonishing how soon I got initiated into fashionable life and expensive habits. Hardly was I settled in my new apartments, when I began to lament that I had lost the society of the vender of pills, vulgar as it was, and that I had been too precipitate in cutting Miss Molly; for the monotony of the same society at the house of my friends, kind as they were, did not suit the ideas of a youth of seventeen. I had been for some time in the training of two old school-fellows in the 81st Regiment, and frequently dined at their mess: being well acquainted with all the officers, they kindly admitted me as an honorary member. Nature had given me a strong head and a vigorous consti-

tution. In this corps there were many hard drinkers, and my metal was put to the test, and found to be thorough good, but like all noviciates, I shortly discovered that the horrors of getting sober greatly overbalanced the pleasures of getting drunk.

I had formed a great intimacy with the worthy magistrate, who attested my recruits; he was an alderman, a trading justice, and a *bon vivant*. He taught me to drink whiskey punch, and no man ever saw the bottom of his jug. Billy Butler was so good-natured, and so desirous of getting the shillings, that he would start from his bed in the middle of the night to attest a recruit, who might be suspected of repentance in the morning, and paying *smart* when he got sober; for Billy never enquired, when about to administer the oath, whether the volunteer was drunk or sober. The alderman was also a great sportsman, and advised me to buy a horse to follow Ruddy Gray's harriers. "He had a nag," he said, "that would carry me in style, though he was blind of an eye." I was easily persuaded to take Billy's advice and his horse, for which I paid twenty-five guineas. I was but an indifferent horseman, and feared I should make a sorry figure among the wild youths with whom I associated, and whom I had seen skipping over stone walls five feet high. I was, however, determined to make an essay under the auspices of my friend, who,

as we trotted along to meet the hounds, cautioned me to be careful that "I did not ride over them."

We encountered a large field, and my heart palpitated. A hare was found in a trice, and away we went. I kept close to Billy; the country was open, and all plain sailing. Poor puss was killed after a sharp run. Another chase succeeded in a more enclosed country, fenced with hedge and double ditch. I had found my nag rather above his work, and he nearly pulled my arms off; at length it was necessary to cross a brook. I followed Billy, who sprang over like a greyhound; but whether I checked my steed, or his stride was short, I know not, but in went horse and rider. The stream was deep, and the banks high; my friend had seen my disaster, and drew up; he advised me to give my horse his head. I did so, and after plunging about for five minutes, I contrived to get on dry land, without receiving any damage except a thorough drenching. I was a good deal quizzed, but consoled myself on finding that many more of the field had been afloat. This disaster did not discourage me. I followed Ruddy Gray's harriers regularly twice a week for three months, and became an expert Nimrod.

My mess and the expenses which these exploits led me into by tavern-dinners and other imprudent proceedings, had, I found, swallowed up all my gains by recruiting. The colonel lectured me,

and I promised to reform; but bad habits are not easily got rid of: the resolution of the morning was abandoned when the least temptation in the evening offered, and I was in a fair way of going to the devil, when my Mentor determined to give me a chance of salvation, by moving me from the scene of temptation. On a short notice of twenty-four hours, I was ordered to Limerick, to relieve an officer going to England.

I was too proud to remonstrate; I took a hasty and sulky leave of my kind friends, and mounted my *bit* of *blood*, with five guineas in my pocket, the balance of my account. I had, however, incurred no debts, and was still rich; for I had my horse, and as I could no longer afford to keep him, I was resolved to dispose of him.

I reached Limerick the second evening, delivered the order to relieve my brother-officer, and took charge of his recruiting party. I was sorry to learn, that instead of being lucrative, the service here was a losing concern from desertions. It was now that I began to find I had made a bad use of the gifts of fortune, which had been thrown in my way, and that I had made an ungrateful return to the friend who had heaped so many benefits on me. I therefore resolved seriously to attend to my grandfather's text, "not to follow the multitude to do evil." My first prudential step was to dispose of my nag; and the landlord

of the inn where I lodged being a sportsman, he gave me thirty guineas for him.

I had brought with me from a friend, Hickman, a clothier, and captain of the Cork Union Volunteers, a letter of introduction to a retired linen-draper, Mr. Joseph Gubbins, an old bachelor. I knew not a human being in Limerick, a city famed for its beautiful women, and for its hospitality to strangers; I therefore determined to deliver my credentials. I found the citizen at home. I sent in my name, and was instantly admitted into a small parlour, which looked over a flower-garden. Without breaking the seal, or even looking at the address of the letter, he held out his hand, saying, "Why, Captain, I expected you on Monday, for our friend Hickman wrote to me that you would be here on that day; but better late than never. Sit down and take a share of my dinner, though I suppose my hour, two o'clock, will be too early for you; another time we will make it *three*. I expect a friend to take pot luck, Ned Ryan." At this moment he entered, and I was presented to a square-built, short, dapper fellow, with a bald crown, and a copper-coloured nose. Gubbins was a tall, raw-boned man, whose age could not be easily guessed; his features were rather harsh, but his eye indicated good-humour; his countenance was quite *Milesian*, and extremely sallow. He wore his own hair *en queue*, nicely arranged

with side curls. His dress, equally neat, consisted of a drab coat, breeches of the same, with a scarlet waistcoat edged with gold, white cotton stockings and shoes, with large silver buckles. His whole appearance indicated great attention to his toilet, with a *dash* of the old *beau* of half a century ago.

I made my acknowledgments, and readily accepted his invitation to dinner, adding that all hours were the same to me. He now perused my introductory epistle, which he put into my hands, saying, "it is but right to show you what my cousin Hickman says of you, that you may keep up to the character he gives of you." It was to the following purport:

"DEAR JOE,

"The bearer, Captain *Pearce* Gordon, will deliver you this on his arrival at Limerick, where he is ordered on the recruiting service; but if he does not pick up volunteers for the king, I charge you to take care that he does not lack good cheer. He is a young Scotchman, but from his qualities is worthy of being an *Irishman*. He was one of my best customers,* and you will find him no slouch at a jug of Inishowen. Introduce him to your pretty girls, for though he will sometimes be obliged to keep company with an old fellow like you for want of better, you must find him asso-

* Meaning that I regularly attended his oyster parties.

ciates of his own age. Fail not to let me have another batch of *poteen*, for the pitcher you sent me is on its last legs.

"Yours to the *last drop*,

"NICK HICKMAN."

After a hearty laugh at this curious epistle, we sat down to an excellent plain dinner, which we washed down with a bottle of Madeira, and a flask of admirable claret. As this last was about to be finished, I was called out of the room by my sergeant about a recruit. I thought this would be a good opportunity of making my escape from a debauch, for Ned Ryan's nose had begun to brighten up as the wine circulated, and he would not, I thought, be satisfied without a bottle or two more. I therefore told the serving-man (who seemed to be a character) to say to his master, "that I was sorry to be obliged to retire from his agreeable party on some business, but that I would see him to-morrow." In reply to this, Pat said, "Captain, surely you 're not going away afore you have had a jug of poteen—why Maister Ryan would never forgive you; besides you'll not find your kit at the Crown, for my maister gave me orders to bring it here, and it's up in the yellow chamber, and your slippers are toasting at the fire—so take my advice and go back to the parlour." There was no resisting this eloquent harangue;

back I went, just as another cork was about to be extracted, which I, in vain, opposed. "We must have this bottle to-day," said my host; "another time you shall do as you like—this is Liberty Hall." To the bottle succeeded the jug of punch, manufactured by Ryan, whose eyes began to twinkle. He became very facetious, and told some humourous Irish stories with the most perfect *brogue* I had ever heard, and finished the gaieties of the evening by an admirable *chaunt*. It was midnight before we went to bed. I had taken an opportunity of expressing my grateful acknowledgments for Joe's kind intentions towards me, but he stopped me in the middle of my speech, saying, "If you can put up with the habits and entertainments offered to you by an old fellow, I shall be greatly obliged by your society. I seldom dine alone, though I have not a great notion of large parties. An old friend comes now and then to share my dinner; but as Hickman advises, I will not confine you to keep company with me; you shall see our pretty girls, and you may have plenty of *jigging;* try how you like your quarters, at any rate." This kind proposal was too agreeable to reject, and the matter was settled.

The following day I found a couple of young fellows at dinner, the hour of which had been changed to three. We drank our pint of wine each, and Mr. Rosslewen, one of the guests, invited me to his mother's house to pass the evening.

He presented me to a large circle of well-dressed persons of both sexes, among whom were his three sisters, well-grown, beautiful girls, the eldest of whom did not appear above twenty; they would have been a fine model for the *Graces*. There is so much *bonhomie* and affability among Irish people, that I soon found myself at home in this agreeable society. A pool of commerce was succeeded by Irish jigs, tripped to the piano. As far as activity and bottom went, I was no small proficient in this dance, which continued without intermission for a couple of hours, and the ball was finished by a Scotch reel, wherein I exhibited my *highland fling*, to the no small astonishment of the spectators. A light supper of sandwiches and fruit concluded the evening. I was invited to a similar party at another house, so that I found I was not likely to want amusement during the campaign. I began to think I was born under a lucky planet, for here I was, within a few days after my arrival among strangers, domiciliated in the house of a worthy and kind friend, who treated me with all the attention of a parent, living like a prince, and enjoying the society of lovely women.

I had a general invitation from the Rosslewen family to pass my evenings with them when I was not engaged elsewhere, and they introduced me to all their friends. I made a point, however, of passing at least two evenings in the week with

my worthy host, when we played backgammon and cribbage for small sums. I daily advanced in his good graces. "We must have a party by and bye, and a salmon dinner on the Banks of the Shannon," said Joe, one evening, "I will rig out my car, and you shall drive the Rosslewen girls in it; but take care that you do not play the fool by falling in love with any of them, for they have not a stiver, and besides you are too young. They call me 'Cousin Joe' since I became a gentleman; but when I kept a shop, they took no notice of me. Though I am in my grand climacteric, I daresay the squire would give me the choice of 'his Graces,' as he calls them. I have a mortgage on his estate, and as he is not very regular in paying the *interest*, he thinks it necessary to pay his court to me; besides, he is not without hopes I may leave him some of my consols; but there he will be mistaken—not a rap of my money shall ever cross his hand. The old fool imagines that because I swallow all his *palaver* about cousinship, that I do not see through this humbug. If my poor niece had lived, she would have inherited my property, which now amounts to twenty-five thousand pounds. I have not made up my mind how I shall dispose of it, which is wrong; for every man ought to make his will, considering the uncertainty of life, especially at my age.

"More damsels than one have set their caps at *old Joe*, but 'old sparrows are not to be caught,' as the saying is. The young girls make me give them junketting parties at my farm; when the summer comes, you shall preside on these occasions."

In such discourses did I pass many an evening with my kind friend, and often did he urge me to give up a profession, that, he said, brought "more *hard* blows than hard cash. You have got a good education like all your countrymen. A lawyer is a good profession—I mean an attorney; they flourish every where. Now if you would go to Dublin, and study hard, you might, before you come of age, be qualified to start on your own account. I will put you into the hands of Joe Hickman's brother, one of the first solicitors in Dublin; and as to the fee, leave that to me, and you shall not want the means of living like a gentleman, till you are qualified. Young people must fag if they would prosper—think of this, my boy. I have not *two faces*, like my cousin the squire. When your articled time (I believe three years) expires, come to me—Limerick is a good field for the lawyers, and you shall have the run of my kitchen, and the use of my purse, till you are able to provide for yourself."

Such an instance of disinterested friendship and generosity but seldom occurs. I often lamented afterwards, during my long servitude as a sub-

altern, that I had not accepted the kindness of this worthy man, so sincerely offered; but I was only seventeen. I had "walked on lilies and roses" since I made my *debut* in the world, and I could not bring myself to submit to the drudgery of quill-driving, and give up "Othello's occupation" for the quirks of the law.

Our first *fête champêtre* on the banks of the Shannon, proved a delightful treat. Our party consisted of thirty persons of both sexes, and I had the honour of driving *the Graces* in Joe's car, being my first essay as a charioteer. The greatest part of the company went in cots, a very small punt, carrying two persons besides the rower, peculiar, I believe, to the Shannon; for I never saw such a boat elsewhere; they are so light, that a couple of men can carry one on their shoulders. The scene of our revels was at a villa six miles from the city, the property of the *Bardolph* Ryan. After amusing ourselves with fishing for some hours, and several salmon being caught, a couple of the largest were selected, and put on wooden spits, and roasted *al fresco*, every one standing cook.

A couple of marquees, pitched on a lawn in front of the cottage, served as banquetting and ball rooms. The entertainment, besides the salmon (which proved delicious), consisted of a variety of fresh-water fish dressed in as many ways, and a plentiful cold collation. Whiskey

punch was the diet drink for the males, who, to do them justice, did not much exceed a gallon *par tête!*

A piper played national airs during the repast, who was reinforced by a blind fiddler and a dulcimer, when the jigging commenced. I kept myself in the back-ground among the topers, most of whom were fitter to reel than to dance. The ball and the bacchanalians were kept up till midnight; but fortunately a full moon lighted the party home without many accidents occurring; one car only being upset, three horsemen taking "the Chiltern Hundreds," and a brace of cots swamped!

Several of these fêtes took place during the summer; and the pleasantest of the whole was that given at Joe's farm. I had the arrangement of it, and suggested that the company should appear in fancy dresses. The barn, an immense place, was fitted up as a ball-room, well lighted with lamps, and adorned with festoons of flowers (arranged by the Graces) and boughs of trees, producing a most pastoral effect. Above sixty were present, habited in ludicrous costumes. Never was there a merrier party, nor one that gave greater pleasure to every body, as all entered into the spirit of this novelty; and I got great credit for suggesting it.

During all these meetings I was never but *once* pressed to drink more than I liked, and on that

occasion I made my escape by jumping out of a window!

The party (all men) was given by Bardolph. I observed him (after the cloth was removed, and a hamper of claret placed behind his chair) lock the door, and put the key into his pocket, which seemed "to be his custom of an afternoon," for it met with general applause. There was to be a hop at the Rosslewens in the evening, which I was determined to attend; and besides, though I had no objections to a bottle, I did not like a debauch, so I resolved to *bolt* if possible. Luckily a window in the parlour was open, which I took an opportunity of surveying, and found that it was not more than six or eight feet from the ground, and that a cucumber bed was close to it. While the party were on their legs cheering a toast, I started up, and seizing the first hat I could find, I landed safe on the elastic heap! A "tally ho" was given, but I was too nimble to be caught, and I reached the river just as the sun was setting; but I could find no punts, and therefore was obliged to walk. I was complimented by the ladies on my gallantry, but incurred Ned Ryan's displeasure, who swore "I was a milksop, and only fit to associate with women." Gubbins, however, gave me credit for my prudence and activity; and I daily gained ground in his favour.

I was more successful in recruiting than any of my predecessors, having in five months sent

twenty-five men to head-quarters with only six desertions.

Shortly after my arrival at Cork I had an opportunity of seeing gunpowder burned for the first time in earnest. This was on a curious occasion, which at this period frequently occurred. Although Irelahd has not kept pace in improvement and civilisation with many other nations, during the last fifty years, there has been, I believe, *one* barbarous breach of the law abandoned, viz. "*keeping possession*"—a term as well understood in the middle of the last century in Ireland, and indeed long after, as "*taking possession.*" The tenant of a farm, whose lease had expired, or who was in arrear of rent, paid no attention to his landlord's summons of quitting, provided he was desirous of remaining on the premises; and Father O'Leary told me that though the practice was now wearing out, yet in his younger days it was quite common to keep possession of their farms in defiance of all civil authority; and that many landholders, rather than be exposed to the vengeance of refractory tenants, submitted to let them remain, and to take what rent they chose to pay.

A very remarkable example of this kind occurred while I was at Cork in 1779, and to which I was an eye-witness. A certain yeoman, y'clept Testament Bible, (probably a *nomme de guerre* which he had borrowed from the fanatic Coven-

anters) rented a considerable farm, fifteen miles from the city; and not having paid *any rent* for several years, his landlord gave him legal notice to *quit*. But Mr. Bible had determined to resist this summons, and signified the same to the squire; who, being aware of the disposition of his worthy tenant, procured the necessary executioners of the law to force him out, *vi et armis:* but what chance has a brace of bailiffs and their followers against a ferocious savage, backed by a gang of ruffians well armed? Besides, the *castle* was in a good state of defence, and when it was ordered to surrender, the bum-bailiffs were received with a volley of fire-arms, the besieged at the same sallying forth with their shillelahs, and so belabouring the myrmidons of the law, that they were glad to retreat, not with whole bones, but with their lives. So gross an outrage could not be overlooked, and as the judges were then sitting at the assizes, application was made to them for a stronger force. "Accordingly a sergeant's-party, with a *posse comitatus* of constables, (at the head of which was the under-sheriff,) were despatched. But the rebels were not to be intimidated by these party-coloured troops, and when their leader advanced to "demand the body of Mr. Testament Bible, Yeoman, and the surrender of the infatuated men who had committed such a breach of the laws," a round of musketry from loop-holes was the response, in which a soldier and a civil officer were severely

wounded. The commander of the troops was desirous of storming the castle, which he undertook to take in ten minutes; but the sheriff, with more prudence, would not consent to this warfare, and the retreat was sounded, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the old sergeant, who said, "that he had fought against the Yankees in America, and had never before run away." On the return of the party to Cork, the officer commanding the regiment * to which it belonged, had an interview with the judges, and it was thought proper to dispossess the culprits by an efficient force. A captain of the 81st Highlanders, in barracks, with fifty men and a field-piece, was ordered to march forthwith, "to bring in Mr. Testament Bible with his garrison, dead or alive."

The sheriff, provided with a *sword*, a speaking trumpet, and a copy of the Riot Act, swore "he would do his duty, *coûte qu'il coûte*. I happened to be dining in the barracks when these preparations were making, and never having seen gunpowder fired except at a review or on the moors, I thought this would afford me a good opportunity of making my *debut* as a military man, and armed with "sword and pistol," I mounted my charger and joined my countrymen as a volunteer.

We reached the field soon after daylight, and I was sent to reconnoitre. By the aid of a small

* 67th Regiment.

telescope. I plainly discerned that the castle was more formidable than had been reported. In front was a high garden-wall, in which loop-holes had been made, and I espied some blunderbusses and muskets bristling from them. The doors and windows of the chateau were barricadoed. A confused noise was heard from the interior, but I could perceive no troops, excepting a couple of grizzly heads peeping from a sky-light in the roof. On my report of the state of matters to the commanding officer, it was arranged that the detachment should *advance* with the field-piece in front; that the sheriff should "summons the castle to surrender at discretion, and to lay down their arms; in default of which, the Riot Act to be read and the assault to commence."

The trumpet sounded, when one of the heads I had seen again made its appearance, and in sounds resembling the bellowing of a bull, responded "that they would only surrender with their lives." This threat was decisive; the Riot Act was pronounced with an audible voice, though I question if it reached the ears of the besieged, or if it had, that it would have been understood.

Our field-piece, now within thirty yards of the castle, battered down the wall in a few rounds, and made a breach in the building; during which, a score of dropping shots was fired by the rebels, which wounded several men. The Highlanders immediately advanced, gave a volley, and charged

their bayonets. In this scuffle two or three of the deluded wretches were wounded, but when the troops had got possession of the house, the poor creatures threw down their arms, (consisting of rusty swords, a few old guns and pikes) and cried for mercy. It was with some difficulty that the soldiers could be restrained from taking vengeance.

On mustering the garrison the leader was not to be found; but after a strict search he was discovered skulking in the hay-loft, (concealed by a barricado of sacks,) and dragged forth. I never beheld a more savage human being, and to add to his hideous countenance, it was besmeared with blood, but not from his own veins, for we learned that after the first shot he had deserted his post and got into this skulking place, with the hope, no doubt, of making his escape in the confusion of such an occasion. Two thirds of the garrison were in a state of intoxication, and several kegs of whiskey were found emptied.

A few of the besieged had escaped from the rear, but seventeen were counted, four of whom were wounded and two killed. Three soldiers suffered severely from buck-shot, and one had several lodged in his head, of which he afterwards died. The detachment having brought their rations with them, it bivouacked until carts could be provided to transport the wounded.

It was not difficult to prove the crimes of mur-

der and rebellion, for which Mr. Bible and his brother-in-law were arraigned. They were immediately tried, and condemned to be hanged "without benefit of clergy;" but as the latter, it appeared, had been instigated to the violence committed, his sentence was commuted for transportation for life beyond the seas, (Botany Bay at this period was not established,) and Bible only suffered the pain of death. The other deluded wretches were imprisoned (according to the share they had taken in the affair) for various periods.

Ireland being at this time in a very unsettled state, and it being given out that the populace considered Bible's sentence too severe, a rescue was apprehended. On this account the whole garrison and the Cork Union Volunteers were ordered to assist at the execution; but though the crowd of spectators was greater than ever had been known on any similar occasion, there was no tumult. Thus ended the system of "keeping possession."

The following year, 1779, I was disappointed in another opportunity of seeing service.

The celebrated "Sham Invasion" of Ireland, and the landing of troops in Bantry Bay, is now hardly remembered, though it occasioned a great ferment in that country at the time.

On the 4th of June, the general of the Cork district, Moucher (an elderly gentleman,) after

reviewing the troops, gave a dinner on the occasion* to the officers in garrison.

At the very moment of drinking the King's health, the aide-de-camp was called out of the room; and just as the general had concluded the speech usual on such occasions, the officer returned, bringing with him a dispatch, which the bearer, a dragoon, said "was of importance, and must be delivered immediately." It was read to the company with no little solemnity, and its purport certainly was highly important, namely, "that a large fleet (supposed to be the combined fleets of France and Spain) had appeared at day-break working into Bantry Bay; that the ships were full of troops, and no doubt an immediate landing was *intended,* as the *van* had already come to anchor, and were getting out their boats!" This extraordinary and unexpected intelligence had been forwarded by a justice of the peace in the neighbourhood of the Bay to the officer commanding at Kinsale, who had sent it on with a dragoon.

Though the hilarities of the meeting were thus interrupted, it would be unnecessary to say that "every sword was ready to jump from its scabbard" to defend "the land we live in."† The general made a second appropriate speech, and the bottle

* The King's birth-day.

† The favourite toast in Ireland, and wherever an Irishman drinks, he always considers that *Ireland* is meant.

circulated for a quarter of an hour, when he retired, "hoping every officer would immediately be found at his post." The garrison at this time consisted of the 30th regiment, just returned from the West Indies, and was very weak. It was to be left, with the Union Volunteer Corps, a fine body of citizens, to guard the town. The 81st Highlanders, eight hundred strong, a new levy, was ordered to march forthwith to attack the foe. An estafette was forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant, to inform him of the news; and every soldier in Ireland was consequently put in motion. I had charge of a strong recruiting party, consisting of six non-commissioned officers, a drummer, and twelve rank and file! Having got permission from my commanding officer to volunteer my services with this *corps de reserve*, I was mustered with the regiment of my countrymen, commanded by a particular friend and relation. We marched at nine in the evening in "light marching order," and without baggage. Highlanders are well known for their activity; and they made a forced march of seventeen Irish miles in five hours. Before reaching Kinsale, the regiment halted to bring up the rear, when a dragoon appeared with another despatch from the officer commanding the garrison at this place, stating that he had "ordered an estafette to Bantry Bay, to bring him intelligence

* Irish miles are computed, as eleven to fourteen English.

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of the motions of the enemy, accompanied by an officer who had returned without being able to discover any other vessels in the Bay except a few fishing-boats, and that on enquiring for the justice of the peace who had written the despatch to General Moucher, no such person existed."

> "The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because
> ——It is not yet in sight."

The troops, therefore, after halting a couple of hours for a little repose and refreshment, countermarched, arriving at their barracks without leaving a single straggler on the road, and the only laurels they *gained* had been pulled from the hedges.

The author of this ridiculous hoax never could be discovered, though it was strongly suspected, and generally believed that the celebrated singer, Miss Catley, the *chère amie* of Colonel Lascelles, had planned it for the purpose of annoying the commander of the district, whom it seems for some reason she disliked. Be this as it may, it was the occasion of an enormous expense to government, by the movement of the troops in every part of the kingdom, besides agitating the minds of the people at a very disturbed period. The Volunteer Corps, however, showed a general attachment to the government, though their loyalty had been questioned. They were indeed jealous of England, and calling out for a free trade; and so suspicious were some members of parliament, that Sir Boyle

Roche (notorious for his bulls) made a motion in the House of Commons, "that all commodities imported from England should be burned except coals."

Exactly twenty years after this sham invasion, General Hoche landed in Bantry Bay: his fate is fresh in every one's recollection.

It was doomed that I should not see any service in Ireland, for I left it the following year to embark for the West Indies; but the peace put an end to "Othello's occupation" (in 1783) for ten years.

CHAPTER VII.

Joe Price—Father O'Leary—A crazy poet—Prose run mad—Hudibrastics—Mental gladiatorship—Contentment is better than wealth—A sedative—An amiable Priest—A rural feast—An old friend—The adventures of a barrister—*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*—Irish courtship—Love-letters—A declaration—A fortunate marriage—An old friend unchanged—Death of this friend—Promotion—Departure from Limerick—Traits of friendship—Death of my benefactor—Return to Cork—Successful recruiting—An amiable man—A gallant soldier—Accomplishments—Tactics—Political pamphlet—Badger-baiting—A hoax—Naval tactics—Lord Rodney—The Bristol Bush—Cruizing.

WHILE in Ireland, I got acquainted, amongst others, with a young fellow, a student of law, Joe Price, commonly called "Little Joey," from his being six feet three inches high. This youth was a wag and a poet, and had written a number of epigrams, songs, ballads, &c. in a comic vein which were handed about among his friends; and being a fellow of infinite humour, and ready wit, his society was much courted by the *bon vivants*. We met at an oyster party, and in a few hours became sworn friends; Joe introduced

me into a club of wits, where spouting and debating, eating oysters and drinking whiskey-punch, were the pastimes. This was a weekly meeting, held at Ross's tavern, the most celebrated of its day. It consisted of some thirty or forty members, of all ages, amateurs of jollity and good cheer; but it would not probably have been among my reminiscences, had I not met at this club the celebrated Father O'Leary, who, though he has now been long "consigned to his fathers," was considered fifty years ago the best political writer and theologist of his time. Had the Catholics of our times been so fortunate as to have for their leader this amiable and talented man, instead of the hot-headed, boisterous demagogues of the present day, the hour of emancipation would not, probably, have been so long deferred.

The worthy priest, though not a regular member of our society, was frequently invited by his friends to assist at the convivialities, to which he greatly contributed by his admirable humour and ready wit. Price was his relative and particular friend, and when this Irish giant mounted his Bucephalus, and the priest, his smaller Rozinante, the mental gladiatorship that ensued (while the poteen circulated) kept the table in a roar. The combatants, though not well pitted as to physicals, were admirably matched in talent, and their extempore dialogues (worthy of the stage)

were occasionally seasoned by the "gibes and jeers" of an old crazy doctor of divinity, our poet laureat. This gentleman, Dr. Delacour, though at this time a forlorn and neglected being, deserted by the world, was of good birth, had been highly educated, had possessed an excellent church living, stood high as a scholar and a poet, and was much respected by his friends.

In his better days he had published two volumes of fugitive poetry, which drew forth the public applause and the approbation of the critics, especially an epistle from Alexander Pope, commendatory of one of his works, "The Prospect of Poetry," an epic poem in three cantos. This praise from so great a man, and his natural vanity, actually turned his brain; but he continued to write on, and sonnets, odes, and elegies, made their appearance occasionally, so long as he had the means of sending them to the press. These effusions, however, betrayed a disordered mind, and they went to the pastry-cook! In the pulpit, also, he preached such extraordinary doctrines, that the bishop of his diocese (Cork) was obliged to suspend him from the exercise of his clerical functions, and to appoint in his stead a curate who could preach prose.

After paying his deputy, the living afforded the poor doctor but a small reversion. His family was most respectable, and possessed a good landed estate at Mallow. When he was thus divested of

his living, they gave him an asylum, and supplied him with foolscap; keeping him quiet, by pretending that his "prose run mad" lucubrations had been sent for publication in London; but after living a year, he detected the trick that had been played on him, and was so indignant, that he quitted "the house of his fathers," took a mean lodging in Cork, and no entreaties of his brother could induce him to return. It was melancholy to see a man, who had been so talented and respectable, now wandering from tavern to coffee-house, his pockets crammed with scraps of miserable rhymes, and rehearsing them to any one who would listen. The doctor, however, expected that on these occasions he was to be treated with a basin of coffee, his favourite beverage; and as this was his only excess, many of his friends took this opportunity of gratifying him. I stood in high favour by giving him a whole pot of coffee, with sugar ad libitum; for if it was not a syrup, he would not touch it. So fond was he of this beverage, that he would have starved himself to procure it, had not an old dame, who had charge of him, taken care that he had plenty of wholesome food, and his family allowed him every comfort he required; but he gave away a great part of his own revenue in charity, and he was always beset by beggars when he went into the streets, and was only kept within bounds by his dame's address in concealing his funds, and only allowing

him a certain quantity of copper for his daily disbursements.

I know not if Delacour's poems are still to be found, but they possessed great merit; and thirty years ago I picked up a handsome edition of them, printed in London.

He was past seventy at this time, and had been long declining both in body and mind; yet occasionally sparks of an enlightened genius would break forth among his *improvviso* rhapsodies.

I can recollect his writing a burlesque ballad on the Dutch sea-fight in 1778 or 9; which he considered far superior to Hudibras. He gave me a copy for a pot of coffee, and I got by heart a few couplets to please him, one of which I yet remember;

> "In spite of all your dykes and ditches,
> We'll bang your trowsers into breeches."

With this sort of trash he would run on till he was fairly exhausted, or his hearers had vanished.*

The doctor pretended to have great contempt for Joe Price as a poet. "The fellow," said he one day to me, "is only a wretched rhymer, a ballad monger. Sir, he puts me in mind of a tailor's pair of breeches, made up of shreds and patches." We sometimes pitted them to cap verses, when the doctor often beat his antagonist

* See Note—Appendix.

fairly out of the field; for there was in the laureat's squibs so many ludicrous and absurd fancies, that the laugh was always against Joe; and the louder the vociferation, the more did the doctor consider himself the victor, and the higher he rose in his own estimation. Where his vanity had any thing to feed on, he was the happiest man in Europe, provided he had his coffee; and though he was perfectly honest in every other respect, such was his love of it, that he would purloin lumps of sugar: probably it acted as a sedative on his stomach and nerves, as opium does. "Little Joe," having by the death of a relation, got a legacy of a few hundred pounds, made the doctor a present of a jar of coffee and a loaf of sugar, which so gratified him, that he could not afterwards be persuaded to encounter the noble nabob, as he called him, in poetical altercation, and he was even brought to confess, "that his old antagonist had some poetical talent, and might be ranked among the minor poets of the day, if he would study the classics;" for the poor crazy creature still retained his knowledge of Horace and Virgil, and would quote them often, with extraordinary accuracy. His discourse was in consequence interlarded with Latin scraps on all occasions, without any regard to their aptitude to the subject. In this he was not a little cunning, for when he found he had the worst of an argument, (which was generally the case,) he spouted

forth a score of lines from some of the ancient poets, and thus generally had the last word, however *mal-a-propos*,—a singular instance of memory surviving the other faculties.

Father O'Leary resided at Sundays Well, a a hamlet on the river, a mile from the town. He invited Joe and myself one day to share his dinner, which we joyfully accepted. It was on a lovely summer's day, when we entered through a wicket, into the holy father's premises, concealed from the public eye by a high quickset hedge. In the centre of an area of half an acre of shrubbery and flower ground, stood a thatched cottage of one story, covered completely with Irish ivy, intermixed with honey-suckle and roses. Passing through a small vestibule, we were ushered into an apartment of twelve feet square, in which was seated our reverend host at his desk. After the usual salutations, we walked into the shrubbery, impervious to the sun. "This," said the father, "is my drawing-room; the cabin you have quitted I call my library."—I observed, "that it was a little paradise."—"To *me*," he replied, "it is so, for contentment is better than wealth, and a man may be as happy in a cottage as in a palace. The bit of ground on which my nest stands, was given to me by a dear and departed friend, a lover of nature and of flowers, like myself. There was a *sheeling* on it, but *tempus edax rerum*, as the doctor would say. It was found unserviceable,

and my friend pulled it down, and built this; which consists of four rooms; or rather closets *en suite;* but you shall see it, for I am very proud of it. We must first, however, consult Katheline, in case my dormitory should not be in proper order." The dame was summoned from the rear, where was the kitchen; and finding "that every thing was clane and dacent, though not grand," according to her report, we visited the *salle-à-manger*, a well-proportioned room, with a bow window, from whence was a peep of the river, and a view of the city. It was furnished with great simplicity, the chairs and table, and side-board, being of black Irish oak. Over the mantel-piece was a fine portrait, which on my admiring, he said, "That is the portrait of a celebrated person, who probably you may have heard of; it is Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, and esteemed a fine picture. It is by a Spanish artist, and was an heir-loom in my family; on this account I highly prize it, but I am not an admirer of the character of the original; for though I am a priest, I am not a bigot."—There were two other portraits in the room, which he told us were those of his benefactor and his wife. The library, into which we had first entered, was filled with books, and the cases were ornamented with busts of eminent persons: two gothic windows of ancient stained glass gave an air of seclusion to this apartment, extremely pleasing. "My

library," said our host, "is small, but select; many of the books are the gifts of friends, which add to their value; but the chief part belonged to my father, who was a scholar. In this little room I am never at a loss for company; yet books are but dull companions, if not relieved occasionally by men. There is no enjoyment in life without some society; we ought to be contented however with a few friends. I am too fond of company; and if I was not poor and a priest, I should never sit down to a meal alone: the presence of a friend is the best sauce to a dinner, however highly it may be seasoned by cookery. If I had the means, I would be an epicure; I am a disciple of Apicius, as it is, and you will see by an *omelette soufflée* which Katheline prepares admirably from a receipt of my grandmother's, that I understand something of the noble art of cookery. Doctor Johnson, who I understand is a gourmand, says, 'that a man thinks more of his dinner than of any thing else.' I do not go so far as this, but eating is a *serious opera*. Do not, however, from this harangue, look for delicacies here—*non omnia possumus omnes*, as the doctor would say; but if I was a bishop instead of a poor priest, you should fare better." During this conversation we had returned to the summer drawing-room, for the weather was sultry; at the bottom of the miniature shrubbery was a kind of grotto, where stood a round table and three chairs. "We will drink

our punch here," said our host, "if agreeable, *al fresco*, and be saluted with the song of the thrush and the blackbird, my tenants. The nectar is already prepared, and is cooling in Katheline's well, for she has the merit of discovering this spring."

"I am a bit of a botanist, and though I cannot afford to raise exotics, I can boast of as fine indigenous evergreens as the bishop. Look at those arbutus trees—I brought them from Killarney ten years ago. In a few weeks I will shew you my carnations and pinks, and my moss-roses; they are worthy of adorning the parterres of a queen!"

While he was thus descanting on the beauties of Flora, Katheline announced that dinner was served. Salmon was removed by a corned shoulder of mutton, smothered in onions; to which succeeded a jugged hare, and the promised omelette: the two latter dishes were truly admirable!

These luxuries were washed down first by a glass of poteen, (sauce to salmon as well as to goose!)—then came Katheline's home-brewed, and with the dessert a bottle of Frontignan. On our praising these beverages, the father observed: "they are all," said he, "from the vintage of my farm. The *soi-disant* French wine is manufactured from gooseberries; the beer is home-brewed; and the whisky is distilled in a black iron pot, and is hence called poteen."

No beverage could be more grateful in a hot

day, especially when seasoned by the conversation of two such men, and drank in a cool grot, accompanied by the evening song of birds.

I have a most perfect recollection of this delightful day, though nearly half a century has elapsed. When "the curfew tolled the knell of parting day," we took a reluctant leave of our hospitable friend.

I cultivated his acquaintance, and he frequently dined with me, when he was met by Joe and some other friend: a dozen years after I accidentally met him in London. I rejoiced to find him in excellent health. I had occasionally heard of him as a political writer: I now found that he had a more lucrative situation, but he had continued to live, when his public duties permitted, at his favourite Sunday's Well; and cultivated flowers; but he had lost Katheline, and had no one who could distill poteen, or dress an *omelette soufflée*.

We had a coffee-house dinner, and I got news of some of my old friends. The poet had long been dead, and the club no longer existed. Of our friend Joe I had a good deal to learn, and some information to give the Father, for I had lately seen him.

His history is a remarkable one, and a rare instance of good fortune, which demands a place among my reminiscences.

The legacy which I have mentioned that my

facetious friend had received, enabled him, at the age of twenty-three, and the year after I quitted Ireland, to equip himself with an excellent wardrobe, after leaving a balance of 150*l.* in his pocket. He embarked for England, with an intention of entering himself as a student of law in one of our inns of court. He landed at Bristol, and having a relative at Clifton, he paid him a visit *en passant*. It was the fashionable season, and our smart barrister, equipped in his best costume, went to a ball at the rooms. His figure, though rather gigantic, was imposing; and an open countenance, expressing mirth and good-humour, would have made him an object of notice, if not of admiration, to the fair sex. His friends were persons of some *ton*, and as the newly-arrived *Adonis* moved through the phalanxes of belles with which the rooms were crowded, more quizzing-glasses than one were elevated. It happened that a Staffordshire heiress had on this evening made her *debut*, and the master of the ceremonies was anxious that she should have a handsome partner. Joe had been already presented to him, and his striking figure did not pass unnoticed by this "magister elegantiarum." The parties were brought together; the lady was a Miss Clarke, a spinster, who had counted at least six lustrums, and to whom nature had not been very bountiful; but she was handsomely and richly dressed, and wore a profusion of jewels, which gave her, in Joe's eyes, "*un air*

distingué, and in fact, though not handsome, she had the look of a woman of fashion. They were soon in motion. Our barrister was seen along the whole line towering above the ranks, and cutting capers sky-high; he was perhaps more active than graceful, and led his partner so rapidly along to a Scotch reel tune, that she was shortly fatigued and begged to sit down. Here he was equally at home—no hero was ever imported from the "Green Island," who had more words at command, or who could instil into a lady's ear more sweet discourse and soft nonsense: his prose was poetry, and his voice tuned like a Cremona fiddle, a *dolce recitativo*. He proved so agreeable, that the lady preferred his conversation to the merry dance, and under pretence that the heat of the rooms had given her a head-ache, they chatted till tea came. He did the honours to a large party of his partner's friends, and again took the field to a more graceful dance, in which he exhibited his elegant steps, and was much admired. During their *tête-a-tete* our hero had discovered that the heiress was sentimental, a romance reader, doated on poetry and bouquets, was fond of solving enigmas and charades, and though albums were not so much the fashion in those days as now, she told him she had a scrap-book. Either from vanity or design, he confessed that he had been guilty of writing verses, and begged permission to add a stanza to her collection, which was politely accep-

ted. The following morning, mounted on "a bit of blood," the property of his friend, he rode over, presented himself at the lady's door, and sending up his name, was immediately admitted. On a Grecian couch was reposing his interesting partner, whom he approached at a *pas grave*, and presenting a bouquet of the choicest hot-house flowers, hoped she had not suffered by her dissipation, &c. &c. "Never were seen more lovely roses and carnations!" A small silver bell was rung, and on the entry of the footman, a china vase was ordered, in which they were placed, after having been praised and admired. All these particulars I learned partly from Joe himself, partly from Father O'Leary, and an intimate friend of the former, whom I met in London.

The visits were repeated; quires of hot-press Bath paper were filled with sonnets, and despatched. Ladies of a "certain age" are not apt to overlook a handsome youth so agreeable and so gifted as our hero. He daily sent, or left her, a bouquet, which was graciously accepted, and she gave him every maiden-like encouragement, that even his ardent disposition could expect. At length, at the expiration of a month, he boldly made a declaration of his passion in as plain prose as his head could dictate, and permission was obtained for an interview. He stammered out a speech got up for the occasion; the lady blushed, and pulled to pieces a rose she had taken from

the vase; while the lover kissed the fair hands that held them, and finally threw himself at her feet. He would probably have proceeded farther, had not a thundering rap of the knocker, at this critical moment, made him jump as rapidly on his legs; and before the visitor had entered, he was half-way down the stairs, while the lady, in order to hide her confusion, made her escape into her dressing-room.

In the evening he composed an elaborate epistle full of love and constancy, and begged another interview. The lady had no one to consult but her waiting-maid, whose good opinion the lover had taken care to secure by various *douceurs*. She swore "that Mr. Price was the most handsomest and charmingest gentleman at the Wells, and she was sure he was as good as he was handsome."

The following morning brought a reply to his amorous epistle. "She confessed that he had made an impression on her heart; that she had a high opinion of his amiable disposition, temper, and good qualities; but she could not decide on so important a point as bestowing her hand on a gentleman whom she had only known a few weeks, and of whose family and connexions she knew so little."

Our hero, though rather dismayed by this prudent epistle, was an Irishman, and not deficient in *modest assurance*. He ventured on another visit; was admitted, and found his *Dulcinea* arranging in

a vase the fresh bouquet he had that morning sent her.

After a little confusion and blushes on her part, and explanations on the lover's, he gave a detail of his "birth, parentage, and education," referring her to his friends at Clifton, with whom she was acquainted, for the respectability of his family. He concluded a pathetic harangue by again prostrating himself at the lady's feet.

She could no longer resist so much eloquence, and surrendering her fair hand to her lover, who devoured it with kisses, as is usual on such occasions, she consented to become his wife, having a full reliance on his honour and the truth of his statements. In the mean time, it was settled that he should attend his terms, and pursue his profession.

Though Joe considered delays to be dangerous, he was obliged to be satisfied with this arrangement with as good a grace as an impatient lover could command.

The lovers separated in a few days with mutual protestations of constancy; he proceeded to the Temple to eat a certain quantity of mutton, and keep his terms, while the lady returned to Staffordshire to prepare the *trousseau*. Previous to their parting, the Milesian had the satisfaction to learn from his *bride elect* that she possessed 25,000*l.* solely in her own power; and that in case of the death of her brother, who had been an

invalid for many years, she would inherit an estate of 15,000*l.* a year, with a splendid house and domain in Staffordshire.

In three months the marriage took place, and Joe prudently continued to keep his terms until he was called to the bar. Had he made the law a profession, he would have cut a distinguished figure, having an extraordinary command of language, and a vivid imagination.

Within two years of his marriage, his wife's brother died of dropsy; and though Mrs. Price Clarke * was heiress to his estates, they had been long involved in a Chancery suit, on the result of which a great part of the property depended. Joe took a house near town, that he might carry on the process in person. On my going to London shortly after, I paid my friend a visit at his villa at North-end. He received me with open arms, and presented me to his spouse, an agreeable and genteel woman. She had borne him a son and daughter, but the former was sickly and did not survive his infancy, so that Miss would be a great heiress, should he gain his suit, of which he said there was no doubt.

I passed a couple of days with my worthy friend, from whom I had a detail of all the particulars of his good fortune, but hitherto he had had little enjoyment of it; for the chief part of the

* Joe took his wife's name.

revenues of the estate being in Chancery, his means had been swallowed up by law expenses.

The following year I read with pleasure in the newspapers, that the Chancellor Thurlow had decided in favour of Mrs. Price Clarke's claims, and that she was put into the possession of her noble mansion. Shortly after, I had a kind invitation to visit my friend, but my military occupations prevented my accepting it. I afterwards, however, met him in town, and more than once spent a day with him. Though changed in the outward man, his vivacity, good-humour, and ready wit remained.

He was now a hidalgo of the first class, enjoying *otium cum dignitate;* but alas! poor Joe was cut off in the full enjoyment of his wealth, and in the prime of his life. He was constitutionally narrow-chested, and though he appeared strong, was really of a delicate habit, and was occasionally subject to a cough, which at length fastened on his lungs, and in defiance of all medical aid, cut him off in his thirty-eighth year. Mrs. C. (for she took her family name) followed him to the grave within two years, but not until her daughter had become the wife of the Marquis of O——d.

From this long digression, I return to my campaign at Limerick. I had now been five months residing in it, and was fêted by every one; but the family of the Rosslewens was the great attraction, for "the Graces" certainly were a

charming *trio*. The youngest, Eliza, was my favourite, and my heart was singed!—but for the sage councils of my Mentor, it probably would have been scorched! The little merry syren sung like an angel the Irish ballads, and I taught her many of our Scots. Many a dispute we had, which of the national airs were the most beautiful, but at length I made her a convert to my opinion in favour of my country. From this fascinating girl, I picked up such an Irish recitativo, that it was long before I got cured of my brogue: had I taken the same pains to get rid of my Scotch accent, I should probably have succeeded.

Winter was approaching, and I was again thinking of purchasing a nag from my savings, to follow the harriers; when on the return of my sergeant from head-quarters, a packet was put into my hand, telling me that I was promoted to a first lieutenancy, and that the officer recruiting in Cork being ordered to England, I was again to return to my old station. My kind friend, the Colonel, was much pleased with my attention to my duties, as well as my successful recruiting; and now, in consequence of my promotion, he placed me far back on the roll for sea duty, and had given directions that I should immediately join him.

Though my warm-hearted host, Gubbins, was greatly rejoiced at my promotion, his countenance lengthened when I mentioned that I was ordered

to head-quarters. "Aye," said he, "that is always the case with you red coats—just as we get acquainted with a fellow we like, he is off like a shot."

I consulted with my friend on the propriety of my offering some sort of entertainment at the *Crown*, to the many hospitable kind folks who had for so many months feasted me. "Suppose," said I, "we have a dinner to the men, and a hop to the ladies."—"Bah! bah!" replied he rather grufly, "keep your money in your pocket, young man. These fellows won't care a straw for you when you are on the other side of the black water; and as to the women, they shall have a jigging bout in my barn, and you shall invite whom you please." I did not contend the matter; my most intimate friends had a dinner, and their females came in the evening *en masse*, dancing till we alarmed the poultry yard.

On my successor's arrival, I prepared for my departure from this land of plenty and hospitality, and bade adieu to many amiable persons. As the weather was fine, (the middle of October,) I determined to march at the head of my party and my seven recruits, in spite of Joe's earnest entreaties to make use of his car.

I faithfully promised to pass a week or two with him at Christmas, and we parted at day-break with mutual regret. I will not attempt to describe my feelings of esteem and gratitude towards this

worthy man, who had treated me with all the affection of a father.

On my arrival at Tipperary to breakfast, I found my friend Tim at the inn, waiting for me with a letter. This accounted for my not seeing him when I set out, though he had packed up all my *traps* in readiness; and I had made him a present, which he with difficulty accepted. The despatch was to tell me, "that to send away a friend from his house on his ten toes, did not look well, and Joe Hickman might think I had been treated scurvily; he had therefore sent off Tim with the grey galloway, which he begged me to keep as long as I liked, or for ever; at any rate he would be useful to me till I got a better, and I might bring him back at Christmas." Enclosed was an order on Hickman to pay me fifty guineas.—"I hope, my dear friend," he wrote, "you will not take it amiss my offering you so small a token of my regard to buy you a nag, or any thing else you want; and should you ever require a similar sum, trust me that it will be the greatest pleasure on earth to me your considering me as your banker." In return for this additional proof of friendship, I had only to offer my gratitude, and that I should appropriate his splendid gift to a more lasting memorial of him than a *horse*, for I should lay it out in books.

I fulfilled my promise of passing the holidays with this benevolent man, riding back his pony,

which no intreaties could induce me to accept as another gift, as it carried him so safely, and he was not a Nimrod. I had got from Edinburgh a grand silver-mounted Scotch snuff-horn, ornamented with a cairngorum, as a keepsake, which, however, he could not be persuaded to use, but put it under a glass case on his mantle-piece. We corresponded twice a year for eight years, and I had faithfully promised to visit him in 1789; for which purpose I got leave of absence, when a fleet was suddenly equipped for the West Indies on what was called the Spanish expedition, so that instead of passing the autumn of that year at Limerick, I was sent out to Barbadoes. During my absence my worthy friend died, and I need not say that my grief was sincere, and my regrets long. I wrote to old Ryan of copper-nose memory, to give me the particulars of our dear friend's death. From him I learned that in consequence of a severe cold he caught on a water excursion, he was seized with a violent rheumatic fever, and at the same time an affection of the lungs, which caused his death in his 71st year.

Several years after I fell into the company of a Limerick man, who told me that Gubbins had left the bulk of his fortune to some distant relations in the Queen's County, with a few legacies, of which the Rosslewen Graces (all of whom were married) had a share. I have no doubt, had I visited him as I intended, my name also would

have been found in his will, which I learned from this gentleman he only made a few weeks before his death, at the intercession of his friend Ryan.

I have dwelt thus long on my reminiscences of this amiable man, as an extraordinary instance of disinterested friendship. Gubbins possessed a sound judgment, and a great share of good sense, without much knowledge of the world. Though a careful man, he was generous and charitable, and relieved many distressed persons without any ostentation. Had he not been early in life thwarted in his affections, he would have, no doubt, been an exemplary family man. His countenance was a very remarkable one, and expressed great benevolence. It was quite Milesian, and he thought he had Spanish blood in his veins. He would have made a fine study for Titian. The gift he presented me with was most religiously laid out in books, to which I added others, as I could afford the expense. Many an hour did they afterwards fill up, which without them would have been spent idly, or at the card-table; but in 1793 I had the misfortune to lose them. I had constructed two travelling cases, which packed into a sea-chest, and in disembarking from a ship of war in the Sound at Plymouth, by the awkwardness of the sailors, in hoisting them over the side the tackle gave way, and my long preserved treasures, along with my grandfather's sermons, and many papers of importance to me, were consigned to the deep.

On my return to Cork, I determined to lead a more rational life. My summer campaign had been entirely devoted to pleasure; I had hardly looked into a book; I was deficient in the common accomplishments of a gentleman; for though I had a smattering of knowledge of Greek and Latin, and could solve a proposition in Euclid, or exhibit a few experiments in electricity, I had read but little in history; I therefore set about improving myself. I had in my little collection Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon's histories, and began a regular course of reading under the direction of the colonel, who was an excellent scholar and linguist: by his advice also I took a French master, and studied hard, flute playing and drawing making my lighter exercises.

For more than a year this rational life continued without a cloud. I was improving myself in useful pursuits, and making money by recruiting, having within this period raised 297 men; and as an additional premium of a guinea for each recruit was held out to stimulate exertion to those officers who enlisted 100 within a year, I was entitled to the reward; which however I did not get for many years, and never should have received it, had I not persevered.

My worthy friend, Colonel Browne, accidentally bruised his shin on a form, severely injuring the tibia, which confined him so long, that his general health was affected. A bilious fever ensued, and

carried him off in his fifty-fifth year. This melancholy event put an end to all my pursuits, and I was thus deprived of a valuable friend. To his family his loss was irreparable.

He had distinguished himself as a soldier. In the battle of Culloden he carried the colours of the fourth regiment of foot, where he lost the thumb and two fingers of his right-hand, but continued to bear his standard, until he was cut down by the claymores of the rebels, and left in the field among the slain for twenty-four hours. A soldier's wife luckily found life in him, when searching for the body of her husband the following day, and brought him to a cottage near the field.

The surgeon found that his skull was fractured, and that trepanning might save him. The operation succeeded, but his health was not restored for several years. In 1755 he obtained a company in the corps of marines; he commanded the detachment on board the flag-ship of Hawke, in his celebrated victory off Conflans, where he distingu shed himself; and at his death had served forty years.

His family was left without any other provision than the pittance of a widow's pension, for he never got any thing for the loss of his hand; nor did his surviving daughter, left totally destitute after her mother's death, receive a single shilling from the fund appropriated for the relief of the orphans of

the officers of the Royal Marines, although her memorial was on three different occasions sent to the Lords of the Admiralty, who have the direction of this fund. Their lordships had discovered "that Colonel B—— had been dead too many years to entitle his orphan to be placed on this list!" which means, I suppose, that their established regulations cannot, in any case, be relaxed. Had this brave man lost a limb at Waterloo, his family would have been provided for; and yet the battle of Culloden, in which he fought and bled, was perhaps of not less importance to the nation, and to the house of Hanover.—He was so much respected at Cork, that the magistrates voted him the freedom of the city in a gold box.

Although I might have continued my services for a longer period, I considered it my duty to accompany the widow and daughters of my friend to England, and I begged to be relieved.

On winding up my recruiting account, I am obliged to confess that but a small balance was due to me. I had never considered the value of money, nor thought that, when I joined my corps, my pay would be reduced from a *guinea* a day to four shillings and six-pence—so heedless are young men, and yet I had been brought up in habits of the strictest economy. The only good use I made of all I gained by my recruits, was twenty-five pounds, which I sent to my mother, a similar sum to each of my two brothers, five

guineas to my old chum Gray, to buy him a *graduation hat*, and ten to my old tutor Alves.

The rest was chiefly squandered in taverns, dress, horses, at the billiard-table and fives-court, and such unworthy pursuits. Repentance came too late: the opportunity of realizing a few hundreds was gone, and I suffered for my folly thereafter.

My Irish education on the whole was not unprofitable. I had picked up a little knowledge of the world from society, and something of history from books; I had also got a slight insight into the French language; could play a duet on the flute (at *second sight* like a Highlander); and I could sketch landscape decently after nature. I had an early taste for the arts, and had begun to collect prints; my library had swelled into nearly 200 volumes, which afterwards made a respectable figure in my barrack-room. Among other qualifications, I had been taught to drink *three bottles* of claret, and to speak *English* with an *Irish brogue* interlarded with my *natural* accent!

On my joining my corps at Plymouth in 1780, I went into quarters, and joined the mess. I had still fifty pounds in my pocket. I was appointed to the grenadier company, wore a white feather a foot in length, and in the absence of the captain, I commanded the company. These were no small honours to a youth on joining his corps for the first time; no instance had ever before occurred

of an officer making his *debut* as a *first* lieutenant, and of a year's standing.

As I knew but little of the mechanical part of my profession, I set about studying *tactics* in my room, for which purpose I procured a *detachment* of *paste-board soldiers*, and manœuvred them with the adjutant, a good-humoured fellow, who was an enthusiast: we called this "playing at soldiers." We deployed our columns into line, and advanced our troops *en échelons*, passed bridges and canals in files, retired and attacked in all manner of ways, as our fancies suggested. I cut out cavalry in the same *materiel*, and painted both infantry and dragoons in various uniforms, so that at length we could have a sham battle. We kept this a dead secret, fearing we would be quizzed; but one day I mentioned my employment to the major, an old disciplinarian, who greatly approved of the scheme, and next day he witnessed one of our field-days, which so gratified him, that he sent to London to procure certain treatises on military discipline, with which he presented me. I found these exercises highly useful to me when I got into the line, and afterwards on the staff. My general, Lord M——, did not disdain to manœuvre with an army of *cork* and *pasteboard* soldiery, from which he regularly planned his manœuvres on brigade days.

I became an expert *fleugel* man, and piqued myself in saluting gracefully with a *spontoon*, the

weapon (if it may be so called) worn by officers fifty years ago! I attended all drills, guard-mountings and field-days of the regiments of the line in garrison, when my duties would permit, and acquired some insight into tactics. I was also present at courts-martial, that I might know the necessary forms; and when a member, I always volunteered to act as clerk, thereby acquiring a facility at taking down evidence; and when I acted afterwards as deputy judge-advocate on various occasions, I found this practice extremely useful.

By the recommendation of the lieutenant-governor Campbell, I had the honour to officiate as deputy judge-advocate on several general courts-martial, which not only put money in my pocket, but gave me some *éclat*. I was highly ambitious of being an adjutant, which not only would have kept me on shore, but given me double pay, and I had flattered myself that the D—— of G—— could have procured me this situation; but although her Grace took the trouble of introducing me to the first lord of the admiralty, and of urging his lordship to appoint me to the first vacancy, backed by the flattering encomiums of my commanding officer in regard to my capacity, I failed, which was a sad mortification, for I had seen more than one ignorant blockhead filling staff situations, who knew nothing of the duties.

At Bristol, I happened to meet the celebrated Dean Tucker, who had just published a pamphlet

against the American war, which made a great noise. It was one of the first political treatises I had read, and being struck with the reasoning, I could not avoid complimenting the reverend gentleman, saying, "that I should be converted into a *whig* from his arguments."

Though the praises of such a youth were not highly flattering to a dignitary of the church, he seemed gratified, and next day sent me the pamphlet with an invitation to dinner. The Dean was a man of singular conversational talents. He advised me to stick to the tories, "for depend on it," said he, "that gentlemen of the army have no business with politics." At this party was the father of Lady Holland, Mr. Vassall, a wag, a *bon vivant*, and a whist-player. We cottoned in these propensities, and I was often at his pleasant dinners. I recollect a singular trick which he played, on the "Bristol Hogs," as he called the merchants, to which he made me an accessary. It is well known, that although these merchants have a handsome exchange, they transact all their business in the street, rain or sunshine. Vassall made a bet that at the usual hour of high change he would collect the whole commercial body within the building. For this purpose he procured a badger, and several brace of terriers, and as I had a famous dog, he made me an accomplice. As three o'clock struck, there was a great *hubbub*

in the area of the Exchange, and every one ran to see what was the matter. The dogs were drawing the badger; not an individual dealer, broker, chapman, or merchant, was to be seen in the street while the sports continued, and it was at last found, that it was one of Vassall's hoaxes.

On another occasion he played one of his practical jokes off on these gentlemen. It was the fashion, "fifty years ago," to roast meat by a wheel, in which was enclosed a short-legged *cur*, called a "*turn-spit*." There was hardly any other sort of *jack* in Bristol, and Vassall, who had a great love for the canine race, determined to give the turn-spits a *holiday*, and he fixed on Sunday; as on that day the bakers' ovens were not at work. Our wag, by bribing a batch of vagabonds, contrived to gather together every turn-spit within "the bills of mortality," which he shut up in stables, feeding them well. Great was the consternation of "the Hogs," when the cooks struck work, for lack of their *marmitons*. There was a hue and cry all over the town, and the *roasts* were put aside for another occasion. In the evening the dogs returned, and contrary to their patron's calculation, got well trimmed; but he had the satisfaction of hugging himself with the thoughts that the gourmands had a *meagre day*, and the quadrupeds a holiday. It was soon found out that the trick was got up by Vassall.

Miss Vassall was at this time a pretty *piquante* girl of sixteen, and a great favourite of her *papa*, who played off his tricks on every one but her.

This year, 1782, Rodney fought his celebrated battle in the West Indies. He arrived in England soon after this glorious affair, and landed at King-road. Our Race-Horse was at anchor there, when the Admiral ordered one of our boats to convey him to Bristol, and requesting some officer to accompany him, I offered my services, which were accepted.

The hero was extremely condescending in his manners. I took an opportunity of complimenting him on the glorious victory he had achieved. "I owe not a little of my success," said he, "to a countryman of yours, who sent to me a description of a plan, demonstrating that by breaking the centre of an enemy's fleet, either the van or rear would be compelled to fight. This gentleman's name is Clerk, a squire near Edinburgh, and who could not be supposed to know much of sea affairs; but his plan appeared to me to be ingenious, and I put it in practice with success; and I intend writing to him to thank him for giving me the first opportunity of showing the effect of a mode of attacking fleets hitherto unpractised, and which in my opinion is a very important discovery."

Mr. Clerk of Eldin's Treatise on Naval Tactics has long been before the public. It was found in the great victories achieved by Howe, by Lord St. Vincent, and by Nelson, that this plan of breaking the line was a most important discovery, and yet, although the inventor lived to see the good effects of it, not the smallest memorial of the gratitude of his country was bestowed on him.

But to return to our subject. The admiral landed at Pill, as it was feared the tide, which runs at a furious rate in this river, might fail him. He politely gave me a seat in his chaise, and begged I would conduct him to the best inn. I mentioned the *Bush* as being celebrated for its larder, so we drove thither. The landlord, Weeks, a well-known character, received his lordship with all possible honours, and a most superb entertainment was put before him, to which I had the honour of being invited; and two officers in his suite made it *une partie carrée.*

It was soon known that the great Rodney had arrived in the city; the bells were set a ringing, and the mayor and corporation waited on his lordship to request the honour of his company at the Town Hall the following day, but he was obliged to depart and to decline their invitation.

Weeks furnished the post-horses, and did duty in person as postilion on one of the leaders, whisking the noble lord to the door of the York-

house at Bath, (thirteen miles) within the hour. He could not be prevailed on to accept of payment for the job, saying "that the honour of driving Lord Rodney would be lessened by any pecuniary remuneration."

The evening of his departure, Mr. Cruger, at this time mayor, invited all the *bon vivants* of the city to drink the health of the hero; and Weeks started divers hogsheads of porter to the populace for the same purpose.

This eccentric character also rigged out a long boat on wheels, to which was attached six or eight horses, with flags flying, and a band of music, which paraded the streets for several hours, and was followed by multitudes that his good cheer had elevated.

My imprisonment was soon to be at an end; the Race-Horse was found unserviceable, and ordered to be paid off. Never was any man escaping from a prison more delighted at his enlargement than myself; and having completed a tour of duty, I had the satisfaction of returning again to my family with 17*l.* 4*s.* 9¾*d.* in my pocket, being my share of prize-money for the capture of three privateers we stumbled on in our various cruizes.

My services as a marine were not very brilliant. I served two years in the Rose Frigate, commanded by the Honourable Captain George Camp-

bell, the son of my god-father, a most gentleman-like man, and an excellent officer.

If a sea life could afford any *agrémens*, I might have had them with this amiable man, who treated me with great kindness, which I partly owed to my being a *Pryse*, and his father the friend of mine.

Although we had cruizes on the French coast, we had no luck in taking prizes, except destroying a few privateers, and capturing some empty transports.

I was on board the Princess Amelia, a second rate, at the relief of Gibraltar, where I saw some firing of *long shots*, but the enemy would not on this occasion give Howe an opportunity of *breaking his line*. When the fort had provisions thrown into it, we proceeded to the West Indies, where I remained a year, without seeing any service. In 1789, I again visited that country in the Orion of seventy-four guns, and was again fortunate in having a gentlemanlike commander — Chamberlayne. A rupture was expected with Spain, and a fleet of seven sail of the line was fitted out on the spur of the occasion; but the quarrel was adjusted, and there was no fighting. Here my *bloodless* sea campaigns ended.

In 1787 I had the happiness of leading to the altar the youngest daughter of my excellent friend Colonel Browne, to whom I had been long at-

tached. We lived for some time in barracks very comfortably, having captain's quarters. I have often since wondered how we contrived to live on our very small income, and keep up a respectable appearance, without incurring debts.

The life of a barrack afforded a little variety; I was, however, compelled to quit my comfortable quarters from my family increasing, and to take a small house at the Grove at Plymouth, where I continued to lead a quiet but monotonous existence, without hopes of promotion, till the French revolution, when I determined to quit a service which I disliked, and in which I had served fifteen years as a subaltern.

CHAPTER VIII.

A new life—Highlanders—Clans—The angry chieftain—The great man humbled—Prompt measures—A dandy Highlander—A jack in office—Official justice—Treason—Young Gerald—A severe judge—Sham invasion—A mutiny quelled—Dissipation—Comte d'Artois—A royal fox-hunt—A practical joke—A sportsman coursing—The coal-pit—New prospects.

HAVING heard that my *Chief*, the Duke of Gordon, had obtained letters of service to raise a regiment, I got leave of absence, and went to London. I presented myself to his Grace, and was graciously received; unfortunately every company had been already promised, but he kindly said, if I would accept a lieutenantcy, and the situation either of adjutant or quarter-master, until I succeeded to a company, which as oldest lieutenant I might soon expect, he would be happy to receive me. I was sick of my own corps, and being on the eve of again embarking, I preferred this to the horrors of a ship, and tendered my resignation in the Marines, which was accepted by my being placed on half-pay.

Not liking the fag of drilling a new levy, I preferred being quarter-master, which, with my lieutenantcy, would give me the emoluments of a captain.

After making arrangements for clothing and procuring accoutrements for the regiment in London, I set out to join it at Aberdeen, leaving my family at Plymouth.

I found the lieutenant-colonel, Woodford, an active clever officer, formerly of the Guards, and a great disciplinarian. Recruits were daily arriving, and it was expected the regiment would be completed in a few weeks. The clans of Cameron, M'Pherson, M'Intosh, and Frazer, had joined their standards for the first time with the Gordons, and formed a fine body of young men. I made every exertion in my power to assist the colonel in forming the corps, and within a month we were ready for inspection, and six hundred strong.

In the autumn we marched into winter-quarters at Edinburgh Castle. The forming of the flank companies excited no small jealousy among several of the Highland officers, especially to one young chief, who had no conception, when he brought fourscore of his clan as volunteers, that they were to be disunited; on the contrary, he took it into his head that his own levy was to be solely under his own control, and one day foolishly declared at the mess table, "that if the commanding officer *dared* to draft any of his men, he

would order his pipers to sound his gathering, and march them back to Lochaber:"—commenting at the same time on the great superiority of his mountaineers over the *Botich a Brechich* [fellows with breeches,] and that this was the first time his clan's standard had been unfurled in unison with the Gordon's, finishing this sensible harangue by adding "that his men were *gentlemen,* with whom he was in the habit of associating!"

I was not a little surprised at this extraordinary and absurd speech, and thought it incumbent on me, as being the only officer present of my colonel's clan, to make some reply to it. I therefore observed—"That no doubt the Duke of Gordon must be highly flattered by the compliment which had been paid to him by the chief of so distinguished a clan, though for my own part, as a Gordon, I did not feel at all honoured on this occasion; and I was of opinion that if he was to put his threat into execution by an act of mutiny in retreating to the hills with his *tail* [followers,] it could be very well spared; and as to the *honour* which he boasted of, I considered this was done to him, in being admitted into so honourable a corps."—"You forget, Captain," said I, "that what might have been good doctrine *fifty years ago* avails but little at the present moment; these fine fellows are *now* soldiers, and no longer under *your* control, and you will find in a few hours that your *chieftainship* no longer exists; and should you continue to keep

company with your *soi-disant* 'gentlemen,' that the breeches men will not associate with *you*. I recommend it to you therefore to be more cautious in future of delivering such opinions as we have now heard, otherwise your *loyalty* may be called in question, for such declarations, permit me to observe, Sir, have a tendency to excite mutiny in a young corps."

As I always look a man full in the face when I address him, I remarked that the *chief* changed countenance more than once, and before I concluded, was pale with rage and biting his lips. At length he started on his legs, and laying his hand on his sword, I followed his motions and got on mine, being also armed with a good *Andrea di Ferrara*.

"Sir," said our mountaineer, "your language demands explanation—do you mean to insult me?" "I do not, Sir, but I felt it incumbent on me as an officer in the regiment, and a friend to my colonel, to *say* what I have said, and which I am willing to repeat, and to give you any further explanation you require."

At this moment, Captain M'Intosh, an early friend of mine, interfered, saying, "Captain ——, your language has been highly indecorous and unmilitary, and quite uncalled for. Although I am not very conversant in military law, I know enough of it to be convinced that your words are mutinous and inflammatory, and you must apolo-

gize to the officers present for such unguarded expressions; you have received good advice from Mr. G——, which you ought to follow."

These remarks from a Highlander, whom our *hero* no doubt expected would have joined him in opinion, acted like a thunderbolt on him. He stammered out something by way of explanation (which in the hubbub was not intelligible, if meant to be so,) and, turning to me, said in a subdued tone, which he probably thought was prudent, "that I was welcome to repeat on the parade what he had said." To this I only replied, "that I was not in the habit of repeating in public private conversations, but I considered it my duty to inform the Lieutenant-colonel of his sentiments, and without asking his permission." To this I was not honoured with a reply; but he immediately withdrew followed by his *tail*, for he had introduced half a dozen yahoos in great jackets and Tartan trews.

As it might be considered invidious in me to be the tale-bearer, M'Intosh undertook to communicate the affair to Woodford, who summoned the great man forthwith to his presence, (no small degradation,) and after lecturing him sharply on his unmilitary conduct, ordered him to parade his recruits, for the purpose of their being drafted into the flank company; "and as they are such fine fellows," he added, "I suspect you will have few left."

I have no doubt but this prompt measure saved a mutiny in the regiment; for this weak young man had instilled into the heads of his men the foolish notions that he alone was to command them. His inexperience and youth were, however, some excuses for such ignorance. He had been bred, if not born, in France, owing to the misfortunes of his family (who had been obliged to emigrate), and did not see his mountains until he was an adult. His father had been very popular, and the return of his representative was hailed with joy. Many of the old jacobites were still living, and they puffed up the stripling with ideas of chieftainship and power which no longer existed. His father had been so much loved by his tenants, that after his estates were forfeited, they raised annually a handsome sum, which was remitted to France to support him, and he died before the estates were restored.

Unfortunately, the young chief had imbibed false notions of his own consequence and of the altered state of the Highlands, and his education had been neglected; he took but little pains to make himself acquainted with the statistics of his own country; he had quite the air and manners of a Frenchman, though he had been some years in an academy in England. Nothing could be more unlike a Highland chief; in his exterior he would better have graced a levee at Holyrood, than the head of a regiment in the field; he was

tall and elegantly formed, and extremely graceful —more of Adonis than Mars, and quite unlike a native of Lochaber. Such was the hero who called out his clan on the commencement of the French Revolution to join the standard of the *Cock of the North.*

My prophecy was fulfilled. His *gentlemen* followers, in six months, cared no more for their *chief* than for any other officer in the regiment. It was found that more than two thirds of his men were suited to the flank companies, and were accordingly drafted into them. When the regiment was gazetted, I was surprised to find myself half way down the list of lieutenants, instead of being at the top, as my rank in the Marines entitled me to. I had been sent to London about the clothing a second time, and as this was a point of importance, I lost not a moment in repairing to the office of the Commander-in-chief, Lord Amherst, having my commission as an officer of marines in my pocket. I had an interview with his secretary, Mr. M——, a greasy, fat-headed fellow, with the air of a Lincolnshire grazier. I laid my claims before him, as well as my commission, requesting that the error in the gazette might be rectified; adding, "that I did not demand this as a boon, but as a matter of right, agreeably to the rules of the service." The secretary sticking his pen behind his ear, and elevating his *lunettes*, replied, after a hasty glance at my statement, "that

it was now too late to rectify an error which did not proceed from him, as the names of the officers were gazetted as he had received them; but that this could be of little consequence, he supposed, in a Fencible regiment, which had no permanent rank." I was greatly surprised at this extraordinary speech, and replied, "that it was of no consequence to me where the mistake originated, but it was important to me that it should be rectified, whatever he might think; and if he refused to do me justice, I should address myself to higher powers." To this I had no answer, and the secretary having adjusted his spectacles to his rubicund nose, and grasped his pen, I took these as signals of its being time to take my leave.

The next morning I put my name on Lord Amherst's list at the Horse-guards, and in my turn had an audience. I told my tale as before, and put a memorandum into his lordship's hand, stating the case, with the date of my commission, which he was pleased to receive with great courtesy; and promising that my claim would be attended to in the next gazette, the error was rectified. I have mentioned this to show that it is often better to go to the fountain-head in such cases.

I returned to Edinburgh a few days before the regiment marched into the castle, and in time to make the necessary arrangements for its reception. I kept a snug quarter for myself, called the store-keeper's, and my family speedily joined me.

The year 1794 was a great political era in the history of Scotland, on account of the numerous trials for sedition. I mention them, as a singular circumstance occurred to myself, for I happened to be captain of the guard (I had recently got promotion) when the unfortunate Gerald, with whom I was acquainted, took his trial for high treason. On the day of his arrival to deliver himself up to justice, I happened to be dining with Mr. M——L——g, and Mr. W. G——s, two celebrated advocates, to whom Gerald had letters of introduction. The preceding year I had frequently met him at taverns and in private companies, where he was highly considered for his splendid conversational talents, although his enthusiasm frequently carried him beyond all bounds of sense or discretion. As an impromptu speaker, with a fine flow of language, he stood unrivalled, and the only one of his associates who durst venture into the field with him was Sir J. Macintosh, whose superior eloquence even Gerald could not resist. He had also great imitative powers, particularly of Fox; and Pitt, though so different in manner and matter, he could personate in a very extraordinary manner. His character, however, and his adventures in Scotland, being so well known, I shall only observe, that when he made his appearance at the apartments of the above gentlemen, who kept a joint establishment, he was strongly advised by them, and C——s H——y, who was of the party,

on no account to surrender himself to a Scottish judicature, as our bench had a very different conception of sedition from the juries of England; but nothing could alter his determination, and his trial shortly took place. As riots were expected, a guard of one hundred men was demanded, which our regiment supplied, and I was appointed to this duty, so that I had an opportunity of witnessing the trial, and of hearing the prisoner's eloquent defence, which he insisted on making himself, though the first barristers of Scotland offered their services.

The result was anticipated by every one but himself: in fact he fell a victim to his own obstinacy.

In his speech, which was any thing but a defence, he unfortunately attacked the Lord Chief Justice M——, a severe judge, and a bitter enemy to reform. The prisoner at the bar stated, "that it was reform, not revolution, which he wanted, and that J. C. was a reformer."—"Weel, Sir, and muckle did he get by that! Was na' he crucified?"—the most brutal and impious remark, that ever came from the mouth of a judge.

Party dissensions ran very high this winter, so that it was dangerous for gentlemen of the army to be seen in company with whigs or reformers. I was cautioned by the Lord Provost that certain persons, whose names it would be improper to name even at this distant period, though they are

both judges, with whom I was in the habit of dining, were dangerous acquaintances!—to such ridiculous lengths did politics run at this time.

In the spring of 1795 the alarm of invasion was so prevalent, that it was thought necessary to order to England the eight regiments of fencibles raised for the defence of Scotland. This was done without consulting the colonels of these corps, although they were levied under an express article in the letters of service, that they were only to quit Scotland in case of "actual invasion of the island."

Highlanders have a natural aversion to sea, and are extremely jealous of any infringements on what they consider their rights. The example of the seventy-seventh regiment, which had mutinied on this pretext at the conclusion of the American war, had not been forgotten in the Highlands; and no sooner were orders given for the embarkation of the Scots fencibles than discontent and murmurs broke out, which were shortly manifest, for the regiment of Lord Hopetown at Ayr actually mutinied by refusing to embark. This was communicated to the other regiments like an *electric shock*, and ours being locked up in the castle, had less communication with the malecontents, and was the last to exhibit discontent; but at length the soldiers were seen in knots talking Gaelic with an air of mystery. The lieutenant-colonel fancied himself actually a Highlander, and piquing him-

self on his popularity, he imagined that his eloquence would bring the men to reason. He marched them by detachments into the garrison chapel, and mounting the pulpit, lectured away with great vehemence for a couple of hours, but, as might have been expected, without effect; and it was evident to every one but himself that he was throwing away his time.

I advised him to summon the Duke, as the only chance of checking a mutiny that was ready to break out every moment, but he continued lecturing for three days, when he found that his eloquence produced no good effect; and at length he despatched an express to Gordon Castle, where his Grace was, and in eight-and-forty hours he arrived. The regiment was forthwith paraded; he explained in a few words the nature of the service they were called for, "the defence of their country; and he trusted that if any soldier in the regiment was such a disloyal dastard as to refuse such a service, he would step out of the ranks, and he should have his discharge; for though they were raised for the defence of Scotland, England was now in danger, and none but cowards or disloyal subjects would refuse such a call. He could assure them that wherever they went, they would find him at their head; and if they preferred marching to England by land rather than being transported by sea, that they had their

choice." This short harangue was received with the greatest applause, and every bonnet was elevated, and every voice cheered, that they were ready "to follow his Grace to the world's end." Thus terminated the dreaded mutiny; and though this gratified our little colonel, it was evident, by his sour looks, that he was somewhat mortified to find that a few words had produced effects which his eloquence had not been able to accomplish in three days.

In a few days the regiment embarked at Leith in high spirits, and landed safely at Portsmouth. As it was to be augmented to a thousand men, I was left with a strong detachment to recruit, and sent to Aberdeen. The following year I joined it with recruits in Sussex, where it was encamped under the orders of Lieutenant-general Drummond, who appointed me his aide-de-camp.

Nothing could be more agreeable than this appointment, for a more worthy and kind-hearted man never existed. At the end of the campaign he was ordered to Scotland, and to command the garrison in Edinburgh. I have but little to record during my sojourn in the "modern Athens." Scenes of dissipation leave but few agreeable impressions, and I could wish to forget the two years I passed in idleness and folly.

It was at this period that the Count D'Artois (now Charles the Tenth) took up his residence in

Holyrood. My situation threw me in the way of witnessing here the *imitation* of a court, which, however, was of short duration.

For three or four months His Royal Highness held weekly levees, and occasionally gave dinners, at which I assisted *ex officio*. Fortunately, my general spoke French, like a Frenchman, having been educated in Paris; and I was able to make myself understood, and even to act as interpreter. It was found, however, that the expenses of keeping up such an establishment were much beyond the means of this poor prince, and the levees were abandoned.

I had frequent opportunities of conversing with *Monsieur*, whose manners were extremely condescending and affable. The Duke D'Angouleme, then about twenty years of age, a gentle, mild youth, being desirous to see a fox-hunt, I had the honour of accompanying him, with one of his suite, in a hack-chaise to Haddington; the Caledonian hounds being then hunting in that country, and Mr. Baird of Newbyth having made arrangements to mount us. A fox was found, and there was a field of at least fifty horsemen, more to view the prince than the fox. Reynard behaved extremely well, and went away in the most gallant manner. I recommended His Royal Highness to stick to Mr. Baird's skirts, (which he did,) who, knowing the country, took care to ride where there were gates, that had been previously opened. There

was a pretty burst of fifteen minutes, when the hounds came to fault; and the royal *debutant*, being highly delighted with the *chasse* he had taken so gallant a share in, retired; but as he had been invited to dine with the Earl of Haddington, I took leave of my protegé.

In June an encampment was formed at Ayr, composed of three highland regiments, of which mine was one; we had, besides, a regiment of fencible cavalry.

This *campaign* was chiefly remarkable for the quantity of wine which was expended during its continuance: seldom could be seen *harder service!* All the country gentlemen of the neighbourhood feasted us, and during the races Mr. —— of —— with whom I had the pleasure of being intimately acquainted, contributed largely to our hilarities. One evening after the race ball, I witnessed a laughable scene, which merits record.

An Ayrshire squire, an eccentric character, though but little known in his county, having only lately taken possession of his estates, made his appearance for the first time at this meeting, entering *con amore* into our convivialities, and this night drank deeper, and sat later than usual. I was left in the room with him and Mr. ——, imbibing champagne. The new squire began boasting "of his prowess as a shot," and of having smote a red deer in the island of Ilay, with a ball

at the distance of forty yards; which he considered a prodigious feat! Now there had been suspended in this ball-room, (since the reign of Queen Anne,) a huge mass of blue glass and brass, under the denomination of a lustre. Mr. —— had frequently meditated to wreak his vengeance on this hideous chandelier, which "made darkness more visible," and only wanted a colleague for its destruction. "Sir," said he to our companion, "though you have killed a buck at forty yards, with a bullet in the islands, I will bet you ten guineas you do not hit the machine hanging from the ceiling with this bottle:" putting an empty flask into his hand, and seizing another himself. "Done!" cries the laird, and away flew both missiles. Such a crash was never before heard in the good town of Ayr! The landlord and his wife, the waiters and house-maids, entered *en masse*, thinking that the old house was going to tumble about their ears.

The devastation was immense; not only had half a ton of *materials* fallen from the ceiling, but almost every glass and decanter on the table was demolished. The freak, however, was silently approved by the wily host, and publicly applauded by the visitors; Mr. ———'s liberality being well known. In a short time, the ball-room was decorated with a splendid and modern lustre, the joint gift of the two bacchanalians.

This practical joke, however, cured our squire of

drinking, and he took to coursing as a more rational and innocent recreation; but from his long absence in foreign parts, not a hare was to be found on his estate. The Earl of E——, however, his neighbour, gave him permission to course on his lands. Six brace of the best greyhounds that Swaffham and Newmarket could produce, were procured, and the sports commenced. The first week he ran down fifty brace of hares! Poor puss had no chance of escape, for the squire uncoupled three brace of dogs at a time! This murder being communicated to the noble lord of the manor, Mr. C. received a gentle hint "to hold hard, or the breed would be extirpated." Being a high spirited personage, he took great offence at this warning, and consulted among his friends as to the best mode of replacing the game he had destroyed in so unsportsman-like a manner; and in a few weeks fifty brace of lively hares were turned out in his lordship's manor.

Having succeeded so ill with coursing, he tried fox-hunting, and employed the earl's son to procure him three or four capital hunters from London. The commission was executed without delay. The hunters arrived, and the squire who had been rehearsing at a bar, took the field with his friend. It was his first essay; but as he was as bold as the most practised rider, with less prudence, he took every fence that came in his way, and stuck on! At length he took a wrong cast, and

was thrown out; and putting spurs in his horse's side, already blown, he altered his course, in the hope of being in at the death: but alas! the fates had decided against his being a sportsman—horse and rider tumbled into the shaft of an old coal-pit. The poor nag was killed, but the squire escaped happily with a few broken ribs and bruises. When he recovered from this accident, he waited on Lord M., entreating him to examine the pit into which he had fallen, as, said he, "envious persons may insinuate that I fell from bad horsemanship." There was no declining this request, and his lordship accompanied his friend to the fatal spot, when, on measuring the shaft, it was found to be thirty-two feet in diameter; and a certificate stating this fact was given, which satisfied our Nimrod's *amour propre*.

An important event in my history was now about to take place, which I little expected.

On my arrival at Air, I renewed my acquaintance with Lord Montgomery, whose father, the Earl of Eglinton, resided at Coilsfield, and to whom I had been introduced in Edinburgh. I had received many personal civilities from this noble family, having formerly known Lord M—, when a subaltern in the 42nd Regiment at Fort George. I was now invited to shoot with him in the Moors, and the weather being very hot, and the ground boggy, it was a trial of bottom to jump

over the *haggs*.* My companion had more activity, but his exertions seemed to affect his lungs; and I observed with regret that every day he coughed more. I now found from his servant that he had for a week past been spitting blood, in consequence of a severe cold, from sitting in wet clothes. I cautioned him to be careful, for strong as he was, he ought to give up such violent exercise, and abstain from flesh and wine; but as he paid no attention to my advice, I determined to mention my apprehensions to his mother.

The consequence of this information was a consultation of medical men, and his lordship was found to be in so critical a state, as to require immediate change of air, and a farinaceous diet. The informer's name being concealed, I did not incur my friend's displeasure, and he swore he would not go abroad without my company.

* Moss-ground which has been broken up.

CHAPTER IX.

Voyage to Cuxhaven—Arrival at Florence—Society—Countess of Albany—The Carnival — Cicisbeos — The Corso—Lord Hervey, anecdote—The British envoy, and the Florentine count—The B——of D——, and the dish of *pasta*—The goose that lays golden eggs—A traitor—The pious bishop unmasked—A Highland chieftain, anecdote—Taking the bull by the horns—A Welch squire—A connoisseur—Pope Pius the Sixth—Italian sporting—Arrival at Naples—The Revolution—The flight of King Ferdinand—The conflagration of the gun-boats—Caserta—The royal chase—Voyage to Sicily—Cardinals—A pasha of three tails—Kelim Effendi—A liberal Turk—A magnificent cadeau.

On my friend Lord Montgomery's arrival in London, he consulted his physician Doctor Pitcairn, who recommended a voyage to Italy as the best means of restoring his health; and as winter was approaching, he advised his setting out without delay. This being determined on, I obtained the King's leave to accompany my friend.

The French army being at this period, 1797, in possession of Lombardy, we ran some risk of having our progress arrested there, being provided with an English passport only. We resolved, how-

ever, to make the attempt, and being provided with a strong travelling carriage, and an intelligent courier, we embarked at Yarmouth, for Cuxhaven, on the 4th November, reaching our port in forty-eight hours.

Like most other countries, Italy has changed in thirty years; but whether it has profited or not by the revolution, I have had no opportunity of knowing personally; but I revisited Sicily in 1812, and found it in *statu quo*, though with a fine new-fangled constitution, which it was evident to the most common observer could not long exist. The papal government continues unchanged, as well as that of Naples, which has not profited one *jot* by the revolution, in spite of the blood that was spilled. The King abdicated his crown, and plundered his subjects; he returned and left them in their former state of degradation; his successor was willing, it was said, to give the Neapolitans a free constitution, but the Holy Alliance put its *veto* on this intention, and the King's sincerity may be called in question; yet during the period of his holding the reins of government as Prince Regent at Palermo, His Royal Highness manifested, by his acts, a desire to ameliorate the situation of the people, who were starving in the midst of plenty; but when the English army was withdrawn, and the Austrians visited Sicily as protectors, every hope of liberty was extinguished.

Having been an eye-witness to the Neapolitan

revolution in 1799, and having been constantly moving about the south of Italy and Sicily for three years at that interesting period, during which few travellers had such access to the country, I have attempted to give a slight sketch of that singular revolution, the details of which are but imperfectly known, or, have been misrepresented by historians.

As I am aware that the details of a tour over beaten ground, thirty years ago, could have but little interest for the reader of the day, I shall suppress all account of our journey from the north of Germany to the heart of Italy, although I have preserved notes of our route during a period of three years at a most interesting time, which in another form might, perhaps, not be quite unacceptable to the public. The change of a quarter of a century, in a country constantly convulsed by revolutions, might be traced with both amusement and profit. This, however, is not the place for such a portion of that comparative table, as I have certainly the materials for furnishing. I shall therefore content myself with some desultory anecdotes of manners and character, interspersed with a few reflections on the state of Sicily and the Neapolitan revolution.

In giving these details at this late period, I may be thought blameable in raking up the ashes of the dead, and throwing reflections on a great hero; but his fame is too well established to be tarnished by the censures of so humble an individual as

myself. The author conscientiously believing these censures, to be merited, yet thinks that the greatest sea captain of his day will not be the less considered a hero, that he became the dupe of an artful and fascinating woman, although his warmest admirers must admit, and deeply regret, that a man so naturally humane and amiable should have been so mystified as to break a treaty regularly ratified on the face of all Europe, in order to gratify the revenge of a blood-thirsty queen! But the chief blot on the fame of this great man is his having ordered the immediate execution of the Prince Caraccioli, to whose bravery he had been an eye-witness, and knowing that his sovereign was daily expected at Naples; and he actually did arrive two days after the execution.

It was well known that this unfortunate man had been long and justly a particular favorite of the King, who doubtless would have extended his mercy to one so brave and meritorious. Egotism and vanity are not uncommon with heroes, and may be pardoned; but such a deliberate act of cruelty cannot be palliated by Nelson's greatest advocates, nor can they offer any reasonable excuse for the infraction of the treaty of Naples, by which so many brave patriots were immolated.

On our arrival at Florence, I found there an old acquaintance and namesake, who had been long a resident in Tuscany. This gentleman, a Lieutenant-colonel on half pay, of the family of L——

in Banffshire, I had known from boyhood, and as he lived at our hotel, he kindly offered his services as cicerone. On New Year's day he invited us to meet a party of his friends at dinner, several of whom were distinguished persons:—Lucchesini, formerly the favorite minister of the great Frederic of Prussia, then living in retirement in Tuscany—Fontana, the most learned and talented man of his time at Florence, and director of the celebrated cabinet of anatomy—Fabroni, who from an opera dancer became director of the mint in Tuscany, and afterwards a favourite with Napoleon—Mr. Leckie, an Englishman of talent, and well known in the literary world—Madame Woodburn, the wife of an English colonel, and a lady of great *esprit*, many years a resident—Mr. Biddulph, a Norfolk squire, rich, hospitable, and a pious Catholic—and though *last*, not the *least* agreeable person, our worthy ambassador, the Honourable W—— W——, who was accompanied by the fascinating Madame Mari, to whom he had long paid devotion. Besides these *dramatis personæ*, there were several Florentine nobles, and ladies of distinction.

This being my *debut* in Italian society, I felt rather *fuori de concerto* at first; luckily, however, I sat near Madame W——, whose affable and lively manners and conversation soon set me at ease, and in an hour I was in possession of the family history of the whole company, her own excepted.

but it did not require much penetration to discover that Mr. L—— was the *cavaliere servente*.

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Soon after Napoleon mounted the imperial throne, Fontana visited Paris, and was patronised by the Emperor, who placed him in a situation where his talents could be exhibited; but I have forgotten the finale of his career in France, nor do I recollect if he returned to Tuscany.

From my intimacy with Mr. W——, I had many opportunities of meeting Madame Mari, the favourite sultana of the English minister.

Though a *roturiere*, and without education, she possessed great natural *esprit*, and was extremely handsome, but *un peu passée*. Her good-humour, expressive eyes, and most winning smile, rendered her quite fascinating; and though she had great power over her lover, she had no coquetry, and her playful manner seldom excited his jealousy, notwithstanding the number of her admirers.

When the French army took possession of Tuscany for the second time in 1799, our minister was obliged to quit the Grand Duke's dominions, and to retire to Sicily. Madame Mari, thinking she would be obnoxious to the invaders, also made her escape into Germany; but a counter-revolution in a few months enabled both the fugitives to return. On this occasion, our heroine made a triumphal entry into the capital,

sword in hand, dressed *à l'Amazone*, at the head of a troop of dragoons, for which act of patriotic feeling she was greatly condemned, and for what reason I could never discover, for she had attached herself to the corps, in which her husband served as an officer.

I know not whether, during her residence in Germany, she had formed a new attachment, but a German colonel quartered in Florence, a few months previous to the battle of Marengo, paid such close court to the *Amazon*, that she forsook her old admirer to fly into the arms of a stranger; after an intimacy of six or seven years with a man who sacrificed his time and fortune for such an ungrateful and cold-hearted object.

I was not a little gratified by the notice which was taken of me by the Princess Louisa de Stolberg, Comtesse D'Albany, widow of Charles Edward, the last of the house of Stuart. This illustrious lady had resided some years in Tuscany, and lived for the greatest part of the year at her *villaggiatura* at Fiesole.

Many believed that she had espoused by a second marriage the Italian *Shakspeare*, Count Alfieri; while others imagined the connection was altogether *Platonic*. Be this as it may, they lived many years under the same roof, and in apparent harmony. The capricious temper, pride, and hauteur of the *poet*, occasioned however, at

was said,) petty quarrels between them, and more than once they separated. In reading Alfieri's life, it may be imagined that to live in peace with such a man required the temper of an angel.

The Countess hearing of the arrival of a Scots nobleman, expressed to Mr. W—— her desire that Lord M—— might be presented to her; and I had the honour of accompanying his Lordship to Fiesole, a league from the city. We were received without any courtly form, and she entered into conversation with us with great ease, avoiding political discussions. She talked of Scotland, which she regretted she had never seen, enquired about several of the nobility who were attached to her husband's family, and seemed to be conversant in Scottish history.

German was the Countess's maternal tongue, but she spoke both Italian and French with great fluency, and understood English, though she declined conversing in it. We saw on her table a volume of Shakspeare, and she said that she had in her library a small collection of English books.

The Countess of Albany's figure was even at that period majestic, being above the general size of her countrywomen; her manners were open and frank, and at the same time dignified. I should have guessed her age to be sixty. Although the widow of a Royal Stuart she was said not to

be an *Ultra Royalist*, and to be moderate in her political opinions. She lived in France at the commencement of the Revolution, and seemed to dread another visit from the republicans.

I never heard what her means were, but she supported her rank with a becoming dignity, and received strangers of all nations. We were in hopes of seeing Alfieri, but he did not make his appearance during our visit of two hours, and his name was not mentioned. We were offered refreshments, which we declined. Ten days after we were invited to dinner with Mr. W——. The party was small, and Lucchesini and Fabroni were the only persons there we knew. The entertainment was served in the French taste, and was *recherché*. The wines were Tuscan, and not particularly good. The time of dinner was *three:* it lasted as many hours, and at seven we took our leave, much gratified with the unaffected and easy manners of our illustrious hostess.

We frequently met her Royal Highness at the *conversazione nobile*, during the winter. On one of these occasions I witnessed a proof of the goodness of her nerves. A huge chandelier, weighing about half a ton, fell on the floor with a crash quite terrific, though fortunately without doing any injury. I happened to be in conversation with the Countess and Lord M—— at the moment the accident occurred, and though she was sitting on a sofa, not more than a dozen feet from

the centre of the *salle* where the huge machine fell, she was not in the smallest degree startled or agitated, though the women were screaming and crossing themselves all around her. Lord M—— congratulated her on the goodness of her nerves; "I have not much personal fear," she replied, "my nerves have been well tried, and I am on that account more courageous than many of my sex."

Notwithstanding the fatigue of the journey at such a season of the year, Lord M—— did not suffer by it, and we entered a little into the freaks of the carnival, which had just opened. That of Florence is esteemed the gayest in Italy. It may afford amusement to the natives, as at this season all business is suspended, and feasting, dancing, and *spectacle* are the order of the day; but to a stranger unacquainted with the language and the manners of the people, nothing can be more dull than the eternal folly of masquerading. To show your *tact* and good breeding, you must forget the names of your friends when you meet them, for it would be considered bad taste to call your acquaintance by any other title than "Signior," or "Signora Maschera." This disguise, along with the domino, which both sexes wear during the whole season, serves to favour intrigue. Women who are desirous of indulging in a little playful *badinage*, often quit their boxes at the theatres, and descend into the pit; and as on

these occasions the *cicisbeo* is not permitted to follow, an opportunity is afforded for a *rendezvous* with a new lover; or at any rate the lady excites the jealousy of her old follower, which is all probably that is intended. No credit must be attached to the tales of our travelled coxcombs, who, on returning from the grand tour, boast "that the married women of Italy are at the nod of an Englishman."

This sort of intriguing is by no means to their taste. Every lady of a certain rank, to avoid being sneered at, must obey the general fashion of having a *cavaliere servente*. I was introduced to a pretty *contessa*, who had been accompanied by her husband at the *conversazione nobile*, and on whose arm she was leaning. Surprised at so uncommon an occurrence, I asked the lady who introduced me (an Englishwoman), the cause of so rare a circumstance, when she referred me to the *sposa sans façon*, who was not in the least disconcerted, replying with great *naïveté*, "I have not, Signior, taken a *cicisbeo*, though I have been married seven years—*Perchè sono sempre inammorata del mio marito*," because, I am still in love with my husband.)

This confession of the *Contessa* Bianchi shows how rare permanent attachments are between man and wife in this country. Madame B. was considered by her friends to be either a fool or *molto fredda*.

The only show that amused me at the Carni-

val, which lasted six weeks, was on the last day;—the *Corso*, when every machine on wheels was put into requisition. The procession commenced at noon, and continued till sun-set. Once in the line, you must remain, as if you were in the Court of Chancery; there is no chance of escape till the *drama* concludes at four o'clock, when the Carnival, at the sound of the great bell of the Duomo, expires a natural death. At this awful moment a groupe of character masks, in a finely gilded triumphal car, attracted my notice; it represented Jupiter surrounded by the principal deities. Nothing could be more classical than their *costumes*. At the first stroke of the bell Jupiter ascended to the heavens to the astonishment of the spectators, and of none more than myself: for a few moments I was perfectly *planet*-struck, until I saw the trick. The god was a balloon!—the air rang with acclamations, and the *Corso* was at an end. The chief pleasure and pursuit in this procession, besides the exhibition of fine equipages, is the pelting of *bon-bons*. These missiles are not very expensive, being composed of chalk and water; and if you are not very wary in lowering your sashes *en passant*, they stand a good chance of being broken; this however is duly attended to as a measure of safety, as well as of politeness, for salutes are exchanged by lowering the glasses and bowing, whether the parties are acquainted or not. This

good-humoured warfare is carried on *con amore*, and no offence is ever taken at any little disaster that may occur.

The Tuscans are greatly attached to the English, which they manifest on all occasions. This may probably arise from the close connexion which has existed so long between the two countries by the trade with Leghorn. The Florentines also greatly admire every thing that is English, especially dress: indeed every article of utility or ornament, or *roba Inglese*, is closely copied, of which I have heard several curious examples.

When the late Lord Hervey, a captain in the Royal Navy, was our envoy at the Tuscan court, he frequently appeared in his full-dress uniform, which attracted the notice of a dandy marchése; and thinking it would make a handsome ball dress, he contrived by a bribe to his lordship's valet to have it exactly copied, (the buttons excepted, which could not be procured,) and made his appearance in it on the first occa- of a *ballo nobile*. Lord Hervey, spying, as he thought, a brother officer, addressed the marchése, and being short-sighted, did not discover his mistake until the Florentine replied, "Signior Milord, non capisco Inglese!" An explanation ensued, but so little to the minister's satisfaction, that the disconcerted Italian thought it prudent to retire, and put off his plumes, after his lordship had

threatened to bring him to an account for daring to *degrade* the uniform of a captain in the British navy.

The next is a more pleasing illustration of the partiality of the Florentines to English fashions.

The Honourable W——m W——m, on being appointed successor to the gallant captain, had brought with him a splendid-built chariot with state harness, and a pair of thoroughbred grey horses. This equipage was the general admiration, and particularly of a certain Count, who waited on the new ambassador, requesting permission for a drawing to be taken of this *voiture*, which was readily granted. In a few months the Signior Conte launched a carriage so closely imitated, that it was difficult to discover the copy from the original; not only were the harness, arms, crest and motto *fac-similes*, but the liveries were the same cut and colour; and though *English* grey horses could not be purchased, they were grey and of the *Razza Reale*. The only remonstrance made by our good-humoured ambassador on the occasion, was a request "that the Count would adopt his own arms and liveries, to prevent mistakes on state days." I had both these anecdotes from Mr. W——m. From this gentleman we received the kindest attentions, and we met at his hospitable table, besides our countrymen, many agreeable Florentines. The celebrated B——p of D——y, the E——l of B——l, in con-

sequence of the dissolution of that nine days' wonder, the Cisalpine republic, made his appearance in Tuscany a few months after our arrival, and being lodged at the same hotel with us, Lord M—— had the honour of a visit from his lordship; for it is the fashion for the new arrivals to wait on the residents. Mr. W——m had prepared us to see a very extraordinary personage, and we were the less surprised at his eccentric conversation and manners, when we met him at dinner, although on this occasion he was on his good behaviour, for he had been in great disgrace with the Grand Duke. The circumstance which occasioned this is so singular, that I shall relate it, and as I had the detail from Mr. W——m, I cannot doubt its veracity.

The prelate, it seems, had been obliged to quit Paris, where he had been residing for some years, by the French revolution, and took an asylum in Tuscany, occasionally visiting Rome and Naples, and astonishing all ranks by his freaks and eccentricities. Under pretence of being a patron of the arts, he became quite a *Mæcenas*, and so far he benefited them, that he scattered large sums among poor painters, and purchased pictures without discrimination.

In one of his journeys from Rome to Florence he halted at Sienna, and when sitting down to dinner, the procession of the *Host* happened to pass under the windows of his hotel. It would appear that his lordship had a particular aversion

to the tinkling of bells. Probably without thinking of the consequences, he seized a tureen of *pasta*, and the sash being open, threw the contents in the midst of the holy groupe! Such a sacrilegious profanation of the most sacred of ceremonies, I need hardly observe, occasioned the greatest dismay among the priests and their assistants, as well as the spectators, who assailed the house *en masse*, determined to wreak their vengeance on the perpetrators of so monstrous an outrage. The bishop, however, had fortunately made his escape by a back way along with his valet, and by an ample distribution of his gold, found the means of concealing himself until night, and of procuring post-horses to transport him from the Tuscan territories, never stopping until he reached Padua, at that time garrisoned by French troops.

A report of this flagrant violation of the most sacred ceremony was immediately made to the Grand Duke, who issued an edict, "banishing the perpetrator from the Tuscan dominions for ever, under pain of the galleys."

It might be imagined that his eminence, after such a hair-breadth escape, would have become more prudent, especially as he had obtained permission to enter a territory at war with his country, and without a passport; but he had not been many days settled in the Cisalpine republic, when he despatched a letter to Mr. W——m, beseeching him to interfere in his behalf with the Grand

Duke, and stating "that the aggression he was charged with was purely accidental, not being aware, when he threw the dish of horrible *pasta* out of the window, that the *Host* was passing." Had his reverence abstained from politics in this despatch, (which as a matter of course was opened by the authorities,) no offence would have been taken for the insult offered to religion, as the new republic did not meddle with the affairs of the church; but he had commented on the state of things and the imbecility of the government, indulging in his naturally satirical humour.

This barefaced impudence of a "*maudit prêtre Anglais*," who had taken refuge in an enemy's country, "after escaping from the galleys in another," (for he had made no secret of the cause of his quitting Tuscany,) raised the indignation of the French commandant, who gave orders for the arrest of the hoary culprit, denounced him as a spy, and threatened him with the guillotine.

But the goose which lays golden eggs is not commonly put to death, except in the fable; and as the bishop was well-known to be rich, the governor contented himself in the mean time with placing his prisoner under *surveillance* at his hotel, making him pay an *amende* of 5000 francs for the good of the state, and directing him to furnish daily a dinner of six covers for the maintenance of a guard which was placed over him, and a sentinel posted at his door. This strict durance con-

tinued for several months, during which his reverence lived like a prince, and had the honour of entertaining very frequently the commandant and other officers of rank. His finances, however, began to dwindle, and he saw no end to his confinement. In this dilemma he began to entertain hopes of his release by the never-failing means of a *golden* key, and marked the officer who had charge of his person as a fit instrument. Accordingly he soon found an opportunity of a private audience with this Cerberus, when he proffered a reward of five hundred louis by a draught on his banker at Paris, on condition that he would procure his enlargement, besides paying all the expenses of his transport to Trieste; and for this latter purpose he would furnish him with *l'argent comptant.* Without waiting for a reply to these proposals, he pulled out a purse containing fifty sequins, and put it into the hands of his *caro amico.* It is not to be supposed that a wretched Italian subaltern could refuse such a bribe. The bishop was rich, and not wanting in address. His keeper could not resist the temptation of enriching himself without committing any very immoral act, and seized the gold, promising to do all in his power to forward his *Excellenza's* views at the risk of his neck. He was by birth a Venetian, and by means of a friend and relation the arrangements were soon made. The priest feigning indisposition, kept his bed-chamber for a few days, until all was ready.

At midnight the pious man was crammed into a hamper, and transported on the shoulder of a *facchino* to the Brenta, where a boat was ready to convey him to the *Bocca*, and put him on board a felucca, which had been hired to land him at Trieste. No sooner had he planted his foot on the Austrian territory, than he despatched a letter to Lafitte, desiring him not to pay the bill of five hundred Louis, which he said "had been extracted from him by the French commandant at Padua under fear of death." At the same time he wrote to that officer to denounce his liberator.

During the peer-bishop's residence at our hotel, we had another inmate of rather eccentric manners, a great chieftain of the north, (who had made his debut in Italy on the opening of Lombardy,) the Laird of Glengarry. Being related to Lord Montgomery, we invited him to dinner, which he returned by a grand entertainment, that occasioned a very laughable incident. The chieftain had brought letters of introduction to several Florentine nobles, who with our minister formed the party; and as he wears on such solemn occasions the dress of a Highland chieftain, he made his appearance in this costume, which being set off by a handsome and warlike person, was greatly admired. The bottle circulated *à l'Inglese*, and when the champagne and Tuscan grape began to mount into the chieftain's head, his eloquence increased. He had for some time been entertain-

ing his guests with a description of mountain-habits and customs, which was not understood by the Italians; but it was in vain that his English friends tried to change the conversation into French. He went on *con strepito* to the *climax*, the mode of catching wild cattle in Lochaber, on which subject he seemed quite *au fait;* but in order "to suit the action to the word," and to show the *modus operandi*, he laid hold of the marchese (who sat at the post of honour on his right) with both hands, stretching out his vigorous arms at full length. "In this way," exclaimed our chief, seizing the unfortunate man by the collar, "one takes the *cow* by the horns, while another lays hold of the *tail*, pulling the *beast* to the ground." Conceive the astonishment and dismay of the poor Florentine, thus grappled by a powerful man, "armed to the teeth" with pistol, sword, and dagger, and bellowing in a barbarous and to him unintelligible language. He had the power and courage however to get on his legs, and with some difficulty extricated himself from the gripe of his friend, demanding in a French *patois*, which he imagined might probably be understood, the cause of such an outrage. In the mean time, another guest who sat near me took the alarm, and jumping up made a precipitate retreat, overturning various articles in his flight; and so quick were his motions, that he was in the vestibule before I could overtake him. On explaining the affair as

well as I could, with my slender knowledge of Italian, I persuaded him to return, when we found that his friend was pacified by the intercession of Mr. W———, and harmony was speedily restored. But it was not so easy to appease the chieftain, who naturally felt much hurt that he should be suspected of committing an unprovoked assault on a gentleman whom he had invited to partake of his hospitalities. It was also evident that the guests sat on thorns, for in half an hour they pleaded an engagement at the theatre, and made their bows.

When they had retired, Glengarry saw the folly of taking amiss the terrors of these poor Italians, which he had so unwittingly occasioned, and shortly joined in the general laugh, in which his two other Italian guests, who had seen more of the world and had better nerves, heartily participated.

The only other countryman in our hotel was a Welch squire, whom I had a few years before met when on his travels in Scotland, Mr. J——r of W——e in Glamorganshire. He was now seeing the world with a *bear-leader*, a doctor of one of the universities, and one of the last race of travelling tutors, as described by Smollett,—the breed of whom is nearly extinct. J——r, who was a complete John Bull in manner as well as exterior, (weighing two-and-twenty stone,) made a complete butt of this jolthead. The pupil's pursuit was to find

out the best eating and drinking, while the doctor employed his whole time in hunting for vertu. He was six or eight hours daily with the Florentine picture-guide in his hands, and a valet-de-place at his heels, searching out every thing set down in this copious guide. He one day prevailed on me to accompany him to the chateau of a Baron, a league from the city, where he had heard there was a gallery of pictures and antiquities seldom visited by tourists. We drove to a dilapidated mansion, inhabited only by an old *concierge* and his spouse, who led us into a cock-loft, in which were a score or two of villainous daubs, probably painted by monks. The amateur, notwithstanding, was charmed with every thing, taking notes of the *chefs d'œuvres*. His knowledge of Italian was not extensive; and on one occasion, when he demanded of the *custode*, the name of the artist of a certain historical picture, which he particularly praised, the old man not understanding the query, replied, "Come dice?" [what do you say?] The doctor, quite satisfied, wrote down on his tablets, (of ass's skin of course,) A Holy Family by "Comedice," and turning to me, asked if I knew to what school this master belonged? and though I could hardly retain my gravity, I answered, "I should think of the Florentine, from the style of composition and colour."—This was added to the memorandum!

This ridiculous blunder was too good to keep to

myself, and I related it to the pupil, who so tormented the poor connoisseur, that I regretted having exposed him; it had however one good effect—the doctor discharged me from my office of cicerone.

The Welch squire told me he had made an experiment to try the strength of the celebrated *vino Chiante* of Florence, and drank six huge flasks, without being in the smallest degree intoxicated! A *fiascone*, I reckon, will contain three English pints! I met this worthy squire twenty years after our meeting at Florence, when he had increased to eight-and-twenty stone, and still retained his gastronomic powers; but I find he has lately been gathered to his fathers. When I parted with him at Florence, he was going to Venice for the express purpose of eating oysters!

The Pope, Pius VI., being at the Certosa Convent, a few leagues from Florence, and having met his Nuncio at Mr. W——'s table, he offered us a sight of the venerable father, but as his Holiness had given up all his official functions, we were deprived of the honour of saluting his toe. The Nuncio procured us tickets of entrée to the chapel, when his Holiness went to his prayers in public, which he did once a week. We found, as we had expected from his portraits, a most dignified and venerable old man, with a countenance beaming with benevolence; perhaps, the interest we took in him was heightened by seeing a

man at such an advanced age thrown from the papal throne to wander at the will of his tyrants; besides, to be under the same roof with a *Pope* was not a common occurrence, the more especially as we shared his benedictions with other good Christians, when the *Mass* ended.

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The English are the only nation in Europe, who have any taste for rural beauty, or for enjoying the pleasures of a country life. The Italian nobles have their *villeggiaturas*, in which they reside a couple of months in spring and autumn; but these visits have nothing to do with the *agrémens* of a country life, as it is considered in Great Britain and Ireland. They remove their bodies along with their furniture from their town residences, and the same pursuits go on. Card-playing, pick-nick feasting, and intriguing proceed, the scene only changing. Rural sports are unknown.

A Luccese Cavaliere, however, whom I had known at the baths, invited me to pass a few days with him in the shooting season; and though I had but little prospect of sport, I gladly accepted the invitation.

Having borrowed a brace of pointers from a Leghorn friend, I set out from Pisa, where I was residing, accoutred *à l'Inglese*, with my jacket, York tan-gaiters, and my Manton. Arrangements had been made that I was to meet the cavaliere at a certain point a league from his chateau; and

by seven o'clock a. m. I was at my post, and found my friend in waiting, accompanied by half a dozen *cacciatori* (keepers). They were all armed with *schioppetti*, long small-bored barrels. Two of these attendants carried birds on their arms, hooded, which I imagined were sparrow-hawks. On enquiring of my friend if the game (*caccia*) was abundant, he replied in the affirmative. My dogs, said I, are very *staunch;* I knew not the Italian term, but I made him understand that they would be sure to find the partridges. "Oh," said he, "there are no partridges."—"Pheasants then," I replied, "they are equally steady to."—"No." "Hares then, my good friend?"—"No—we have nothing but little birds" (*uccellini*). I was astonished and vexed; but determined to be pleased with the entertainment offered, I kept my chagrin to myself. We proceeded a few hundred yards into a copse, where was another batch of *cacciatori*, some employed in setting twigs of bird-lime on the branches, and others driving short poles into the ground with a cap. These were for the hawks, (as I thought;) accordingly their hoods were taken off, and imagine my surprise when I found they were small owls! They were attached by a string to the poles, and as soon as they saw the light, set a screaming and bobbing their heads. We retired a little into the brush-wood. In five minutes the uccellini, sparrows, linnets, yellow-hammers, larks, &c. began to arrive, attracted by the

hootings of the cunning syrens. I advanced with the Cavaliere, and blew a linnet to atoms.—"Your ammunition," said he, "is too heavy;—you must take a schioppetto," and ordered one to be put into my hands, ready charged. Away we blazed for an hour, and with great success. A dozen schioppetti being in use, we bagged a considérable number of the feathered tribe; for though our shot was a sort of fine gravel, it was very murderous. A great many were taken prisoners by the bird-lime, which were put into cages. The heat becoming oppressive, I made this and a pretended headache excuses for discontinuing the sport, of which I had become quite tired. After two hours I prevailed on the Cavaliere to go to breakfast. He had brought a caleche, into which we got with our game, and were soon at the chateau.—"What fine birds!" said he, on producing them to the Signora, who was in raptures, and I was obliged to confess that I had never before seen such sport! yet I could hardly retain my gravity. A most excellent *dejeuner, à la fourchette* restored me to good humour. Though I had come twenty miles to witness the destruction of a few gross of singing birds, I had too much tact and good manners to ridicule the amusement which the good-natured Italian had provided for me. The Signora Elisabetta, whom I had flirted with at the baths, amply reconciled me to the fatigues I had undergone, by a most gracious reception. By her advice I took

a warm bath and a siesta, which effectually restored me. In the evening a few of the Cavaliere's friends assembled, who were invited to meet me at dinner. A little bank of Farone, (without which a Luccese cannot exist) was got up under the auspices of our fair hostess, and I thought myself well off at midnight, when the party broke up, to find myself *minus* only ten dollars. I had calculated on paying a greater tax than this, but I had been in the habit of punting for small sums at the baths, and was not a novice; on the contrary I had profited by the advice of the Signora Elisabetta, and become a shareholder in the bank, when on my visit there.

The Cavalieri and their wives keep the bank, and fleece the *forestiere*. The shares were fifty scudi, (dollars,) and I could not resist the entreaties of my fair friend to become a sharer, though I considered my money as lost. In a few weeks, however, I was agreeably surprised to receive a dividend of half the amount; and at the end of six, when I was about to quit the baths, I found myself in pocket by the speculation nearly a hundred dollars.

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We remained twelve months in Tuscany, shifting our quarters like the swallows, according to the seasons. The months of October and November, April, May, and June, are delightful at Florence; —December, February, and March, are

milder at Pisa; and the hot season may be passed better at the baths of Lucca, in the Apennines, than in any other of the southern parts of Italy. Florence is extremely cold in winter, and by no means favourable to invalids with pectoral complaints.

The climate of Tuscany, notwithstanding its being so variable, restored my friend's health, and when we learned that the *gallant* Ferdinand the Fourth, King of the two Sicilies, had marched to the Roman territory, and taken possession of the "eternal city," we lost no time to proceed thither, embarking for Naples in an English frigate, which landed us there on Christmas Day, 1798.

After an agreeable *trajet* of four days in an English ship of war, commanded by Captain Wilmot, a most kind and amiable man, we entered the beautiful bay of Naples on Christmas eve, at at the very hour when Lord Nelson's squadron was quitting it. Before we came to anchor, an English boat boarded us, the officer of which told us a most extraordinary tale, that damped all our hopes of a visit to Rome, or even of seeing Naples, though we were within a league of its port. This intelligence being official, we could not doubt its truth: it was to this purpose: "that there was a revolution at Naples; that the royal family and the court, and all the English merchants, and strangers of that nation resident in the city, had embarked the previous night to save their lives, and

were on their way, in the fleet, to Palermo; that the *Lazzaroni* had risen *en masse*, and were cutting the throats of all loyal persons of both sexes; finally, that the Portuguese admiral, who was left in command of the bay with his ship and an English frigate, directed Captain Wilmot to anchor his vessel beyond the reach of the batteries, and not to permit any of his boats to go into the mole."

These details, it may be believed, were anything but consoling, the more especially as my friend had suffered greatly by sea sickness. When we had leisure to reflect a little on this extraordinary event, we began to think that it must be greatly exaggerated, and that although it might have been the policy of the court to emigrate, it was not necessary that we should follow their example. I gave it as my opinion to go on shore, and run every risk rather than remain in the bay, or to take another voyage in Lord Montgomery's state of health; and that I had not the smallest doubt of our being permitted to live at Naples unmolested until the French took possession of it, an event that was not likely to occur for some weeks. My friend joined in this opinion, which we communicated to our worthy captain, who only regretted that he was not permitted to land us in his own boat, but that one was at our service to put us on board a shore boat, of which there were scores in the bay.

The following morning at an early hour, we bid adieu to our kind friend; and as we approached the shore on a lovely day, without a cloud, we heard noises resembling the discharge of fire-arms. Our cockswain gave it as his opinion, "that the *chaps* were shooting one another," but our ears were better accustomed to what (we imagined) was going on, as knowing it was a great feast, we concluded that the reports were church ceremonies, common on such occasions, called *bombi*, a sort of crackers laid in trains before the churches. Even with our glasses we could not distinguish smoke, nor any appearance of tumult; and when we got near the mole, we heard the sound of the bagpipe, and, hailing a fishing-boat, we found our conjectures right, that the people were rejoicing on the *grand Festa*, the *Giorno de Natale*. This determined us to enter the mole, which we did without obstruction, or a question being asked, and our baggage was landed in a trice.

Hundreds of porters volunteered to transport our effects. One was sent to bring a caratella, and in half an hour we were seated in the comfortable parlour of a particular friend, Mr. Schwartz, a Swiss merchant, whose acquaintance we had made at Florence.

Our minds were set at rest by this gentleman's report of the state of Naples. "The court," said he, "have put into execution what has been long meditated, a flight to Sicily. An army was

raised, *not* to defend the country, but to give a fair pretence to plunder the Neapolitans of their ready money. This has been accomplished, and their Majesties are supercargoes to two millions sterling, which will procure them a favourable reception at Palermo. Mack is a traitor, and has laid down the arms of 50,000 ragamuffins, who had neither pay nor food. The King made a wild-goose visit to Rome, where he remained ten days, while her Majesty was preparing for embarkation, assisted by Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. When all was ready, Ferdinand was made to believe that it was intended to poison him, so he hurried on a pair of jack-boots, mounted a mule, and accompanied by a favourite servant, rode to a neighbouring village, where he met his valet and his confessor, with his travelling carriage: in four and twenty hours he was at his Palazzo in Naples. The Lazzaroni, hearing of his Majesty's arrival, came under his windows, and 40,000 throats bellowed out, "Viva il Re," "Viva Santa Maria," and demanding arms, swore, "that a Frenchman should never enter Naples alive." To show they were in earnest, they dragged forth under the balcony where their Majesties were standing, an unhappy wretch, whom they had found with cropped hair and pantaloons, and denouncing him as a *Jacobino*, tore him to pieces, in the royal presence, saying, "thus we will serve your enemies!" The Queen fainted; his Majesty, though beloved

by his dear Lazzaroni, shrunk back with horror, thinking it might be his turn next. This hurried the embarkation, and the following evening the royal family with the whole court got on board the Foudroyant, the Admiral's flag-ship, with the treasure, from a back-door in the palace, which leads to the sea. The followers of the court, and the English residents, were stowed away in the other ships of the squadron; a few old women, children, and invalids, it is said, lost themselves in the confusion of such an embarkation, of which they had no notice till midnight. This is the history of what was called a revolution, in a few words; but *entre nous* it is considered an abdication, and within a month the handful of French troops in Italy will take possession of the capital without any attempt made to defend it. Your Lordship and your friend may remain in perfect security, until the republicans reach Capua; you will always be sure of getting over to Sicily in an English man-of-war. The Alcmene frigate, and the Portuguese flag-ship, are left to burn the gun-boats, when the enemy approaches; they are not in a state to be removed; a few old hulks have been hauled out of the mole to share the same fate, and you will see a bonfire equal to an eruption of the mountain. Meantime you may take possession of the Russian minister's apartments, where you will find English carpets and porter, and a good batch of French wine supplied by me. You

will remain with me, until they are ready for your reception. The carnival begins in a few days; you will see all our gaieties; no one cares a *sous*, or concerns himself about the King's flight, and I rejoice that you have had the good sense to come on shore."

All these details we swallowed as greedily as we did our Swiss friend's excellent *dejeuner à la fourchette*, and after breakfast we proceeded to view the apartments he had mentioned at the *Crocelle* on the *Marina*, which we secured.

Every thing turned out exactly as Schwartz had prophesied. We remained six weeks in Naples, saw every thing worthy of notice in the city and its neighbourhood, enjoyed the fun of the carnival, and when the French approached Capua, of which we got due notice, we embarked in the Alcmene with our friend Captain Hope, after witnessing the conflagration of the gun-boats, the most magnificent *spectacle* ever exhibited. It happened at midnight, and illuminated the bay for its whole extent.

I have already stated my reasons for not entering into any details of this extraordinary revolution, and, perhaps, what I have thus given may be thought out of its place at this distant period; but as I am giving a sort of journal of my adventures, I could not omit this short record of one

of the most remarkable political events of my time.

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The royal palace of Caserta, sixteen miles from Naples, in the "Campagna Felice," is a princely residence, and a great favourite of the king. There he hunts wild-boars, which are confined in an extensive crater, and let out for His Majesty's diversion, a sort of sport which in England would be called cockneyish. A ludicrous anecdote which occurred a few years ago, is related of one of our countrymen.

The king had invited a large party to one of these royal *chasses*, and among others a captain of the British navy, whose frigate was in the Bay. This gentleman, a keen fox-hunter, had borrowed an English hunter from a prince for the occasion, perhaps conceiving the sports to be somewhat similar.

On his arrival at the scene of action, he was obliged to submit to the costume of a keeper, (*cacciatore*) and to be armed with a *couteau de chasse*, a stiletto, a brace of pistols, and a double barrelled gun! He was then placed at a station, from which he was on no account to stir. The blood-hounds were thrown into cover, the horns sounded that they were on a track, and a large boar sallied forth, of which our naval hero got a view at a distance. Forgetting the orders he had

received to remain stationary, he clapped spurs to his equally impatient Rosinante, and after a short brush came along side of the enemy, yard-arm and yard-arm!

The animal being blown stood at bay, exhibiting his huge tusks. The captain, nothing dismayed, dismounted, discharged his fire-arms, and attacked the (by this time) enraged and savage monster sword in hand. Being now fairly engaged, and as active as courageous, he succeeded in plunging his weapon into the monster's throat, laying him prostrate at his feet. By this time the royal train had come up, when our hero, covered with blood and perspiration, recounted to his Majesty in his best Italian the particulars of the battle. "I soon did for the pig," (porco,) said he, "in spite of his teeth." His Majesty, as much astonished at the prowess as at the dexterity of the daring Englishman, was highly amused, and laughing heartily, observed, "on this occasion, Signor Capitano, you have done a deed that none but an Englishman would have attempted. I however think it necessary to recommend you more caution in future, otherwise you may come off 'second best with the porco."

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We found in the Alcmene frigate a curious *mélange* of fellow-emigrants; viz.—three cardinals, two bishops, and a *pasha* of three tails, with a host of subordinate priests and their followers. Fo-

nately however, this crew, the Turk excepted, only remained one night with us, the Admiral having provided accommodation for them in his own ship.

The churchmen had their mattresses laid out on the deck of the cabin, and I had the honour of swinging my cot over the Pope's nephew, Cardinal Braschi. Such are the freaks of war! In the morning I overheard the domestics whispering "that his Eminence's strong box could not be found;" and one rascal said, "that he did not doubt but the Englishman had taken it." I know not if the fellow alluded to me, but I got up, and told Captain Hope what I had heard; he was extremely indignant, and a search being made, the box was found under a mattress. Although I joined in the laugh, I told Monsieur Braschi that I had no doubt some of his servants had secreted it, with a view of making it his own property. "It is all the property these villanous French have left me," replied the priest, making a sort of apology for the insinuations of the rascal, whom I could not name. Being desirous to see the contents, I advised him to visit the box, that he might be sure there was nothing missing. It was opened with a key of gold. I am no judge of the value of jewels, but if they were really all his remaining wealth, (which no one believed, for he was known to be enormously rich,) he was not to be pitied, for they must have been of great value. There

were at least thirty snuff-boxes, and many enriched with large brilliants. One I particularly remarked, with a portrait of James the Second, finely painted; it was, he said, a present from Cardinal Yorke.

We had the honour of breakfasting with the dignitaries, whose stomachs seemed to be sharpened by the sea air, for they did great justice to an ample repast. Braschi took the lead in conversation, which was carried on in French. He seemed to feel more regret for his own fall than for the downfall of the church, or even of his uncle; whom, he said, "at his great age could not so severely feel for the overturn of *religion* as himself. The barbarians," he added, "not contented with plundering him of every thing in his beautiful villa, broke every statue and object of art they could not remove; defacing many exquisite antique *bassi rilievi* out of mere wantonness."

It is impossible to conceive the ignorance of a man of such rank. Among many other silly questions, he asked, "if it was not possible to go to England by land?" We told him, "that it would not be easy to accomplish this, England being an island." "Aye, aye," rejoined he, "I know that, but is there no *round-about way* to get at it?" (*non potite far' qualche giro per arrivare?*) Finding that Lord M—— was a Scotsman, he asked his Lordship, "if all the Scotch lived in London?" This was a *poser*, and made my friend smile; but

knowing that Italians think meanly of every one who cannot afford to live in the capital, he replied, "No, Sir, we have our own metropolis, *Edinburgh*, which contains nearly as many inhabitants as modern Rome." The sapient prelate shook his head with an air of incredulity; his interrogations ceased; and we shortly after bade adieu to the holy crew, without any feelings of regret.

The next morning the captain presented us to Kelim Effendi, a pacha of three tails, who had shortly after the battle of the Nile been despatched by the Sultan to deliver the Pelisse and Aigrette to Lord Nelson, as tokens of regard on that important victory. This member of the divan we found a fine old fellow, apparently in his grand climacteric, but very hale and fresh. We were presented in good form, and graciously received. He had been six weeks on board the frigate, and we learned that from confinement and want of exercise his health had lately suffered. A Greek acted as interpreter in Italian. Through this medium a conversation of an hour was carried on, and we found Kelim much more intelligent than the Christian prelates. We were presented with coffee, and invited to sit on squabs on the deck; and when he found we were amateurs of smoking, he ordered a couple of superb Turkish pipes mounted in amber, which he perfumed from some odour he carried about his waist in a pouch, and after lighting them put them into our hands.

This, our Greek said, was the greatest compliment he could pay us, and that it would be considered a breach of good manners to leave any of the tobacco unsmoked. We took this hint, and puffed away in profound silence. A small *liqueur* glass of *Mareschino* finished this Turkish luncheon, when we took our leave, making the grand *salaam*. The following morning the Greek informed me that the Pacha was desirous of seeing me in his cabin, which he seldom quitted. I obeyed the summons, and found that he was preparing to say his prayers, and begged I would point out the *south* exactly at noon. I had a small pocket compass which I brought, and with this in one hand and my watch in the other, I pointed with my finger to the meridian. He immediately wheeled on his cushion with his face to this point, and counting his beads and whispering his prayers, he washed his hands and perfumed his beard and mustachios. When these ceremonies were finished, an affair of five minutes, coffee and pipes were commanded, and another jessamine reed, more richly mounted than the former, was offered to me. On this occasion I had prepared a small present for my good-natured shipmate, which was most graciously received. This was a fine transparent smoke-quartz or cairngorum stone, of considerable brilliancy, which the Pacha no doubt considered to be a topaz, and I did not think it necessary to undeceive him. He took my name, age, and

profession in his tablets, and desired our interpreter to say, "that if I would accompany him to Constantinople, he would lodge me and show me every attention in his power; and as he was to have an English frigate to convey him thither, which would remain a short time, I might return in it, and have an opportunity of seeing *Stamboul*, the finest city in the world." I made due acknowledgements for this kindness, and if my friend's health proved pretty good previous to his departure, I added that I would avail myself of his friendly offer, as I had the greatest desire to see that superb city. In this I was quite serious, and accident only prevented my fulfilling my intentions; for when a frigate commanded by Captain Nesbitt, Lord Nelson's son-in-law, was ordered to convey Kelim to Constantinople, he consented to take me in his suite, and to send a boat for me; but the frigate sailed unexpectedly in the middle of the night, and I thereby lost this fine opportunity of gratifying my curiosity.

Lord M. and I had another interview with the Pacha at his own request, when he presented us with a bale of Turkish tobacco of the finest quality, and fifty Turkish pipes, many of which were beautifully mounted. In return, his Lordship made offer of a pair of richly inlaid pistols, to which I added a blunderbuss. On this occasion Kelim made a speech, which, our interpreter said, was highly complimentary to us, and in which he

again pressed us both to visit Constantinople. I have given this long detail of a Turkish minister, to show that they are not all barbarians. Kelim Effendi had the manners of a man of rank, and from the pertinent questions he put to us through the interpreter, he showed a considerable knowledge of European politics and institutions. We parted with him with no small regret.

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CHAPTER X.

Arrival at Palermo — Lady Hamilton — Lord Nelson — Palermo — The royal voyage — The Count Esterhazy — Royal proclamations — The Prince Butera — The Turkish captain—The Emperor Paul—The Turk and the Shabola—The Princess Leon Forte—History of a recluse—History of Caracciòli—A royal fête—The gala—Return to Naples —The siege of St. Elmo—The barbarities of a revolution —Captain Troubridge—The reward of apostacy—The Shabola—The golden fishes—Arrival at Rome—The Duchess Cesarini—Gallantry—Return to England.

The Bay of Palermo yields but little in beauty to that of Naples; the bold headlands and lofty back-ground to the city are extremely picturesque. We entered the Mole without coming to anchor, and proceeded with Captain Hope to our minister's house, and were presented to Sir W. Hamilton and Lord Nelson, who lived with him. Our introduction to the fascinating Emma Lady Hamilton was an affair of more ceremony, and got up with considerable stage effect. When we had sat a few minutes, and had given all our details of Naples, which we thought were received with great

sang-froid, the Cavaliere retired, but shortly returned, entering by a *porte battante*, and on his arm or rather his shoulder was leaning the interesting Melpomene, her raven tresses floating round her expansive form and full bosom. What a model for a Roman matron! but alas! poor Emma was indisposed, "dying," she said, "of chagrin for the loss of her beloved Naples;" yet the roses on her cheek prevailed over the lilies, and gave hopes that her grief would not prove mortal. The ceremony of introduction being over, she rehearsed in a subdued tone a *mélange* of Lancashire and Italian, detailing the catalogue of her miseries, her hopes, and her fears, with lamentations about the dear queen, the loss of her own charming Palazzo and its precious contents, which had fallen into the hands of the vile republicans. But here we offered some consolation, by assuring her Ladyship that every article of the ambassador's property had been safely embarked in an English transport, and would be despatched in a few days. All this we afterwards learned she knew, as the vessel had actually arrived. During this interesting conversation the lady discovered that she was Lord Montgomery's *cousin*, and appealing to her husband said, "A'nt us, Sir William?" His Lordship made his bows and acknowledgements, and we were invited to dinner, her Ladyship regretting "that her small house could not accommodate him;" (it was a palace of fifty rooms at least.) The hero of the

Nile now came forth from a corner where he had been writing, and cross-examined us about Naples, insinuating, we thought rather impertinently, that we had been guilty of high imprudence in remaining there so long. Lord M—— replied, that he considered himself highly fortunate in having been permitted to remain so long, and that if he could have secured a safe retreat, he would not have stirred till the French were at the gates, adding that both he and his friend had been highly gratified, lamenting only that so fine a city should have been left to its fate, and that patriotism there seemed to be extinct. These remarks did not seem at all to accord with the sentiments of the gallant admiral, and I observed some very significant glances pass between him and his fair friend.

After a few trifling queries about the burning of the gun-boats, Lord Nelson said to me—"Pray, Sir, have you heard of the battle of the Nile?" I thought this a strange question, and could not help imagining for a moment that the great hero meant to quiz me; but I replied with equal gravity, "that I had heard of *two* battles *of the Nile*, and that I had perhaps done more honour to them and to his lordship than any other individual as far as wine could testify loyalty, for I had quaffed at least half a dozen bottles on the occasions," adding, "that having been at Pisa in July, an account had been sent from Leghorn of a great victory at the mouth of the Nile, which was celebrated by a party of

Englishmen, when it was discovered that the news was a fabrication, and I got a head-ache for nothing, but this did not deter me from assisting at the celebration of the glorious victory, when it did happen, a few weeks after." I know not what his Lordship thought of this speech, but he replied, "*That* battle, Sir, was the most extraordinary one that was ever fought, and it is *unique*, Sir, for three reasons; first, for its having been fought at night; secondly, for its having been fought at anchor; and thirdly, for its having been gained by an admiral with one arm." To each of these reasons I made a profound bow; but had the speech been made *after* dinner, I should have imagined the hero had imbibed an extra dose of champagne. It is very singular, however, that he made the exact same harangue to the Lord Mayor of London the following year, when a sword and the freedom of the city were presented to him.

The dinner went off as all such diplomatic entertainments do, dull and tedious; we were however introduced by Hope to several of his brother officers, and I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Captain G. Martin, whose messmate I had been nearly twenty years before. We were also made acquainted with a certain Marchese Salines, who had been in England, and who offered his services to procure us a house. As there is no hotel, we were obliged to return to our hammocks in the Alcmene. Is it to be believed that

in the capital of the most fertile island in Europe, containing a population of 250,000 Christians, and in the nineteenth century, we could not find a house or apartment at any hotel befitting any person above the rank of a tailor? Yet such was the fact. After wandering over half the city for a couple of days, the English consul procured us a miserable lodging in the Fauxbourg, in which we remained (for sleep we could not) one night, but were so annoyed with filth and offensive effluvia, and so eat up with vermin, that we paid forfeit, and evacuated the Augæan Stable. How long we should have remained *on the pavé* I know not, but the Sicilian Marquis had been active in his enquiries, and had procured us an admirable suite of apartments, in the Palazzo of Prince Patrollo, Duca D'Anjou, on the Marina. We were immediately presented to this grandee, who overwhelmed us with compliments, lamenting that the only apartments of his hotel which he could offer us were small and unfurnished, but such as they were he begged we would accept them, and on no account would hear of any rent, insinuating that such an idea greatly hurt his feelings. These delightful apartments, consisting of eight rooms *en suite* on what is called in Italy the Mezzano, and in France the Entresol, opened on an extended terrace forty feet wide and sixty in length, looking full on the bay, from which it was only distant a hundred yards.

I have mentioned this as an extraordinary

proof of the wretched state of the Sicilian capital thirty years ago, and I believe it is but little improved since.

The honorable Mr. Rushout was an emigré, and on board the flag-ship of Lord Nelson, when the royal family emigrated, and gave us a lively description of the disasters which occurred. The King, he said, seemed quite reconciled to his fate when he embarked, continued on deck till midnight, and conversed familiarly with the officers, who knew Italian or French. Shortly after they got under weigh, the wind shifted to the *tramontana*, (north,) when his majesty observed to Sir W. Hamilton, "we shall have plenty of woodcocks, *Cavaliere;* this wind will bring them—it is just the season, and we shall have rare sport, (*bella caccia.*) You must get your *cannone* ready," and summoning his principal *cacciatore*, (game-keeper,) the two entered into a long discussion about woodcocks. The wind however increased with heavy squalls, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, the sure forerunner of a storm in the Mediterranean. At length it blew so hard that the sails were split into atoms, the sea rose mountains high, and the ship was considered in such danger during the hurricane, that preparations were made to cut away the main-mast, after the loss of the fore-yard. The terror and consternation of the royal party and their followers may be easily imagined.

The youngest prince, a child six years old, actually fell a victim to fright, having died in convulsions. The Queen and Lady H——, soothed by the kind care and attentions of the gallant admiral, conducted themselves with firmness; but Count E———y, the Austrian ambassador, had nearly shared the fate of the little prince, from a deficiency of nerves. Abandoning himself to despair, in a paroxysm of terror and repentance, he threw overboard a valuable gold snuff-box, on which was a portrait of his mistress, representing a naked Venus, and set round with brilliants; for he considered it highly impious to keep about his person so profane an article, when (as he thought) on the verge of eternity. Indeed the drowning of this Laïs seemed to have worked a miracle, for shortly after the storm abated, the waves were appeased, and the good man's conscience being reconciled with heaven, his fears were removed.

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The only *avviso publico* (proclamation) that appeared, was a declaration that ladies wearing their hair cropped *à la Bruto*, or wigs of a similar form, would be severely punished. In this avviso the *bandita reale* (royal boundary) was also fixed upon, a wide scale with a long list of punishments annexed, to any one who may dare to hunt or shoot within these boundaries. Can it be believed that a regular monarch, who had abdicated the

finest part of his dominions, and taken refuge in another, should within a month issue such a proclamation?

The royal family, since the fêtes that were given on their arrival, hardly appeared in public. The Queen, however, in flattering the nobles, courted popularity, in which she was assisted by her favourite Lady Hamilton. The Prince of Butera, who had just succeeded to his sixteen baronies and 60,000 ounces of revenue, lived quite *en prince*. Every day he had a dinner of a dozen covers, and his table was generally filled. His beautiful wife, better known as Princess *Pietra* Perscia* than Butera, lived at Rome and Naples, where she intrigued ad libitum, and was esteemed one of the handsomest women in Italy. I was in high favor with the Prince, and was honored by a visit of a curious nature from him, a few days after my arrival. After apologising for the liberty he had taken, he opened his business at once—"I am come, *caro amico*," said he, "to take your advice on a subject in which I am much interested. You have seen the *prima ballerina la signora* M——.† I am desperately enamoured of her, but she has been ordered to quit the capital, in consequence of having foolishly expressed some political opinions,

* This lady is called by Mr. Kelly in his Memoirs, "*Peter Percy*."

† Miss Miller, a pretty girl of English extraction.

for which she has been denounced. I think if I could by any means get Lady H. to interest herself in my *ballerina,* I should no doubt obtain my wishes." The forlorn Lothario stated his case with so piteous an air, that I should have sympathised with him, had not an involuntary laugh burst forth, in which he was compelled to join. When our mirth had subsided, I said to him, "my dear Prince, put a few trinkets in your pocket, and the gaudier the better. You will easily get a private interview with her ladyship; tell your tale—she has a melting heart, and will be flattered by your confidence. Intrigue, whether in love or in politics is her delight. The only difficulty is how you are to offer your bribes, but you may depend on her *taking* them, and your affair will be arranged." The result was as I expected; in four-and-twenty hours Signora had made her peace with the police, and the Prince was the happiest of men. Is not this a pretty specimen of Italian intrigue?

Shortly after our arrival we dined with our ambassador. In the evening a stranger was announced as having arrived, bearing a despatch from the Emperor Paul of Russia: the messenger was a Turk. Lady H. with her usual tact, recommended Lord Nelson, for whom the despatch was destined, to clothe himself in his pelisse and aigrette to receive the Turk: this was done in a moment. The party moved to a *salle de reception.* The folding doors were thrown open, and the

Mussulman entered. The moment he caught a glance of his Lordship's costume, the slave was prostrate on the earth, making the grand salaam. This was the scene her Ladyship had anticipated, and it was got up with stage effect. The credentials being delivered were found to contain an autograph letter from Paul, complimenting the hero on the glories he had achieved; and in testimony of his Majesty's regard, the Emperor of all the Russias desired his acceptance of a gold snuff-box, on which was the imperial portrait. The letter (in French) was read to the assembly, and the present exhibited. It was superb, of chaste gold; the portrait was set with large brilliants, a gift worthy of an Emperor. Lady H——, by means of a Greek interpreter belonging to the embassy, flirted with the Turk, a coarse savage monster, and he was invited to dinner the following day to drink the health of the Emperor. It was considered strange that a Mahometan should have been charged with an embassy from a Christian prince, but the interpreter explained that the credentials had been sent to Corfu; but no Russian vessel being there, the governor had employed the captain of a frigate of a Turkish squadron in the bay, under orders to repair to Messina, to fulfil the Emperor's commands. The ship, it seems, had been left at that port, and the captain came over land to Palermo, as he had been directed.

The only memorable event which occurred at

the minister's entertainment, was this warrior getting drunk with rum, which does not come under the prohibition of the prophet. The monster, who had the post of honour at her Ladyship's side, entertained her through the interpretation of the Greek with an account of his exploits; among others, that of his having lately fallen in with a French transport, conveying invalids and wounded soldiers from Egypt, whom he had brought on board his frigate; but provisions and water having run short, he found it necessary to get rid of his prisoners, and amused himself by putting them to death. "With this weapon," said he, in his vile jargon, and drawing his shabola, "I cut off the heads of twenty French prisoners in one day! Look, there is their blood remaining on it!" The speech being translated, her Ladyship's eye beamed with delight, and she said, "Oh let me see the sword that did the glorious deed!" It was presented to her; she took it into her fair hand covered with rings, and looking at the encrusted Jacobin blood, kissed it and handed it to the hero of the Nile! Had I not been an eye-witness to this disgraceful act, I would not have ventured to relate it.

Mrs. C——s L——e, the beautiful and amiable wife of our consul-general, was sitting *vis-a-vis* to the Turk, and was so horrified at the scene (being near her accouchement,) that she fainted and was taken out of the room. Her ladyship said it was a

piece of affectation, and made no efforts to assist her guest; the truth is, she was jealous of her beauty, and insinuated that, being a sister of the late Lord E. F., she must necessarily be a Jacobin. N.B. She wore green ribbons. The toad-eaters applauded, but many groaned and cried "shame" loud enough to reach the ears of the admiral, who turned pale, hung his head, and seemed ashamed. Lord M. got up, and left the room, and I speedily followed. Poor Nelson was to be pitied—never was man so mystified and deluded!

Having heard from the Princess Paterno, that the most beautiful woman in Sicily was a prisoner in a convent from the jealousy of her husband, my curiosity was excited to see her, and being a friend of the Paterno, she kindly conducted me one morning in her carriage, and introduced me to this unfortunate lady. Her history is so singular, that I cannot refrain from giving a sketch of it. On our arrival at the convent, I rang a little bell at the Parlatorio, (a small room adjoining the grate of her apartment), and in an instant, behind the detestable iron bars, appeared the Magdalen, smiling through her tears, and looking as if she would rather sin again than repent.

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of the mind,
Than beauty brought t'unworthy wretchedness,
By envy's snares and fortune's freaks unkind.

SPENSER.

I felt all this compassion, and wished for the arm of a Sampson to break down her bars; she put her fair and tapering arm through one of them, and I pressed my lips to her hand! Her countenance could only be seen in parts, and her apartment into which we looked was obscure; but I saw lovely eyes, a Greek nose, pouting lips, and when they parted, teeth as white as ivory. A black veil shaded her brow, falling over her left shoulder; she was drest in sable; and her raven hair arranged with care, though with simplicity.

I could not well judge of her figure, but her friend told me she was tall and formed with symmetry. Her voice was tuned like a Cremona. Being educated in Tuscany, her Italian was pure, and charmed the ear.

The Princess Leon Forte, the daughter and only child and sole heiress of Prince Butera by his first marriage, at the age of fifteen issued from a convent to marry a man more than three times her age, disgusting in his appearance, and of a savage, ferocious, and morose disposition, jealous as the "green-eyed monster." The result of so ill-assorted an union may be anticipated. After the birth of a daughter, the Signora selected for her cavaliere servente, a Spanish nobleman residing at Naples. The intrigue was carried on for a year with the greatest secrecy by the agency of her *femme de chambre*, but suspicions arose in her husband's mind. He bribed this domestic, and the

Princess was betrayed. The vengeance of an enraged and ferocious man had nearly proved fatal to the lovers, but the female who had denounced them discovered his plans, and she communicated them to her mistress, in the hope of again getting into favour with her. Thus forewarned, the Spaniard privately quitted the kingdom, and the Princess threw herself into a convent. Leon Forte, enraged at such certain proofs of his disgrace, and disappointed that his intended victims had escaped his revenge, obtained an audience of the king, and an order to transport his faithless spouse to Sicily, and to immure her within the walls of a convent. Since her imprisonment, however, she had had many overtures from him to return to her family, to which she would not listen; and she told me on my second interview with her, that there was no punishment she would not undergo, even that of death, rather than live with such a monster. I have been more than once in his company, and I never saw a more disgusting object in human shape.

With the frailties common to her sex in this immoral country, the Princess Leon Forte seemed to be possessed of a strength of mind and firmness rarely found in females. She bore her long imprisonment in the flower of her age with extraordinary philosophy; though latterly she endeavoured, by a petition to the queen, to get permission to retire into Tuscany, to an aunt residing in

Florence; but this was refused, and she had but little hopes of being liberated. I introduced Lord Montgomery to her, who was as much interested in her as myself. *En passant* to our villa, we frequently rang her bell, when she never failed to repair to her grate, and we had a *conversazione*. I was in hopes of getting an interview with her in the abbess's room, when her father, my friend Butera, should recover from a fit of the gout which then confined him.

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The following details of the trial and execution of Prince Caraccioli, I hope may be considered interesting, as a historical record drawn up by an eye-witness.

While the two garrisons to the number of 1500, who had declared their intention of emigrating, were waiting for the vessels to convey them to France, Lord Nelson arrived from Sicily with his squadron on the evening of the 26th June, having on board Sir William and Lady Hamilton. The patriots, having evacuated their forts, were embarked in their transports ready to sail, and a convoy appointed. Unhappily for these unfortunate men, Lord Nelson discovered, "that the English commodore had no authority to ratify any treaty with rebels." The capitulation was annulled, and on the following day the members of the late executive government, and the whole of the officers amounting to 472, men who had

occupied the first ranks in society and in the republic, were hauled on board the British ships. Among them was the celebrated Cerillo,* who had been for thirty years the friend and physician of the English ambassador.

It required some stoicism in Sir William calmly to behold loaded with chains, a man whose abilities had been often exerted to save his life, and whose superior talents had long commanded his respect.

After being reviewed on board the flag-ship, these victims were distributed in the other vessels, and moored at their sterns. Many of them were of the first families.

The ring-leaders of the rebels, as they were called, were in the men-of-war with sentinels over them; and because the humanity of the captains induced them to relax a little in the execution of this order, by permitting their prisoners to come on deck occasionally to inhale a little fresh air, a general order was circulated to the squadron, commanding more implicit attention to the admiral's orders. Many of our brave officers remonstrated with Lord Nelson for having broken faith with the patriots, and the Captains

* Cerillo was considered the first physician in Italy, was highly esteemed by his friends, and a man of great erudition. His death must be considered as a downright murder; he was a victim to the queen, who had a personal dislike to him.

Hallowel, Martin, Hood, and Troubridge, were deputed to express the sentiments of the whole on this extraordinary measure, humbly suggesting the necessity of giving these men, whom they had thus betrayed, back their swords and arms, and of putting them into the possession of their forts, as it was found necessary to break the capitulation.

To this remonstrance his Lordship replied with the utmost *sang froid*, "Gentlemen, your duty is to *obey*, not to *advise!*" a speech that would tarnish his glories, were they even greater. But what makes this order the more odious, is its having been issued in the name of Ferdinand IV. King of the two Sicilies, and countersigned by the Admiral,—the first instance I believe on record in the naval history of England, of orders being issued in the name of any foreign sovereign to its officers.

A short time previous to the surrender of the forts, Admiral Caraccioli, who had the command of the gun-boats, was taken prisoner by a ship of our squadron, and a court-martial immediately summoned to try him for high treason. This pure court consisted of *five* officers (what should we say in England to such a military jury?) of the royal Neapolitan navy, the president of which was a French *emigré*, who had been in the marine service, but had never smelt gunpowder, a renegade, well known as the enemy of Caraccioli, but

being a prime favourite of the Queen, he was selected for this duty, having the promise of succeeding to the post of admiral, which his prisoner had held.

The tribunal assembled on board the Foudroyant, the English flag-ship, at *ten o'clock;* sentence of death was passed on the prisoner at *noon;* and *an hour* afterwards he was suspended by the neck at the yard-arm of the Neapolitan frigate, the Minerva. I am in possession of the pen with which was signed the warrant for his execution. At sun-set the body was cut overboard, a double-headed shot being, as is usual, attached to each foot. Thus perished the bravest man in the Neapolitan service!

Though the right which the government possessed of trying and executing their officers taken in arms cannot be disputed, yet it is much doubted if Lord Nelson should have assumed the right of inflicting the punishment awarded by the court so speedily: at any rate it was not a wise measure, and must be considered an act of inhumanity, and never could have originated in the mind of a man hitherto so well known for his benevolence, and whose natural disposition was mild and conciliating. Heroes are not always possessed of such amiable qualities, and none perhaps ever existed with a greater share of *bonhomie* than Lord Nelson, until his heart was corrupted, and his mind paralysed by a female fiend, of whom there can be no doubt he was enamoured, and that she

was the ready tool of the Queen; for when the white flags were seen on the forts, and it was known that the patriots had obtained favourable terms, the ambassador's wife frowning said, "This will never do—we must have blood!" There was no secret made of her Ladyship having private instructions from higher powers.—But to return to Caraccioli. When the unfortunate man found that Lord Nelson could not be prevailed on to postpone the execution of his sentence till the King's arrival, although his Majesty was daily expected, he petitioned by a note through Lady Hamilton, "to be shot like a soldier instead of being hanged like a felon." But this poor consolation was denied him. It is incredible that the hero of the Nile could have thus got rid, on an occasion like this, of all the good feeling he was known to have possessed, and it is the more extraordinary, as he had been an eye-witness to the personal bravery of the unfortunate petitioner in an action with a French squadron, when the Neapolitan ship he commanded made a distinguished figure, having thirty-four killed and twice that number wounded. In this battle Nelson had a distinguished share, only a few years before, under the orders of Lord Bridport, who in his despatch gave great credit to the bravery of the Neapolitan. But all this was forgotten—blood was the "order of the day!"

From the long intimacy which had subsisted

between the family of the English minister and the prisoner, it was expected that they would have interposed in his behalf for a suspension of the sentence. Lady Hamilton might have interceded for him, and urged irresistible reasons to save the life of a brave man, whose heroic conduct Nelson had witnessed in the day of battle; but her Ladyship had no such feelings; on the contrary she seemed to be gratified with the tragedy which was about to be enacted, if her conduct* on the day of the execution might lead to such a conclusion; for while the body was hanging at the yard-arm of the Neapolitan frigate, a little before sunset, she prevailed on the Admiral to order his barge to be manned, the crew rigged out in their holiday suits, with the English *jack* displayed in its stern. Into this boat did our modern Antony and Cleopatra embark, and were rowed round the frigate, approaching so close that the side was manned to receive them on board; but it is sickening to dwell on a subject so revolting.

The circumstance of the body of Caraccioli being

* A ludicrous circumstance occurred at dinner on the day of the execution, which I had from Mr. L——, consul-general, who was present. There was a roast pig at the bottom of the table, which was dissected by the admiral's secretary, and when the *head* was *cut off*, Lady Hamilton fainted! On recovering, she said, sobbing, "that it put her in mind of her dear Caraccioli." Her ladyship, however, who was an *amateur* of this savoury dish, eat heartily of it—*aye!* and even of the brains.

discovered floating alongside of the Foudroyant, (where the King was,) ten days after the execution, is well known, and that His Majesty was the first to identify its being the cadaver of his old friend. He had arrived a few days after the execution, and could scarcely believe that it had actually taken place. But here was evidence *in propria persona;* and he exclaimed in horror on ascertaining this, "Jesu Maria, *eccolo il corpo di povero Caraccioli!*" His Majesty was greatly agitated, and the confessor summoned to console him. A conclave was held on the occasion, which after a long deliberation pronounced "that a miracle had been performed; for the body of the traitor could not remain at the bottom of the sea, and had reappeared, to implore His Majesty's pardon!"

The King, naturally of a humane disposition, was appeased, and his conscience quieted by this *post-obit amende;* and as a proof thereof, he directed "the *cadavero* to be taken out of salt-water, and deposited in sand," or in other words, to be buried on the beach; but the priests refused to give it Christian rites, although the defunct had *confessed.* The English tars also positively swore, "they would not touch a dead man's body;" and a boatswain's mate had the temerity to say, "that those who hanged the poor devil might bury him." It was therefore decided, "that the King's *cacciatori* should perform the ceremony;" but not an individual would stir, and the body would have been

left to be devoured by the sharks, had not His Majesty with his usual sagacity proposed to send to the mole for a batch of his dear friends the *Lazzaroni*, whom he judged would not be so scrupulous. A score of brave Cittadini immediately attended the summons, bringing with them a hurdle. The corpse was dragged on shore by a rope, and placed on this funeral bier, having been sown up in a hammock. A hole was dug in the sand, into which Admiral Prince Caraccioli, the bravest soldier in the service, and of one of the highest families, was thrust like a dead horse.

The following year, on the return of the French, this unfortunate man had every honour paid to his memory, by the removal of the body to Naples, with a military funeral.

* * * * *

Lord Nelson returned to Palermo in August, bringing with him the King. His Majesty, however, did not venture to trust his person among his loyal and faithful subjects. The unfortunate patriots (472 in number,) had their imprisonment changed from their floating bastilles to the dungeons of Naples, and the caves in the islands, from which few could ever hope to escape alive. Deprived of air and light in these horrible dens, many must soon have become blind and dropsical from the damp and want of sufficient food—the common fate of prisoners in these rocks.

A royal fête was given in the public gardens in

honour of the anniversary of the young Prince's birth. The illuminations and fire-works were splendid, but the chief attraction of the evening was a temple, containing a group of portraits admirably modelled in wax, and as large as life, representing Admiral Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronte, and Sir William and Lady Hamilton. These figures were dressed in their actual garments; the hero of the Nile in the coat with which he fought the battle; Sir William in the Windsor uniform; and his spouse in a robe of royal purple, on which was embroidered in letters of gold an inch long, the names of the ten captains who achieved the victory, the favourites having the post of honour in front. The temple erected for the occasion was dedicated to Victory. In the middle stood the admiral; on his right the lady holding a trumpet and representing Fame; on the left the ambassador in the character of Mentor, though many thought he was the God of War; be this as it may, a more *classical* groupe cannot be imagined! A wreath of laurel was on the admiral's head; at a signal agreed upon, (a flight of rockets,) the little Leopold, in the costume of a midshipman, advanced from the royal groupe to the temple, and with a grace and modesty becoming his years, raised from the brow of the waxen admiral the wreath of laurel, and placed it on that of the living one!

At this interesting moment a band of music

struck up with our national air "God save the King," and a thousand voices chaunted an ode written by an English poetess, Miss Knight, adapted to the music. A chorus filled the air far and wide, having been previously drilled by the King's *Maestro di Cappella.*

I was in hopes that this melodramatic farce would have closed here, but the crowned hero with his satellites continued to march about the gardens for three hours after the royal party had quitted them, followed and gazed at by the multitude. *Jesu Maria!* (as an Italian would say,) how lamentable to see the greatest sea captain submit to and glory in being made such a puppet!

To this grand gala another succeeded, and was no less splendid, on the anniversary of the birth of Lady Hamilton. On this occasion it was signified that her Ladyship would have a levee at her palace, and orders were issued from the court, that it was expected the nobility would attend. Can it be believed?—a drawing room composed of all the hidalgos and grandees of Spain, (for many of the Sicilian nobles have that rank,) assembled to compliment Emma Hart on her birthday; they were dressed in their court costumes, and paraded in their state carriages with three footmen.

Lord Nelson had hauled his ship into the mole, and gave a ball in the evening to all who had kissed hands in the morning.

I embarked with my friend in one of the ships of war of the squadron; and on our arrival in the bay of Naples, we were surprised to perceive white flags flying on the walls of the forts of the castles, *Dell' Uovo* and *Nuovo*, and to learn that they had a few days before capitulated to the victorious troops, the brave Calabrese, headed by the renowned militant churchman, the Cardinal Ruffo, backed up by 500 Russian marines, who forced on the assailants at the point of the bayonet, to cross the *Ponte Madelena*. The garrisons capitulated on honourable terms, and were on the point of sailing for Toulon, when the arrival of the British squadron put a stop to their motions.

I have already recorded the rupture of the treaty which ensued.

The siege and surrender of St. Elmo shortly followed, and in six weeks Naples was again under the dominion of its lawful king. His Majesty, however, did not venture to put his foot on shore; he arrived a few days after the capitulation of the forts, and became the guest of the English admiral, amusing himself occasionally with fishing, and shooting sea-fowl. A deputation of his loyal subjects had been sent to invite him to return to his palace, but he did not probably care to trust himself among a people whom he had so recently robbed, and whose blood he had so copiously caused to be spilled. In August he returned to

Sicily, when the English fleet withdrew, and Lord Nelson shortly after returned to England, covered with the laurels he had so nobly achieved at the Nile; and having the good fortune to put the finishing stroke to the counter-revolution at Naples by the capture of St. Elmo, another sprig was added to them, while his faults were forgotten or unmentioned.

The barbarities that were committed on the unhappy patriots, to which I was a daily witness, were most atrocious. One morning I met a crowd of savages, carrying a human head on a pole, while a miscreant holding up a severed limb, and sucking the blood, exclaimed—"Eccolo il sangue d'un Jacobino—date mi a bere!" (Here is the blood of a Jacobino—give me something to drink!) The bodies of many individuals were thus treated, and these horrid outrages encouraged by the junta. This military tribunal was instituted for the trial of the rebels. It consisted of five persons, tools of the queen, the president being a French renegade baron, in whom her Majesty could place implicit confidence. Probably such a jury has not existed in modern times, not excepting Robespierre and his blood-thirsty myrmidons.

A proclamation announced by royal authority, that whoever should denounce a traitor would be rewarded on conviction (which always followed) with a third of his property, and the name of the informer concealed. The most trifling pretences

were sufficient evidence. Hair cropped *al Bruto*, wearing pantaloons (a French costume), having been intimate with French officers during the occupation of the city, were sufficient accusations to send a man to the gallows or a dungeon; and the more money he possessed, the more certain was he of condemnation.

Captain Troubridge had a singular mode of punishing the Neapolitans, who prowled about the marine camp before St. Elmo, and debauched the soldiers by selling them spirits. When caught, he cropped their hair, dressed them in the cast-off trowsers of the sailors, sure marks of Jacobinism, and after giving them a *taste* of his boatswain's *cats*, turned them adrift. It is unnecessary to add, in excuse for this mode of punishment, that the city was under martial law at this period, and the captain at the head of it.

A notorious *Frate*, who had been a personal friend of the king, and who frequently attended his Majesty on his shooting parties, turned a hot-headed violent rebel, and took an active part against the royalists after the flight of the court. This fellow, on the counter-revolution, was marked by the junta, and a considerable reward offered for his apprehension, but without success. At length a person was discovered by some of our sailors in the island of Procida, and brought on board Troubridge's ship, the Culloden. From his appearance he was suspected to be the notorious

Frate. I happened to be in the ship on his arrival, and the captain not being conversant with Italian, he begged me to cross-examine him; but he was too cunning, and would answer no queries. The gallant Troubridge was very passionate, and got into a furious rage, swearing, "he would make the rascal *squeak*, as he would not *speak!*" and calling his boatswain's mates, ordered them to put a rope about his neck, "that," as he said, "he might know something of what he might soon expect—hanging." The poor wretch actually thought he was about to be put to death, and prostrating himself on his knees, bellowed like a bull; he was however only raised an inch or two from the deck, and cut down. Being a fat short-necked well-fed priest, I imagined he was really *hors de combat*, for he had all the appearance of being strangulated, but on being raised on his legs, he shortly recovered, and thought his punishment was at an end, until he was put in irons, and delivered over to the pious junta, who recognised him as the *vero Frate;* and I need not add, that he met with a fate he well merited—death; for his pretended patriotism was merely a mask to commit crimes, to say nothing of his ingratitude to his royal master.

Sick of the horrible scenes we were daily witnessing, we were glad when an opportunity occurred of returning to Sicily in a ship of war.

Shortly after our arrival at Palermo, the late

General Sir Charles Stewart visited it from Minorca, and being desirous of proceeding to Messina, which was garrisoned by two English regiments, he begged me to accompany him, which I readily did, and a frigate was ordered to convey him. The Turkish captain, of whom I have already made such *honourable* mention, was our shipmate, with his interpreter. I was desirous of purchasing the shabola, that had been the instrument of the destruction of so many Frenchmen. I got into the good graces of the Turk by the present of a bottle of rum; and by offering a bribe to his friend the Greek, he persuaded the noble captain to exchange his *shabola* for twenty dollars, on condition that the blood with which it was encrusted, should never be removed. This part of the compact I did not keep, for my first step on landing at Messina was to carry the weapon to a grindstone. I presented it as a memorable trophy to Lord M—— who placed it in the armory at Eglinton Castle, where I presume it still hangs. I cannot omit to mention that Lady H—— had presented to the Turk, as a *ricordanza*, a ring on which some Arabic characters were engraved, together with a large glass vase containing a score of golden fishes, which had attracted the barbarian's notice. A few of the fishes having died on our passage, I recommended him to fry them, and he found them such a delicacy, that before we reached our port he had devoured the remainder. He sold the ring to me

for a couple of dollars, (its full value) and the goblet to one of the officers for another bottle of rum. What a specimen of Ottoman gallantry!

After remaining a few days in the garrison of Messina, where I found Lord Blayney and several old friends, I proceeded with Sir Charles to Malta, at this time blockaded by an English squadron under the orders of Sir Alexander Ball. Sir Charles returned to Messina, having landed me near Segesta, as I was desirous of making a tour of the island. I accomplished this highly gratifying visit to the antiquities with which the island abounds, and joined my friend at Palermo, after an absence of six weeks.

My friend's health was now completely restored, notwithstanding the fatigues he had undergone for two months, and we were anxious to revisit the continent. We hired a vessel for Leghorn, and after bidding adieu to many kind friends, reached our destined port in September.

The Roman capital was again open, and after resting a few weeks at Florence, we set out to visit the "eternal city," the great object of curiosity to travellers of every description. A man must indeed be a Stoic who enters its gates without feeling sensations of the most gratifying kind, and such as he has never before felt.

At Radicoffani, where we entered into the papal territory, we perceived, by the misery of the town, and the desolation of the neighbourhood, that

we were no longer in Tuscany, but in the state of a sovereign who has no permanent interest in his subjects; and the further we proceeded, the more did we lament to see the fairest portion of Europe in such a state of poverty and degradation.

The *Campagna* of Rome, formerly so highly cultivated, now presented to the eye a bare and barren down, and we supposed ourselves suddenly transported to the heaths of Newmarket or Salisbury plain, until we caught a glimpse of the dome of St. Peter's floating in air in the distant horizon, without a cloud or speck to interrupt the view; and my watch went slower than my wishes, till I reached the ancient capital of the world. At this time, there was not a single Englishman in Rome, except two or three artists. It has since become an English colony, containing several thousands.

We had the good fortune, however, soon after our arrival to be joined by our friend Mr. Rushout, who being a profound antiquary, and conversant with every branch of the arts, proved an admirable *cicerone*. Under the guidance of this highly-talented gentleman, and a regular *bear-leader*, Mr. More, we went through a course of study, which lasted six weeks, and which I candidly confess we found at last so irksome, that we gave up the pursuit of examining columns, and arches, and ruins, galleries and churches, to look at "the

human face divine," as exemplified in the Roman women.

I had brought a letter of introduction to the Duchess of Cesarini, —one of the most lovely women in Rome. She received me with great courtesy, and candidly told me that she was at that moment under a cloud, having been denounced as a jacobina, for no other reason than having entertained certain French officers; and that she was no longer permitted to receive her friends, entreating me, "to use my influence with the Neapolitan commandant, General Naselli, to allow her to open her house *al solito*, and to give a ball." I could not help smiling at the *naïveté* and simplicity of this address, and saying that I had only been introduced to the general, and could not be supposed to have any influence with him; "but surely," I added, "no man could refuse the Bella Cesarini any request she might make." She shook her head, saying playfully, he was become "*vecchetta*"—*anglice*, an old woman. I proposed mentioning the affair to the English consul, F——n. "No, no," replied she, with a bitter smile, "he is *una bestia*—I am sure, however, if you will call on the old general, and tell him that I am dying to give a party when the carnival opens, that you will not be refused." I had no further objections to offer, and promising to obey her orders, made my bow. Notwithstanding the absurdity of making such a request to the commandant of the Roman capital,

I stepped into a coach, drove to the governor's hotel, and demanded an audience. I was immediately admitted, and after apologising to his excellency for the freedom I had taken, boldly stated the case. He smiled, saying, "Signior Maggiore, you are a fortunate man to have made the conquest of the prettiest woman in Rome."—"I cannot," I replied, "boast of such a triumph, for I never saw this divinity till within this half hour, but I brought an introduction to her from a Marchese at Florence, and when I delivered my credentials, she made me promise that I would interfere with you in her behalf—a liberty I ought not to have taken, but it is difficult to refuse a pretty woman."—"I agree with you," said he, "and I see no reason why the *Duchessa* should not be permitted to give as many balls as she likes, but I hope she will ask me to them." I made a great many bows and acknowledgements, and returning to the Palazzo Cesarini, made her the happiest of women. I mention this, to show the state of political feeling at that time existing in Italy. The balls were given; the old general flirted with the pretty mistress of the revels; and his aide-de-camp became in a short time the cicisbeo.

It is with reluctance that I pass over a record of the impressions which Rome made on me; but if I were to enter into the detail, it would fill a volume. We passed the winter most delightfully,

returning to Tuscany early in April; and passing by Venice, Munich, Vienna, Berlin, and Dresden, we embarked at Cuxhaven; in the same packet which had brought us over, arriving in England in the last days of June, after an absence of two years and a half. The object of Lord Montgomery's visit to the continent had been accomplished by the perfect restoration of his health; moreover, our curiosity had been gratified, and our knowledge of men and manners considerably enlarged.

CHAPTER XI.

Fencibles disbanded—Domestic retirement—James Gray—His adventures—His disinterestedness—An usher in the Charter-House—Introduced to Perry—The Morning Chronicle—Intellectual society—A charlatan—A grand invention—The bubble burst—The miller of Merton—A libel—Death of Mr. Gray—Mrs. Perry taken prisoner to Tunis—Her death—Libels—Mr. Perry's illness—Death of Mr. Perry—The Humbug Club—Practical Jokes—The Anonymous—Burney and Porson—Sale of the Chronicle.

On my return to England in May, 1801, I was again a soldier of fortune; for my regiment, to the majority in which I had a few months before been appointed, was reduced, along with all the other fencible corps raised in 1793, the government finding that their services were too limited. My friend Lord Montgomery pressed me to accompany him to Scotland, but I was obliged to decline this agreeable invitation, as I could not afford to be idle.

Shortly after his Lordship's departure, brigadier-general A. M'Kenzie, who had been appointed to the staff with the troops at Minorca, invited me to be his brigade-major, which I readily accepted;

but as we were about to embark, my good fortune threw in my way an amiable young widow, whom I married in the autumn, and was rendered independent of military pursuits. We had a comfortable house in Sloane street, and I at length sat down to enjoy *otium cum dignitate* under the shadow of my own fig-tree, and could have written over my door, "*Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valete.*"

During the twenty years I had lived in the world I had made many agreeable acquaintances; and from my intimacy with Mr. Perry, I met at his hospitable board a number of literary men, whose society I cultivated. I have been chiefly induced to offer these pages to the public in the hope that the sketches of a few of these friends, with whom I lived in intimacy for a long period of years, might excite an interest which I could not expect from my merely personal adventures. Few persons of my rank in life had better or more frequent opportunities of living in good society; but though circumstances led me to associate with the upper ranks, I have neither talent nor inclination to make remarks on them, leaving this to the more able pens of our modern romancers.

Without further preface or commentary therefore, I shall bring before my readers the editors of the Morning Chronicle.

Memoirs of men who have carved their way to fame and fortune by their own talents and in-

dustry, are worthy of record; as a stimulus to others to follow their example. It is to be regretted that the subjects of this sketch have not found an abler pen to commemorate their merits; and it is remarkable that such a man as Mr. Perry, who distinguished himself as an editor of a popular newspaper for thirty-five years, has not found a biographer among the multitude of talented persons who were intimate with him. I had the happiness of making his acquaintance early in life, and of living in intimate habits of friendship with him for a period of forty-two years.

Mr. Gray was my school-fellow and chum at college, and our friendship strengthened as we advanced in life; but this talented man was cut off in his prime, and when he was beginning to be distinguished as a public character. He has now been dead thirty years.

James Gray was born in 1761, in the parish of Deskford, and county of Banff. His father was a respectable yeoman, renting a considerable farm from the Earl of Findlater; but it was an unkindly soil he had to work on, and although he laboured hard, he left his family in distressed circumstances at his death; and his widow, not being able to carry on so large a concern, retired to a cottage and a small croft,* with three daughters and the subject of this memoir, who was at this period

* A few acres in land is called a croft.

in his tenth year. Her eldest son was in the army.

I have already traced my friend Gray's progress at college. He greatly distinguished himself as a scholar and mathematician, and frequently, during the indisposition of the professor of mathematics and experimental philosophy, delivered the lectures, and exhibited the experiments to the class. I occupied the same apartment with him, and received more benefit from his private instruction than from the public lectures.

When he became of age, he set out for London to seek his fortune, carrying with him a letter from his mother to a distant relation, Mr. Gerard, who kept an academy in the vicinity of the metropolis.

This worthy man received his kinsman with open arms, and finding him so highly endowed, he appointed him principal usher, and treated him with paternal kindness. Unfortunately, he had only the preceding year engaged himself with a partner and successor, finding himself in bad health; otherwise Gray would have filled this situation; but there is a "tide in the affairs of men," and Gray was not doomed to be a schoolmaster. He continued, however, to fag in this seminary for two years, during which he increased so much in favour with his relation, that the old man determined to make him the heir of his whole fortune, amount-

ing to *eight thousand pounds,* the savings of a long life of labour. This resolution he communicated to his friend, but Gray would not listen to such a proposal.—"You have a nephew," said he, "a worthy man with a large family, whom you have long given reason to believe would be the inheritor of your wealth; besides, he is my mother's friend as well as mine, and I cannot build *my* fortune on *his* ruin; he would naturally imagine that I had used undue influence with you to induce you to set him aside. I will gratefully accept of any remembrance of your friendship as a codicil to your will, but you must not alter it." I have mentioned this as a rare example of disinterestedness and honourable feeling in a youth of three-and-twenty, who had not a shilling in the world.

On Mr. Gerard's death a short time after this conversation, his will was opened, and a codicil added to it, leaving his cousin 500*l.* and his library. He had now no longer any inducement to remain in a situation of such drudgery, and repaired to the metropolis. By the bounty of his friend he was enabled to maintain himself until he could procure some permanent situation; he took a small lodging, and employed himself in reading. He made the acquaintance of Baretti, author of the dictionary, and well known as the friend of Dr. Johnson, who assisted him in his defence for having killed a man in a fray, of which

he was acquitted. Baretti kindly undertook to teach Gray Italian and Spanish; and such attention did he pay to this gentleman's instruction, that within a year he had a competent knowledge of both these languages. Mr. B. also introduced him to Mr. Gawler,[3] to whose sons, Mr. Bellenden Ker and his brother, he was tutor. Gray taught these two young gentlemen mathematics, living in the family, and being treated with great kindness. He was so highly considered by Mr. Gawler, that he proposed to send him to travel with his sons on the continent; but Gray did not think himself qualified to undertake such a charge, and Baretti accompanied them. He was now again without employment, but having been at college with Charles Burney, (afterwards celebrated for his knowledge of Greek,) he got an introduction from that gentleman to the master of the Charter-house, who appointed him Latin usher to the establishment with a handsome salary. He was also a private tutor after he had been some time settled there, and his emoluments were considerable; but such was the slavery of this situation, that he became bilious, and his eye-sight was so much affected, that he was obliged to have recourse to spectacles. I frequently saw him during a period of five years that he remained in the Charter-house, but so fully was he occupied, that he could only steal an hour, (and that seldom,) to meet me at the Chapter coffee-house to drink a cup of coffee, and talk of

our college exploits. At this time I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Perry, the editor of the Gazetteer, whom I introduced to my old chum, and they speedily became intimate friends. Gray, among his other pursuits, had not neglected politics; he was a whig, a warm admirer of Charles Fox, and this drew them closer together.

It so happened that the Gazetteer at this period had changed its proprietors, and become the property of a set of tories, who insisted on Mr. Perry's changing his politics. But he was firm to his principles, and he would only conduct the paper as he had already done; he therefore got his dismission.

It is a remarkable circumstance that shortly after his abandoning the Gazetteer, the Morning Chronicle had been given up by William Woodfall, who, finding himself ill-rewarded for his long services, set up a paper for himself, "the Diary." The reputation of the Chronicle was chiefly owing to the editor's extraordinary talent for faithfully reporting the debates in Parliament; consequently, when it got into another hand, the sale began to decline, and in a few months became a losing concern. This alarmed the proprietors, and it was privately offered for sale. Messrs. George Robinson of Paternoster-row, and George Nichol of Pall Mall, were the intimate friends of Messrs Gray and Perry, and thought that these gentlemen's talents were admirably adapted to conduct

jointly this well-established journal. They advised them to purchase it, and they did more—they made offer of their security for the price. I have heard also that they proffered 1,000*l.* for this purpose, and were refused; but the losses were daily increasing, and in a few months it was offered for public sale, at Garraway's, to the best bidder. The worthy booksellers attended on the part of their friends, and had the good fortune to purchase it for 210*l.*

Supported by such friends, and having the good wishes of Mr. Fox and his party, the Chronicle, under its new direction, could not fail to succeed. Mr. Perry had for some years given proofs of his talents as an editor; Gray was a scholar, a profound politician, well acquainted with the British constitution, industrious and diligent, and ready at composition. His colleague was hand in hand with all the leaders of opposition, full of fire and energy, a man of fine taste, with a very general acquaintance among the *haut ton*, and the literary and political world. Who could better pick up the news of the day, or "show the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure?" George Robinson observed, "that such a coalition never had been before formed—they were like a ship well-trimmed—Gray was the *ballast*, and Perry the *sail*."

The original agreement between them was, "that the whole property should go to the

longest liver;" rather a singular deed of settlement! Their printer, Mr. Lambert, had his establishment in Shire Lane. Here they lived three or four years, and removed to the corner-house of Lancaster-court in the Strand; they continued to flourish, and the paper had a most extensive sale. The cabinet dinners of the editors of the Morning Chronicle at "the Court of Lancaster," (as the house was designated,) were attended by the most eminent literary and political characters of the time, and I had frequently the pleasure of *assisting* at them. I met on various occasions, R. B. Sheridan, Sir F. Burdett, Horne Tooke, Doctors Parr and Matthew Raine, and Charles Burney, Campbell the poet, Professor Porson, Sir James Mackintosh, General Fitzpatrick, *Monk* Lewis, John and Charles Kemble, Tickell, Jack Bannister, Mathews, George Colman, Peter Pindar (Wolcote), Shee, poet and painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Northcote, Opie, Godwin, Curran, Father O'Leary, Hon. F. North, &c. and many other celebrated persons whose names have escaped my memory. These were indeed intellectual treats!

Gray had a great mechanical turn, which brought him acquainted with a celebrated *charlatan* of the day, Booth, the projector of the *art of multiplying* pictures, which he called "the polygraphic art." This highly absurd scheme made considerable noise among the amateurs of

the *beaux arts*, but was after a year or two consigned to merited oblivion. Since the Cock-Lane Ghost, or the bottle-conjuror, never had a more impudent attempt been made to impose on the public. It is astonishing, however, what a number of converts it had at the outset; and many gentlemen, from whom more good sense might have been expected, actually sent fine pictures to be copied by this empiric, who pretended "that it required the eye of a connoisseur to distinguish his copies from the originals!" A gallery of wretched daubs was exhibited from the old masters; and Raphael, Rubens, Titian, and Vandyke, were to be seen in the parlours of the dupes, from his Grace to his grocer! The frames, being varnished with copper, (alias Dutch gold,) were got up so cheap, that a man might cover his walls with these polygraphics for 20*l*. It was not, however, by this bubble that Gray was *mystified*, (for he had no taste for the *beaux arts*,) but by an advertisement; for Monsieur Booth, when the cheat was discovered, became a bankrupt, and took up his quarters in the King's Bench; from whence he issued *bulletins*, stating, "that a mechanic of greater genius than Merlin, though not so much encouraged, had invented a machine by which a man could be taught in a few weeks to weave as much broad cloth in twelve hours, as could be manufactured by the ordinary process in as many months!"

It was also stated, "that a model of the apparatus was to be seen at work in Little St. Martin's Lane, where reference might be had to the inventor and patentee, who was unfortunately in a state of temporary distress."

Gray, from the day that he as a schoolboy set going on a little brook the mill of his own invention, had been an enthusiast in all sorts of machinery. He visited Mr. Booth, (without being aware that he was the projector of the polygraphic art, for which Gray had a great contempt,) whom he found extremely plausible, and got an order to see the mill, with which he was so much pleased, that he had a second interview with him, and shortly after his enlargement was procured, together with a certificate of his honesty.

Gray was completely taken in with the new schemes of this fellow, and persuaded his colleague to join in the speculation. Mr. Perry had purchased a cottage on the banks of the Wandle, at Merton in Surry, and it was there that they proposed to set up the machinery. The model being on two small a scale to exhibit its powers, a larger one was speedily erected, with improvements, and once more set a going. The operations were so satisfactory, that a number of their friends embarked in the enterprize, which Booth assured them "would in a few years produce immense profits, and rival the fabrics of

Leeds and Wiltshire!" It appears almost incredible that such men as Messrs. Perry and Gray should have been gulled by such egregious quackery.

A prospectus was handed about, inviting *monied* men to take shares in the "company," and a few thousand pounds were speedily raised. The machinery was on a great scale, and a large building erected to contain it. There was a "secret room," to which subscribers alone had admission, and in three months various webs of cloth were exhibited to the public in a warehouse. Drapers and tailors were invited on the opening of the patent, and a sumptuous entertainment provided for the *amateurs;* more attention was paid to the *viands* than to the produce of the looms. A too candid tailor, however, when he got a skinful of wine and beer, on being asked his opinion of the fabric, declared, "'"that to the best of his judgment it was not worth a *rush* for any purpose *whatsomever* except to nail fruit trees!" for which insolence he was turned out of the company by general consent.

The fact, however, was, that though the guests had more manners than to abuse the cloth, there was but one general opinion of its merits, "that it was good for nought."

The specimens exhibited were intended to represent superfine cloth. "They had unfortunately failed from bad *materiel*," Mr. Booth said.

A stouter quality was next produced, "fit for great coats and liveries;" and samples of a few yards were sent to several friends as presents. A near relation of mine got one, and had it made into an upper benjamin. The first day he wore it he was caught in a shower of rain, and when his servant assisted him to pull off the garment, a prolongation of an arm ensued of two yards, before it parted company with the body!

On examining closely this miraculous elasticity, he discovered that the ground-work of the cloth, (if it might be so called,) was composed of a species of coarse cat-gut or Scotch gauze, into which the wool had been felted, something on the principle of hat-making. Still, Booth would not abandon the scheme, though the proprietors began to think that it was a bubble; but as a great deal of money had been expended on the concern, they suffered the projector to make a *third* experiment—"a fabric that would," he said, "be well suited for cloathing the army, and for covering rooms." It is almost unnecessary to add that the result was the same. In order to try the solidity of this drugget, Mr. Perry put a piece round his billiard-table—in a few hours, warp, and woof, and cat-gut, were in complete tatters!

Long before this experiment, all the proprietors except Gray had discovered the humbug, and they only continued the experiments to convince him, and to work up the materials. At length

his eyes were opened, and his chagrin was so great, that the disappointment increased his bile, and his health had been for some time declining, owing to the continuance of his sedentary habits.

On winding up the concerns of the company, it was found that 3000*l.* had been expended in machinery, and twice that sum in buildings; but as the proprietors were only responsible for the amount of their subscriptions, the great loss fell on the editors of the Chronicle.

A few years after poor Gray's death, Perry converted the premises into a corn-mill, which he worked himself. He fed pigs, and raised poultry, and wore a white hat, and we christened him the "miller of Merton." He soon discovered, however, that he manufactured *news* better than flour, and that they brought more "grist to his mill;" so he wisely let it to one of the trade, who turned it to better account, and Mr. P. got good interest for his money, notwithstanding the great sums that had been expended.

In the mean time, the Chronicle continued to advance in reputation and profit. Though a staunch party paper, it was conducted with great moderation, never attacked private character, and no scandal was admitted into its columns; yet notwithstanding this vigilant conduct of the editors, and the care they took to superintend the press, a libellous article at last appeared, "an advertisement from a political society in Derby-

shire." This occurred in 1794, the era when sedition and French politics were "the order of the day" in every corner of the kingdom; and the Attorney-general got orders to commence an action against the Chronicle for a libel on his Majesty's government, &c. &c. A special jury being appointed, the case came on immediately before Lord Kenyon.

After deliberating fourteen hours, a verdict was brought in of "guilty, but not with a libellous intention." But the judge would not receive this qualified verdict, and the jury were ordered back to their box, with directions "that a special verdict could alone satisfy his Lordship, which was to be sent to his private house." After sitting ten hours more they pronounced the defendants, "not guilty."

It appeared that there were more than one obstinate John Bull among these jurors, who imagined that the ministers had selected Messrs. Perry and Gray out of the herd of their contemporaries as victims, the advertisement having appeared in two other daily papers.

Martin, a painter of portraits, and Hubert, a coal-merchant in Lambeth, were of this opinion, and being both endowed with uncommon physical powers, were determined, if abstinence could extricate the whig editors from the grasp of power, that they would keep their brethren on a sorry regimen for twenty-four hours more. With

this resolution they again took their seats, put on their night caps, and as there was no law for preventing a juryman from sleeping on his post, they took a quiet *nap*, after having begged the foreman to inform them, "when the jury had agreed on finding the defendants not guilty." At six o'clock a. m. they awoke from their slumbers with empty stomachs but staunch hearts. "They were ready to stand," they said, "another spell without flinching." "What is to be done with Mr. Endless?" "We must give in," said the foreman, "or perish." The former alternative was preferred, and the defendants were acquitted, to the great satisfaction of the few who remained to witness the result.

At this early hour only one hackney coach was on the stand, into which about two-thirds of the jurymen were crammed. The wag Hewerdine, who was present, observed to his friends, on congratulating them, "I was sure," said he, "from the verdict that you had got a *packed* jury."

Shortly after this affair poor Gray's health became worse, and his physician fearing that his lungs were affected, recommended the air of Clifton, as the autumn was approaching. Thither he went, accompanied by a sister, who had been some time living with him. It was soon perceived that the doctor's predictions were but too well founded, for he began to spit blood, and had every symptom of consumption. The disease

baffled all medical aid, encreasing with rapidity; and after lingering three months he expired, to the great regret of his numerous friends. Mr. Perry not only lost an able coadjutor, but an amiable man greatly attached to him; they had never differed either in public or private opinions; and no two men, perhaps, ever drew better together in all respects.

Notwithstanding the great loss which the Chronicle had sustained by Gray's death, it continued to be managed with great ability; and Mr. Perry now finding himself independent, he married an amiable young lady,* to whom he had been for some time attached, and never was there a better assorted or happier union. Mrs. Perry, as a wife and a mother, proved a model to her sex. She bore him two sons and five daughters; the elder of whom she had the misfortune to lose as she was budding into womanhood. The premature fate of this interesting girl she could never cease to lament; it preyed on her spirits, which had for some time been declining from bad health. Though naturally a finely formed woman, with a good constitution, she was attacked with a complaint in the chest, which alarmed her friends; and her medical adviser recommended a voyage to the south of Europe. She went to Lisbon, attended by an intimate female friend and one of her

* Miss Hull.

daughters; but the fatal disease had taken too deep root, and she made no progress towards recovery. After passing a winter in that mild climate, she sighed to return to the bosom of her family, and took a passage to England in a Swedish vessel.

Off Cape Finisterre, the day after she sailed, the ship was boarded by a pirate, and Sweden being unfortunately at war with the Algerines, these miscreants made a prize of the vessel, and carried her to Tunis. The poor invalid, divested of her warm clothing, and deprived of proper food and all her little comforts, besides the severe shock her nerves had received by such an unexpected and dreadful calamity, had nearly sunk under it before she could be landed among the barbarians. But she had a great support in a kind and strong-minded friend, and she rallied a little after she came on shore.

The English consul immediately procured the enlargement of the ladies as British subjects, but they were detained six weeks before any vessel could be found to convey them to England or France. At last a French brig entered the port, destined for Bordeaux, in which they took a passage, and were safely landed at that port after a short and favourable voyage. But alas! the poor invalid daily declined, and there was no further hope of her recovery. She lingered three

months, and, reduced to a shadow, dropped into the arms of her dear child and friend, with composure and resignation in her forty-third year. A more perfect woman never existed, but my feeble pen cannot do justice to her virtues.

Miss B—— who had thus attended on her friend during her last moments, a sensible and amiable woman, continued to take charge of Mr. Perry's family, and she proved to his daughters a second mother; but no human being could fill the place of her who was gone! The hospitalities of Tavistock house, where Mr. Perry now lived, continued, but he had lost a great portion of his vivacity and animal spirits, and the great charm of this society was fled. By degrees he abandoned his large parties and the pleasures of the table. Though he did not reduce his establishment, he diminished his expenditure, and began to accumulate wealth.

For some years he had been assisted in the management of his paper by two gentlemen of high literary acquirements, Mr. S——, now sergeant of law, and afterwards by Mr. M——, one of the secretaries to the Board of East India Directors. In spite of the care of Mr. Perry and his coadjutors, a paragraph had slipped into the paper reflecting on the benefit of bishops, by insinuating that their lordships paid more attention to the *length* (or rather to the *brevity*) of the

opera dancers' petticoats than in legislating for the nation. This was considered "a breach of privilege."

Mr. Perry, and his printer Mr. Lambert, were in consequence summoned to the bar of this august tribunal, and the Scottish Lord M——, the old and intimate friend of the editor, moved "that the editor and printer of the Morning Chronicle be taken into custody, and confined in Newgate for three calendar months." "The ayes have it," and the prisoners were conducted to "durance vile" without further ceremony; for no remonstrance or demur is permitted to their lordships' verdicts.

They procured comfortable apartments, and Mr. Perry's levees were numerous and daily. His friends made it a point of duty to visit him. Many sent him game, haunches of venison, and other delicacies, which they participated with him in his new hotel; and he has often told me that his table never was so well served, or his society so *recherché*.

At the expiration of the period of his imprisonment, a superb entertainment was given to him by his select friends at the London Tavern, when a magnificent and costly silver-gilt vase was presented to him, with an appropriate inscription. The Chronicle was never better edited, so that upon the whole the punishment which "the high and mighty lords" had inflicted on him, fell

lightly. At Fox's funeral, the following year, Lord M—— and the friend whose imprisonment he had occasioned, first met; and such a scene of wheedling kindness on the part of the great man, and of dignity and good humour on that of Mr. Perry, could hardly have been imagined.

No man who ever lived perhaps had more public and private friends; the only enemies he ever had were political foes, and even they respected him.

His family in Aberdeenshire was highly respectable, and especially on his mother's side he was well connected. His grand uncle, the late Mr. D—— of St. James' Street, it was thought, would have left him a share of his immense wealth; but this gentleman, with the usual pride of Scotsmen, entailed the whole of it on another relation and namesake, in order to found a great family; yet he lived on terms of great intimacy for many years with Mr. Perry, and advanced him a considerable sum of money to purchase property at Merton, taking especial care that every shilling should be restored to his heir.

In 1809 the editor of the Morning Chronicle, notwithstanding his vigilance, was again summoned before a jury. During a severe attack of the late King's malady, when it is supposed his Majesty's life was in danger, Mr. Perry had stated, "that in case of his Majesty's *demise*, no opportunity had ever occurred where the successor

to the crown might render himself so popular with the nation." The Attorney-general conceived that this remark amounted to a libel on his Majesty, and the editor was brought to trial for this high offence. But the jury who tried the cause was quite of a different opinion from the King's Attorney-general, and the defendant was honourably acquitted.

Mr. Perry exhibited, on this occasion, very extraordinary powers as an advocate, having pleaded his own cause, though the most eminent men at the bar proffered their gratuitous assistance. His address, full of eloquence and ingenious argument, received universal approbation. The judge complimented him, and even his prosecutor was obliged to admit both his powers and the justice of his cause. He convinced the jury that the paragraph, which he confessed he had himself written, was complimentary to his Majesty.

Notwithstanding the instances I have given of Mr. Perry's having fallen under the lash of the law, the editor of a daily journal for forty years, and constantly pursuing the same political principles in opposition to the ministers of the day, it is surprising that he should have conducted his paper with so much moderation; and it is a fact highly creditable to his judgment and good taste, that in two cases out of three, where he was prosecuted for libels, he was acquitted; and it

must be admitted by the dispassionate and liberal part of the public, that the sending a man to Newgate for a silly squib, (which was proved by the editor to have been slipped into his paper during his absence from London,) was an instance of the abuse of power or "prerogative," as their Lordships term their authority.

In 1818 I had occasion to go to London, when I visited my old and respected friend, whose health I with regret heard had been a long time on the decline. I found him *al solito* at his desk, but alas how changed! From being, as I had left him a few years back, one of the most robust and active men I had ever known of his age, he was turned into "the lean and slippered pantaloon." There was no longer "any speculation in his eye," but his heart was still the same, and the warm greeting of his cordial embrace remained unchanged.

Since his indisposition he had been persuaded to give up the labours of the press to a staunch Whig, and a man of much ability and information, who edited it under Mr. Perry's superintendance: this afforded him employment without fatigue. While I was one day sitting in his library, the late Lord Chancellor Erskine came in, and I was struck with as great an alteration in his Lordship's appearance as in that of my friend; but *his mind* was on the wane, while Perry's continued nearly as vigorous as ever. I passed the day with my

friend, and his spirits rallied in the evening. He told me that he found himself unequal to the task of conducting his paper, and that his sons being too young to assist him, he had been thinking lately of disposing of it.

His physician recommended the tranquillity and bracing air of Brighton, where he had a comfortable house, and might avoid the labours of the desk. Thither he repaired with his family, and past for the last few years of his life the summers and autumns. This town had been always his favourite residence, when he could quit the capital; but his constitution was so impaired, that little hopes were entertained of his recovery. Neither air, nor medicines, nor the kind care of his family could restore him: he lingered on in pain and suffering till August 1822, when he died at Brighton, in his sixty-sixth year.

My feeble pen can do but little justice in recording the worth, noble qualities, and high talents of this amiable man. He had passed a long life in the service of the public, and although he was acquainted with almost all the great literary men of his time, it is surprising that no one has attempted to sketch his life.

It has seldom fallen to the lot of any individual to have lived and died more universally esteemed, or more sincerely lamented. His death occasioned a great blank in society: to his family and friends his loss was irreparable. Kind, gene-

rous, and warm-hearted, a true patriot, and a zealous defender of the rights of the people, he will be long held in the warm remembrance of those who had the happiness of knowing him: his *politics* were his *principles*, and he never swerved from the line he had chalked out for his conduct at the commencement of his career.

Mr. Perry was very convivial during his whole life, but never neglected his business for pleasure. He was a member of many clubs, one of which, of a very singular nature, originated with him. It was called the "Humbug Club," was instituted about forty years ago, and existed for two seasons. It was a sort of quiz on all institutions, and composed of many men of *esprit* of its time. There were a president and twelve judges, and the meetings were weekly, at a tavern, during three or four of the winter months. The club was assembled by proclamation on the first day of the year, and published in the Chronicle: it was written by Mr. Perry, who was the president, designated "*Humbugallo Rex!*" and countersigned by his secretary, "*Screech.*" These proclamations were very humourous, and may be seen by looking on the files of the paper of 1790 (I think). When a new member was proposed, he was admitted blind-folded with great ceremony. He was then conducted by a member, to the bottom of a large apartment, where he mounted a dozen of almost perpendicular steps being

warned, "that if he slipped, he would probably break his neck!" When the candidate had ascended to the top of this *rostrum*, and the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself elevated some ten feet above the rest of the company, near the ceiling, and standing on a platform of four feet square, looking on a table round which were sitting the president, his secretary, and twelve judges, all masked, with long beards and black gowns; and in the centre of the table was a cauldron of spirits of wine, which threw a most lugubrious light on these hideous *dramatis personæ!*

It required a man of good nerves to look on this *coup d'œil* without being a little agitated. Behind the president's chair was placed on a perch a live owl, whom he consulted in all difficult cases! The secretary "*Screech*" was ordered to examine the candidate, and the queries were so extremely absurd, that answering them gravely was out of the question: they were merely intended to raise a laugh at the expense of the candidate, but it sometimes happened that a witty reply turned the laugh on the examiner; the candidate was in this case admitted without further questioning. "Pray, Sir, were you present at your birth?" was the first question put to me.—"I do not remember," said I.—"Are you a sportsman?"—"Yes."—"Well, suppose you are in a stubble field—the wind being easterly, your dog Nero points,

and your bitch Juno backs—a covey of partridges take flight—there are thirteen in it: you kill two birds with the first barrel, and one with the second, how many remain?—take care what you reply, Sir—think well before you speak."—I did not hesitate, boldly exclaiming, "ten remained!"—"You may be a good shot, Sir," rejoined my examiner, "but you have made a bad *hit* here—why three only remained, the ten flew away!" After having been badgered in this way for ten minutes, I was admitted a member on paying a bottle of claret—the usual fine.

If a member became obnoxious to the society, he was got rid of in a summary way. The attorney general was ordered to prosecute him for some alleged crime, and council was appointed to defend him; but he was always "found guilty, and fined 500*l.* or to quit the club!" Mr. Felix M'Carthey, a *celebrated* personage, was indited "for being a coxcomb." His case was heard at a great length, and he made an able defence without the assistance of council, and was acquitted of the charge, but recommended "to put on a clean shirt when he went to the club!"

Another *worthy*, who was obnoxious to the society, had a practical joke played off on him, which produced great mirth. It was known he had many debts, and that he was afraid of being arrested. A hint was given to him one evening, "that a suspicious fellow, looking like a bailiff, had got

into the house, and was enquiring for him." The bait took, and the same good-natured friend who had given him this information, recommended him to make his escape from the window. Ropes were procured, and the jew (for he was a levite) of sixteen stone was lowered into a yard from which there was no outlet. He remained quiet for two hours, fearing discovery; at length he began to hollow out for aid. It came, but he was taken for a thief, and the watch was about to be called, when an explanation saved Moses from the round-house, and he never showed his face again at the club.

This society, however, was short-lived: it became too mixed, and many disagreeable low-bred persons got into it. It died a natural death after the second year.

Messrs. Perry and Gray were also members of a club (to which I belonged) at the *British*, in Cockspur-street: it was called "the Anonymous," and the meetings were monthly. Many eminent men were members of this society, which lasted till more than half of the club were dead. Professor Porson, Doctor Burney, Doctor Raine, my brother Mr. George Gordon, Mr. John Kemble, and many other men of *esprit*, composed one of the pleasantest societies ever formed, where wit tempered with good humour was "the order of the day." Toasts from Shakespeare were

given, and it was expected that the members were to produce a new one at every meeting. The variety of convivial sentiments found in this great author was astonishing. Dr. Burney on one occasion, having nothing *new* to propose, gave "Another Can!" All were puzzled to recollect the passage, till Porson exclaimed—"If one can't,—another can." Such was the extraordinary memory and quick imagination of the Greek Professor.

Out of this club rose another called "the One Bottle," but it was short-lived:—"the days of chivalry were gone," along with many of the wits of the *Anon.*

Hewerdine, the convivial poet, was *laureat* to the Humbug Club, as well as prosecutor-general, and his cross-examinations were never exceeded by Mr. Scarlett in his best days. H. was also ordered to write a constitutional song in eight days, under penalty of an *amende* of 500*l.*! He executed this task in four-and-twenty hours, and sang it the following evening; it was an admirable piece of humour, and may be found in the author's Covent Garden Pastorals, a book become very scarce and valuable.

Although Mr. Perry never could be prevailed on to dispose of the Chronicle, yet about a year after his death his executors determined to dispose of it; and it is well known that Mr. Clements,

the proprietor of the "Observer," purchased it for 40,000*l.* payable by instalments. This is perhaps the most extraordinary instance of the rise of literary property on record. The paper continues a favourite with the public, and Mr. B—— is still the editor.

CHAPTER XII.

Professor Porson—His convivial habits—A day too soon for dinner!—Wonderful memory—Orgies of Bacchus—His Lexicon—Patience and perseverance—Greek type—Rare books—Lascaris and the Jew of Ferrara—Lord Spencer and Dr. Burney—Porson becomes a Benedick—His death—Sketch of his character and manners—Dr. Raine—Hewerdine and the Greeks.

As the celebrated scholar Professor Porson was a daily inmate in Lancaster-court, I had frequent opportunities of meeting him; and as I had no objections to a permanent sitting with such a man, I considered myself as rather a favourite. He would frequently pass an evening *en famille* with us, and while we were drinking a cup of Trinity ale, or brandy and water, he would make charades and conundrums for my wife.

It is surprising that a man of such extraordinary talents has never found a worthy biographer among his many learned friends. A few sketches were given of him after his death in the Morning Chronicle, but little is publicly known of his earlier pursuits; though I am glad to learn that his intimate friend and associate Mr. Scrope Davies is

preparing for the press some account of him and other literary friends. The following are my recollections of him.

The adage—"*sapientes aliquando stulti*"—was strongly exhibited in Porson. He took fits and starts of dissipation. At one time he would sally forth from his den in the temple, and carouse with his friends for a week or two; after which he would shut himself up and disappear for three months.

I had invited him to meet a party of friends in Sloane Street, where I lived, but the Professor had mistaken the day, and made his appearance in full costume the preceding one. We had already dined, and were at our cheese. When he discovered his error, he made his usual exclamation of a *whooe!* as long as my arm, and turning to me with great gravity, said, "I advise you in future, Sir, when you *ask* your friends to dinner, to *ask* your wife to write your cards. Sir, your penmanship is abominable—it would disgrace a cobbler. I swear that your day is written Thursday, not Friday," at the same time pulling the invitation out of his pocket. A jury was summoned, and it was decided, *nem. con.*, "that for once the Professor was in the wrong," which he at length admitted. "Your blunder," I replied, "my friend, will cost me a beef-steak and a bottle of your favourite Trinity ale, so that you will be the gainer."

He sat on, "as was his custom in the afternoon,"

till past midnight, emptying every flask and decanter that came in his way. As I knew there was no end to his bacchanalia when fairly seated with plenty of drink and a *listener*, I retired *sans façon*, leaving him to finish the remains of some half-dozen of bottles, for it was immaterial to the Professor the *quality* of the stuff, provided he had *quantity*. On my descending the following morning to breakfast, I was surprised to find my friend lounging on a sofa, and perusing with great attention a curious volume of Italian tales, which I had picked up in my travels. I learned that having found the liquor so choice, and the *Novelle Antiche* so interesting, he had trimmed his lamp, and remained on the premises. "I think," said he, "that with the aid of a razor and a light coloured neck-cloth and a brush, I shall be smart enough for your fine party."

A pretty large company assembled in the evening, and Porson treated them with a translation (without book) of the curious tale which had excited his notice.

So extraordinary was his memory, that although there were above *forty names* introduced into the story, he had only forgotten *one*. This annoyed him so much, that he started from the table, and after pacing about the room for ten minutes, he stopped short, exclaiming, "Eureka!—The Count's name is Don Francesco Averani!"

The party sat till three o'clock in the morning,

but Porson would not stir; and it was with no small difficulty that my brother could prevail on him to take his departure at *five*, having favoured me with his company exactly thirty-six hours! During this *sederunt*, I calculated that he finished a bottle of alcohol, two of Trinity ale, six of claret, besides the lighter sort of wines, of which I could take no account; he also emptied a half-pound canister of snuff, and during the first night smoked a bundle of segars! Previous to this exhibition, I had always considered the powers of man as limited to a certain extent!

For two months after this skirmish I did not see the Professor, nor had he been heard of by any of his friends; but it seems he had been labouring hard at his Greek Lexicon for his college.

There is a curious trait of his *sang froid* respecting this important work. He had engaged to make a copy of this Lexicon, and had got *carte blanche* as to time and expense. During the summer months he had taken up his quarters with his friend Mr. Perry at Merton, and when he had laboured for three years on it, his room caught fire, and destroyed all his papers. Mrs. Perry, on condoling with him on the irreparable loss he had sustained, asked him what he meant to do? "The loss, Madam," he replied, "is, I hope, *not irreparable*. I had got to *iota*—I must now *begin* at the *beginning*, and go back to *alpha!*" When he had finished his breakfast, he retired to another room,

renewing his labours as if nothing had happened to disturb them.

I have heard him say, that though he had employed all the best type-founders in England and Paris, he could not procure so fine a Greek character as the pages published by *Lascaris* in 1476 at Milan, and the first Greek book that was printed. From that type he had formed his own beautiful writing. It may perhaps be considered as not quite "wandering from the record," if I mention here the circumstances under which I had the good fortune to pick up a perfect copy of this rare work.

The "Lascaris Grammatica Græca," which I have already mentioned having picked up at Ferrara, is, I believe, one of the rarest books in existence, besides the extreme beauty of the type, which has never been equalled, although it was the first Greek ever printed: its date is 1476, Milan. Earl Spencer had for twenty years employed all the literary *crimps* on the continent to procure him a copy, but without success.

When I went on my travels, Doctor C. Burney gave me a list of books, which he could not find in England. Among them was this grammar, and he furnished me with so minute a description of this *rara avis*, that I could hardly be mistaken in its originality, the more especially as the character was so superior to all other Greek type. I had also instructions to spare no money,

should I be so fortunate to find a copy for sale.

I had picked up a good many of my list in the south of Italy, never omitting to visit every library and broker's stall on my route. On my return to England in 1800, I visited Ferrara, where there is a splendid public collection of rare books and manuscripts; and as our carriage required repair, we remained in this ancient but *now* deserted city a couple of days. The *custode* of the library being an intelligent and obliging person, I showed him my list, and he furnished me with the names of several dealers in literature. "There is," said he, "a man of the Jewish tribe, who may assist you if you can obtain an interview with him; but he is at present under the *surveillance* of the police, having been denounced as a receiver of stolen goods during the occupation of the Venetian territory by the French, and is living in obscurity. By applying to the commissary of the city, you may learn his address; he is very conversant in ancient books, and many rare works have passed through his hands."—This account raised my curiosity, and I employed a *valet-de-place* to discover the Jew. He succeeded in finding out his abode, to which he conducted me, but I could not gain admittance; an old hag having thrust her head out of an attic window when we rang the bell, saying, "that the Signior was *fuor di casa*." But my conductor thought this night

not be true, and hinted that a small bribe might perhaps procure me an admission. To this I readily agreed, and furnishing him with a few paoli, I left him to make his arrangements with the dame. In a couple of hours he returned to tell me that he had seen the *Ebreo*, who on account of my being an *Inglese*, had consented to see me in the evening at six o'clock.

After climbing three pair of rickety stairs, I mounted a ladder to the *sanctum sanctorum*, a sort of grenier of great extent, where I found the bibliopolist seated in an arm-chair, in a *robe de chambre*, which had been once *brocade*, and undoubtedly a *cinque cento!* His appearance was not over-prepossessing—an old shrivelled wizard with an unshorn chin, shaggy grey eye-brows, and a hook nose well bronzed with snuff,—an admirable personification of Smollet's Cadwallader! He had a keen and penetrating eye, when he dismounted his spectacles, and a fur cap from his bald pate. His countenance would have made a fine study for Rembrandt.

After the usual salutations and apologies for receiving my eccellenza in his deshabille, and in such a place, we proceeded to business. I handed him my list, which he examined by the aid of a lamp, and returning it, said, "I have one of your books, 'Lascaris Grammatica Græca,' worth its weight in Venetian zequins. I am going to Venice to dispose of it to a certain abbate there, the

agent of an English *Milord.*"—"Signior," I replied, "let me see this grammar—I am aware of its great value, and perhaps I may save you the trouble of the journey you meditate."—"Eccellenza," answered Moses, "the book is not my property—I am only the *mezzano* (agent) in the sale of it; but I will endeavour to procure you a sight of it, if the proprietors (for there are two) will trust me."—"You have no time to lose," said I, "for I quit Ferrara to-morrow at noon." He promised to call on me at an early hour, if he succeeded; but requested I would not mention my dealings with him, for he was a persecuted man, and had been denounced for the crime of buying books of Frenchmen, and was obliged to conceal his property in this den as well as his person, but had lately obtained a little more freedom, and could let down his drawbridge (the ladder) without fear; a favour, which he had procured by bribing the commissary, *sotto mano.* "You are the first stranger that I have admitted since I have been under *surveillance*—you are an Englishman, and I know will not betray me, because you see that I have books," (the apartment, at least forty feet long, was piled with folios, quartos, and duodecimos, in beautiful confusion, and well garnished with dust and cobwebs;)—"for they have been honestly come by on my part; it was not my business to enquire where or how they were found."—"I need not tell you," continued the

Hebrew, "that the book you will see has probably been extracted by our late visitors from some public library, and that great caution is necessary in the negotiation. It is so rare a work that only *five* copies of it are known to exist in Italy and Germany. In England there is not one; for the Milord I have mentioned to you has for many years been endeavouring to procure a copy. A hundred zequins will be demanded for this, but perhaps you may merchandise a little with the proprietors, although they are both *nobile*. All this I tell you in confidence; you are however an Englishman, and I can trust you."

I thanked my new friend for his candour, adding, "that I would reward him for his trouble, whether I bought the book or not."—"That," said he, "is not necessary—if you purchase it, I shall have my agency; if not, I shall be gratified in having done every thing in my power to serve a *cavaliere* of your honourable nation!" This liberality produced further acknowledgement on my part, though I had my doubts of its sincerity, so much are we prejudiced against the tribe of Levi. I gave him a commission to procure me any rare Novelle Antiche of the time of Boccaccio, and took my leave, conducted by *Leonarda* with a lamp through the various intricacies of the Jew's den, and when she landed me at the bottom of the stairs, I put a dollar into her hand, which produced a thousand benedictions.

At six o'clock the following morning, I was roused from my slumbers by our courier, who announced the Jew; as I had told him no hour could be too early for me. "He had come," he said, "to tell me that he had fortunately seen the Signore Marchese last night, who would have the honour of waiting on me at nine o'clock, if that hour was convenient. I have assured him of your honourable dealing, and that you are willing to give him a liberal price. I have also brought you a score of Italian novels, which you will find curious—the price I leave to yourself. I have also an old edition of *Boccaccio*, which has been frequently sold as the *editio princeps*, having been published in the same year—it is not mine, but you may have it for four dollars." He accepted of ten dollars for the whole. I presented the novels afterwards to my friend Porson, who highly esteemed them; and at the sale of his library they produced great prices: particularly one with his own notes was sold for twelve guineas. I sold the Boccaccio for ten.

At the hour appointed, I had ordered chocolate and other refreshments for my expected guests, who were punctual to their time, being ushered in by *Mordecai*, who was so metamorphosed by a handsome costume, that at the first glance I did not recognise him: he looked more like a gentleman than his friends. They did great justice to the repast, and when it was ended, I begged to

be indulged with a sight of the rarity. The marchese pulled out from a huge side-pocket a purple case of velvet, from which he extracted the treasure; saying, "Here is the rarest and most valuable book in Christendom; of which I presume you are aware—the lowest price I can take is one hundred sequins." The extreme beauty of the type convinced me of its originality, and it had the Latin preface and compendium, as described by Burney, and was in as fine condition as when it came from the press.

To repeat all the conversation, and bargaining, and puffing, which ensued, would be tiresome, for it occupied an hour: at length I placed on the table sixty Venetian sequins *in close column;* the marchese's eyes glistened like the gold, and after a thousand "*non possos impossibiles,*" &c. he consulted apart with his friend at the window; and making a variety of attempts to *screw* out another *ten* pieces, he pocketed the cash I had offered. Thinking I had made a good bargain, I presented the marchese with a small antique cameo ring, which I wore on my finger, and which had attracted his notice, under pretence of being an amateur of gems. He was highly gratified at such a superb *ricordanza* of a cavaliere Inglese; "it would compensate him," he said, "for the great sacrifice he had made of the Lascaris." He took his departure with his friend, with many bows and *vivas,* greatly to our mutual satisfaction.

The Jew remained, as I imagined, to receive a *douceur;* but to my astonishment declined accepting two sequins, which I held out, with thanks for his trouble. "This," said he, "is more than I shall probably get from the marchese, but I will take nothing from you. I have waited to congratulate you on the acquisition you have made; for though sixty sequins is a large sum for a grammar, or indeed for any book, you have got it *bon mercato,* as the value of any thing is not what it is worth, but what it will bring. I have repeatedly offered fifty sequins for it, to send to the Abbate at Venice, with whom I am in correspondence, and as I told you, it is my intention to go there, now that I can obtain a passport. I have many rare *cinque cento* editions and fine missals, but dare not offer them for sale here, for the reasons I have mentioned to you."

As my amiable Jew would not accept of money, I begged him to take a ring (of which I had abundance) in token of remembrance of an Englishman, and as a small recognition of his services, asking him how he came to have so much regard for my nation. "Signore Colonnello," said he (for he had found out that I was an officer, from our courier), "I owe my liberation from a prison to one of your countrymen. Four years ago, when I was *denounced* as a receiver of French plunder, I was put *au secret,* and kept in close confinement for six months. I had formerly sold books to the

English consul (Udney) of Leghorn, and was still in correspondence with him. I knew he was *molto amabile*, and I contrived to get a letter sent to him, stating my unhappy situation, and praying that he would use his influence with the English minister at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany to obtain my liberation. This was but a forlorn hope, but it was crowned with success; for within a month I was released from my cell, and put under surveillance at my own house. Shortly after the Signore Consolo had the goodness to inform me that he had laid my case before the Grand Duke's minister, who had promised him that it should be attended to; you will therefore not be surprised that I should respect the English nation—and besides, in all my dealings with them, I have found them honourable and liberal. A *Jew* sometimes has a *heart*, and a feeling of gratitude, as well as a *Christian*." I answered him by protesting that I was a *cosmopolite*, and made no distinctions in men's religion.

As our carriage could not be got ready till the following day, and my new friend, finding I was an amateur of the *beaux arts*, offered to conduct me to the house of his acquaintance, a short mile from the city, who had a choice collection of pictures; "but they are not for sale," said he, "and it is only to an Englishman he would show them, as they have been purchased from the French, and, like my books, are suspected of having been plun-

dered, which is not unlikely—All this is *entre nous*."

In the course of the morning, I accompanied my cicerone to his friend's house, a pretty villa laid out in the English taste, with shrubberies. I was presented to a well-dressed and well-bred man, who spoke English with fluency, and found that my visit had been expected, for there was a very handsome repast laid out, consisting of fruit, ices, &c. While we were partaking of these luxuries after a hot walk, he told me "that he was a German, and had been employed as a commissary, when the Venetian territory was ceded to the Emperor, but had lately retired and purchased this villa, on which he had expended more money than it was worth." The interior, which consisted of three salons, was embellished in the most costly manner, and the walls covered with exquisite cabinet pictures of the first class: bronzes, busts, Greek vases, &c. adorned the mantle-pieces and cabinets, and a library of books, which my Hebrew friend whispered to me were of great value, and many of which had been furnished by him. He had several portfolios of drawings of ancient masters, but he piqued himself particularly on his collection of prints, which my time did not permit me to examine. He told me, that having been bred an artist, he had some knowledge of art, and having had opportunities of picking up pictures during the revolution, he had exhausted the

greatest part of his funds in collecting. "It was his intention," he said, "to dispose of some of them, but this was not the time, nor Ferrara the place, to bring *virtu* to a good market. At some future period, perhaps," said he, "I may take my collection to England, as I cannot afford to sink 10,000*l.* for though I am suspected of being an accessory with the French, from whom I purchased it, yet I have disbursed more than that sum." I greatly regretted that I had only two hours to bestow in examining this exquisite cabinet of *gems*, which exhibited a profound taste and judgment in the *commessario*. Among others there were four Raphaels in his different manners, double that number of the Caraccis, several fine specimens of Titian, P. Veronese, Carlo Dolce, Domenichino, Guido, Guercino, and indeed of all the finest Italian masters.

I found that he passed a couple of years in England, and was in correspondence with an English nobleman, who had seen his collection, and was desirous of purchasing it, but he had not yet made up his mind on the subject. I gave him my address, should he again visit London, and I took my leave highly gratified with the treat I had received, and the politeness of the German.

In the evening my little Hebrew returned to wish me a *bon voyage*, presenting me with a pretty *missal* as a souvenir.

To conclude my history of Lascaris: on my

return to England I delivered it to the Greek doctor, to whom I had announced my arrival. He could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld the anxiously expected gem, that had been sought for by all the collectors in Europe and their *crimps* without success. When he had ascertained its authenticity, which a glance did, he jumped up, taking six steps of the stair in his *stride*, bounced into his postchaise, which was at the door, and returned to Greenwich, instead of meeting his friends at the Anon. Club at the British.

Earl Spencer, Porson, Parr, and Matthew Raine, were invited to a cabinet dinner at Greenwich, when the *Lascaris* was exhibited to this literary *conclave:* an engagement prevented my attendance. A few weeks afterwards I met my friend the learned Doctor in the street, with a gentleman, who he informed me afterwards was Lord Spencer, and that he had told his lordship I was the purveyor of the book. "And why did not you present me to him?" said I. "I should have brought my *Lascar* to a better market, if I had sent him to the *Admiralty*, (Lord S. was then first lord,) if it be true that he has offered you 300*l.* for it." This however he denied. As I had ceded it to the Doctor at the price I gave, which I knew was not a fourth of its value, he *seemed* very grateful, and kindly offered to take charge of my son at his academy for a year or two, knowing that I had got a pro-

mise of a cadetship for him. When the youth arrived at the proper age for this *finish*, I wrote to my friend to remind him of his promise, but unfortunately at that moment his establishment was full. I waited six months, but still no vacancy; so I had to send the *cadet* to Mr. Bonnycastle at Blackheath. This occasioned me no small chagrin, and I was a little hurt, when, after the Doctor's death, I heard that my *Lascaris* had been estimated at 600*l.*, and purchased at this sum by the nation, along with his valuable library. This information I had from one of the committee appointed by the House of Commons to negotiate with his executors. The Doctor had promised me that he would annex a *leaf* to the book, recording how it fell into his hands, that my *name* might be committed to posterity; but here also he was oblivious.

But to return from this long digression. The circumstance of Mr. Porson's marriage with a sister of his friend Mr. Perry, a widow, is another proof of his eccentricity, as regards the mode of his deciding on this important step. The Professor was not supposed to be likely to commit matrimony, and especially a marriage of inclination.

One night, however, while he was smoking his pipe at the cider-cellar in Maiden-lane, (his favourite haunt,) with my brother, they had called for a *second go*, when, addressing his companion, he said,

"Friend George, do you not think the widow L——n an agreeable sort of personage as times go?" throwing out a huge volume of smoke. An affirmative nod and a compliment to the lady was the reply. "In that case you must meet me at St. Martin's in the fields to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock," rejoined the other; and so saying, and finishing his *go*, he threw down his reckoning and retired.

My brother, who knew his man well, though not a little astonished, determined to attend to the invitation, and at the hour fixed repaired to the church, where he found the Professor and the fair widow attended by a female friend, with the parson and his clerk.

The licence being produced, the ceremony (a very short one) took place, when the parties separated, the bride and her friend retiring by one door, and Porson and his *man* by another.

It appeared that the alliance which had just taken place, had been some time on the *tapis*, but the lady objected, without her brother's approbation; on this point however the *Greek* was immoveable; and the widow well knowing his temper, at length gave her consent to the clandestine step.

My brother now urged him to declare his marriage to Mr. Perry, who he could not doubt would be speedily reconciled, though perhaps hurt, that he had not been consulted; but the Professor

would not listen to this advice, and they parted; my brother being determined that Mr. P. should not be kept in the dark, the more especially as he had been an accessory to the deed. In a few hours, however, the *Benedick* entered in his best paraphernalia, viz. his black satin nether garments and ruffled shirt, which he only wore on *solemn* occasions. "Friend George," said he, "I shall for once take advice, (which I seldom do, as you know,) and hold out the olive-branch, provided you will accompany me to the 'Court of Lancaster;' you are a good peace-maker."

They got into a hackney-coach, and found Mr. Perry at home. The bridegroom was presented, made a speech, and though his friend's *amour propre* was not a little *blessé*, a reconciliation soon took place, a few intimate friends were summoned "on the spur of the occasion," a handsome dinner was served, and an apartment was provided for the newly-married couple.

It caused no small speculation among the *Greeks* what could induce the Professor to marry, and in so mysterious a manner.

Poor Mrs. Porson did not live long to enjoy her new honours; within a year after the event her health began to decline, and before two had expired she was consigned to the grave. In her brother she had found a father for her children, whom he educated and provided for. She was a good-tempered and an amiable person, and the

Professor treated her with all the kindness of which he was capable. He continued to reside with Mr. Perry until her death, when he again returned to his *kennel* in the Temple. His professorship did not produce him above 150*l.* a year; he was too idle to continue the course of lectures which he had commenced on taking the chair, though with the most flattering prospects of advantage to the public and his own emolument; but he did not, it would appear, like a college life, and at the end of a couple of years he bade adieu to his *alma mater*, and returned to his customary habits, and the society of his friends in the metropolis.

He had for many years been subject to severe attacks of spasmodic asthma, which frequently reduced him to the lowest state of debility. On these occasions he neither took medicines, nor consulted physicians, and he made no secret that he had a sovereign contempt for both. Starvation was his mode of treatment, but unfortunately, like all obstinate men, he carried his system too far.

In a severe attack, which continued longer than usual, his bed-maker became alarmed, and offered him some light food, which his stomach rejected, debilitated by long fasting. It is supposed that he was himself alarmed at this symptom, for the same day he crawled towards the city, but whither his steps were directed was never known.

Exhausted with this little exertion, he dropped on the pavement in Ludgate Hill, speechless, and with but small signs of life. He was carried to a neighbouring apothecary's shop, and a surgeon summoned to his assistance, who opened a vein, but scarcely any blood flowed. It was evident that the attack was apoplectic. Every usual remedy was resorted to, but with little good effect: he continued speechless. On examining his pockets, a note was found from his friend Doctor Raine, which identified the person of the invalid, and the abode of his friend, who, being apprized of his state, instantly flew to his assistance, and he was removed to his house; but the lamp of life was fast ebbing, for after continuing in a stupor for twenty-four hours, he expired, seemingly without pain or feeling. On a *post-mortem* dissection, it was ascertained that his system of starvation had hastened his end, for having fasted so long, his stomach had entirely lost its tone, and could no longer perform its functions.

It is melancholy to reflect that a man endowed with such extraordinary powers of mind, should have sacrificed his life to an obstinate whim, founded on no principle of common sense or sound reasoning.

The *Greeks* put on their *sables*, and Doctors Parr and Burney were left residuary legatees, not to his money, but to contend for the palm of his learning. These three *Colossi* of Greek were

intimate friends, for as the doctors could not approach Porson in Greek, there was no rivalship, and they lived on amicable terms; though Bellendenus had occasionally violent political disputes with the Professor, which more than once produced an actual rupture between them; but Parr was the first to hold out the olive-branch, and their anger was of short duration.

On Porson's death, it was discovered, (which no one had suspected,) that he had 1800*l.* in the funds, to which his nearest heir, his nephew, a farmer in Norfolk, became heir, as he had made no will. Nothing could more strongly mark the egotistical selfish disposition of the modern *Scaliger* than this apathy. There can be no excuse for his not having left some token of his good-will to the orphans of his wife, or the smallest remembrance to Mr. Perry, who had fed and cherished him like a brother for twenty years.

But the fact is, that Porson had no *heart:* he was a *scholar*, and a philosopher—but *præterea nihil!* Among Greeks and learned men he was a *host;* and his memory was as extraordinary as his judgment and critical acumen, so that he was a complete walking dictionary; but as a companion among common persons in common life, he was extremely rude and repulsive in manners; and to any one who would *dare* to oppose him in argument, churlish and severe; though he generally made himself agreeable with women, by

composing riddles and charades for them; but at dinner parties he could seldom be moved from his bottle, until wine had made him unfit for female society.

He piqued himself greatly on his penmanship, which was beautiful, especially his Greek. I am in possession of some of his charades, and a few Greek epigrams, which he presented to me in return for a few volumes of Italian novels of the time of Boccaccio, which I had collected in my travels. He generally took a family dinner with me when he was on his rambles, and though I am far from being a good listener, and knew nothing of *Greek*, I had the vanity to think I was rather a favourite with him, which I attributed to my not stinting him in his drink. Nothing could be more gratifying than a *tête-à-tête* with him on such occasions; his recitations from Shakspeare, and his ingenious etymologies and dissertations on the *roots* of the English language, were a high treat. It was quite extraordinary how he would trace a word from its origin to its common acceptation; but unfortunately these are lost to the world, for he committed nothing of this sort to paper: it is to be lamented that there was no *Boswell* at his elbow to record his criticisms.*

* His college friend and intimate associate, Mr. Scrope Davies, is however understood to be preparing for the world his recollection of Porson and others.

Except his charades and a few epigrams, but little of his poetry has been preserved. He was the author of a severe satire on a R—l D—e, which was very properly suppressed. He was also believed to be the author of a sort of parody of Pope's Eloisa to Abelard, entitled, "*Eloisa en deshabille,*" of which only a hundred copies were at first printed at the expense of a friend. This clever production was reprinted a few years ago, but I believe the edition was equally limited.

Porson's age was not exactly known, but I have heard Mr. Perry say that he thought he was about his own standing.

Doctor Matthew Raine, head-master of the Charter House, was the most intimate of Porson's friends, and had the greatest influence over him. It was at his strong solicitation that he was induced to go down to Cambridge as a candidate for the Greek professorship; and within a year after his election, he also persuaded him to open a class for lectures; but though the experiment succeeded, and there was no doubt of these lectures bringing him a handsome revenue, he soon abandoned them to roost in his *den* in the Temple.

Doctor Raine had a very fine portrait of him by Romney, and a perfect likeness: from this and a *post-obit* masque in plaister, a good bust of him was executed I think by Turnerelli; and

from this picture a line engraving has been done. Porson's head was remarkably fine, an expansive forehead, over which was smoothly combed (when in dress) his shining brown hair. His nose was Roman, with a keen and penetrating eye, shaded with long lashes. His mouth was full of expression, and altogether his countenance indicated deep thought. His stature was nearly six feet. He was fond of reciting favourite passages from Shakspeare. The fine intonations of a melodious voice, and the varied expression of his features on these occasions were admirable; but his recitations commonly ended in a debauch, for he did not commence them until he was *half-seas over*. His ordinary dress was extremely shabby, his linen filthy, and his person altogether slovenly; but when in his *gala* costume, a smart blue coat, white vest, black satin nether garments, and silk stockings, with a shirt *ruffled* at the wrists, he looked quite the *gentleman:* he only put on this suit when he expected to meet ladies, whose society he seemed to like, for he would sit on a sofa with an agreeable woman for hours, and spout verses, or make charades and conundrums to amuse her. Mrs. Perry was his greatest favorite, and she had such influence over him, that she could often make him eat when he had a fit of asthma, and even swallow a pill. Starvation was his remedy for indisposition, but he made ample amends for any temporary abstinence, when his

stomach was in order, and he was invited to a party. He eat of every thing that was offered, and if he could get any one to sit with him, he would never quit the table until every decanter was emptied, and every box of snuff finished, or tobacco smoked. He was not a *gourmet*, for he preferred *quantity* to *quality*; and his taste for wine was without discrimination. He would as readily quaff *blue ruin* as *Schiedam*, or bad port as the best claret. The Cider Cellar was his favourite haunt, and he might be seen "cooking his clay," (as he called smoking,) and sipping his gin and water for hours without uttering a syllable, for he was extremely shy and reserved with strangers. Occasionally an extended whew and a volume of smoke would escape from his mouth, when any of the inmates of the cellar uttered an absurd remark, or a stave of bad slang; yet he rather patronised (*sub rosa*) the *vulgar tongue* from a *professor*. The wag Hewerdine he considered a man of great talents misapplied, though he would occasionally severely *lash* the *poet* when he was in his extravaganzas of buffoonery, which daily or rather nightly occurred; but *he* was not to be put out of humour by any reproof, and when the professor hit him so hard that he could not reply in the *St. Giles's* dialect, he would utter a *screed** of sounds, resembling (to those unac-

* *Scottice*, a long harangue.

quainted with Greek) a quotation from that language.

One night Hewerdine came into the Turk's Head in the Strand, where I was *tête-à-tête* with Porson, (who took no notice of his usual salutation.) "Sir," said he, "we are the two greatest men in Europe—you *know Greek*, and *I know slang!*" A whew-ew,, and a relaxation of the learned professor's features, brought them into immediate contact and good humour; on which occasion the poet was dubbed "*Professor Slang*" of *German* descent, which afforded him a good subject for a flash song.

Mr. G——, a city merchant, had invited a party to dinner, at which a certain learned doctor (who has written an elegant history of Greece) and Porson met for the first time. Our lyric poet also made one of the party, and took as early an opportunity as possible after dinner, to set the *Greeks* by the ears, which was no difficult matter to do, for Porson had rather a mean idea of the scholarship of the worthy doctor, who was besides quite a matter-of-fact man, and had never in his life uttered a joke. They soon got into a serious dispute about some Greek passage, when I observed the professor begin to twist his mouth, and contract his brows, in a way he was wont to do when he was about to say any thing particularly bitter. This did not escape Hewerdine's notice.

Now it so happened that the only two pair of

cambric ruffles in the room (or perhaps within the bills of mortality) were worn by the disputants, which Hewerdine observing, pulled his shirt-sleeves over his knuckles, saying, "I see, Gentlemen, there is no speaking Greek without being *ruffled*." This *sally* produced the desired effect, the whole company bursting into violent laughter, the doctor excepted, who retained his accustomed gravity, but slyly tucked up his ruffles under his cuffs.

* * * * *

Doctor Raine, after having got a promise from Porson that he would go down to Cambridge a few weeks before the election of the professorship, found that he loitered in town, and only set out the previous evening. On his arrival at the seat of learning, he took some refreshment, arranged his toilet in haste, and with a volume of Euripides in his pocket, made his appearance in the hall. His few intimate friends had despaired of seeing him, and now hailed him with pleasure. The charter required the candidate to harangue a certain time in Greek. He *tipped* them a double dose, and no opponent starting, he was duly elected.

On account of his political opinions, he was not a little obnoxious to the tories, but of this he was careless. It is not, however, my intention to enter into the detail of his college affairs, of which I know but little.

He exhibited great precocity of talent at Eton, and one of the most pointed epigrams in the Eng-

lish language was written by him at the age of fourteen. His father was an obscure farmer in Norfolk, but through the patronage of some gentlemen who admired Porson's early proficiency, he was sent to Eton, and afterwards to Trinity College, Cambridge.

There was no doubt of his being the best Greek scholar in Europe. His extraordinary memory is well known, of which I have given an example; it extended to trifles. I remember some dispute at a game of whist. After the rubber had been played, he gave me every card of my hand, which was indeed a remarkable one, and my own memory in such cases is pretty good. He knew by heart all the ballads he had ever heard or read, and could quote, as if from the book, Shakspeare and our best English poets.

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CHAPTER XIII.

House of Commons — Reporters — Mark Supple asks the Speaker for a song!—The Speaker and the Provost of Inverness— Mark Supple — P. Finnerty — His dissolute life — Anecdotes of Mr. Perry— Counsellor Sheridan—Notices of Felix Mac Carthy—The debut of a *hero*—Manœuvring—Mendoza milled—The reward of valour — Reform—The forum—Lord Camelford—Cruelty to animals punished—The life-guardsman.

At the time of Pitt's coming into office, the debates became so interesting, that I frequently went to the gallery to hear them. The door-keeper was an old Scotchman, with whom I curried favour, and by the bribe of a guinea, and now and then a bottle of wine, I had ready access to it during the session. Sometimes I brought a friend with me as a country cousin, when a bottle would in general secure his admission; but this occurred so frequently, that Cerberus one day said to me, "Why, Captain, you seem to have plenty of north-country relations;—how many cousins may you have?" "What," I replied, "have you been so long from the north as to forget clanship?" The old fellow took it into his head that my name was Canip-

bell, and I added, "I have six-and-thirty cousins, all Duncan Campbells, and the next time I come, I will bring you a bottle of Fairntosh and a Duncan along with it." I fulfilled my promise of the whiskey, which kept me in favour. One night I was carried by the mob, *nolens volens*, from the lobby into the gallery, but there was no room, and I expected to be suffocated in the passage. Fortunately I espied my friend Felix Mac Carthy towering over his brother reporters. He saw my distress, and came to relieve me. Observing a fat fellow in a huge great coat on a bench near the passage, he called to him. "You, Mister," pointing his finger, "the jantilman in the drugget big coat, make room there—pull out your sandwiches and your impty bottle from your pockets, and move to the lift." The man stared when he saw the sort of person who thus addressed him, and mildly replied—"Sir, there is not an inch of room here—I am squeezed to death." Felix had an arm of extraordinary length, and stretching it to the utmost extent, rejoined—"I'll tell you what, Sir, if you do not empty your pockets, by J——s I'll pull you off your perch." This threat had the desired effect. Mr. Bull, without further remonstrance, deliberately pulled out the contents of his pockets, which contained a paper of sandwiches and a bottle, as Pat had suspected! With some difficulty I got along-side of him, and during the evening shared his luncheon.

My intimacy with Messrs. Perry and Gray made me acquainted with several reporters, to whom I was often obliged for a seat in the gallery of St. Stephen's chapel, where I must without their kindness have stood on my legs. The two most remarkable of the "*press-gang*" were Messrs. Finnerty and Supple, reporters of the Morning Chronicle. They were great allies and countrymen from the Green Island, and distinguished politicians, remarkable for talent and dissipation. When Supple had funds, he generally drank his wine at Bellamy's, and mounted to the gallery to his duties. In reporting the speeches, he paid but little attention to their correctness. His style was flowery, and discovered the man of genius. Members, on perusing what they had delivered the previous evening, were surprised to find them dressed up with metaphors and "prose-run-mad" passages which they had not uttered: but they were sometimes so *beautifully* turned, that they never found fault with the metamorphoses, pocketed the affront, and fathered the oriental orations. One evening, as Mark sat at his post, during a long conversation on some trifling business not worthy of his notice, there was a long pause in the House. Mr. Addington was Speaker; and Supple, who had taken an extra dose of Bellamy's *bee's-wing* port, thinking that business ought to be going on, hollowed out lustily—"Mr. Speaker, give us a song." Conceive such a man as Ad-

dington, whose long, grave, perpendicular countenance was never seen to alter a muscle! Imagine his astonishment and indignation at such an indignity offered to the orders of Parliament, and from the gallery! The House was in a roar, and it was said that both Pitt and Dundas joined in the laugh. When the consternation had a little subsided, the Speaker ordered the mace-bearer to take the audacious culprit into custody, and he came into the gallery for this purpose. Supple sat cooly on the hindmost bench, confident that no one would betray him. The enquiries were fruitless, till the offender pointed with his finger to a fat fellow (probably my *sandwich* friend) sitting on the lower benches. The hint was sufficient; the innocent man, to his great surprise, was taken into custody forthwith; but he vehemently pleaded "not guilty," and upon the testimony of those who sat near him, was released. It was said that Supple was afterwards detected as the real culprit, and taken into custody for a few hours, and let off, on condition of his contrition, and promising more discretion in future; but Supple denied this.

I was myself present during a ludicrous scene, when Mr. Addington was Speaker. Mr. Macintosh, the Provost of Inverness, came to London for the first time. One of his friends, on finding that he expressed a desire to hear a debate, advised him to write a note to the Speaker, begging he might

be admitted to sit under the gallery, "which," said the wag, "you are entitled to do *ex officio*." The note was written and handed to the chair. The result was that the worthy citizen, notwithstanding his high office, after being severely reprimanded for his impertinence, was ordered into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms. But an explanation took place; the provost, protesting he had committed the offence from ignorance and bad advice, was discharged.

When I was at Cork in 1779, I was acquainted with Mark Supple. He was a member of our oyster club at Ross's, and an able spouter. His voice was so boisterous, that Joe Price advised him to take to the trade of crying oysters instead of eating them, his capacity for which was quite extraordinary, and no man could drink so much whiskey punch. He was a schoolmaster, or rather an usher, and, if he had not been so dissipated, would have prospered. He came to England about the year 1786, and soon enrolled himself in the *press-gang* as a reporter. Mr. Perry patronised him, and in defiance of his habits, he was found a most useful person on the spur of the occasion; for he never failed to bring with him a column of reports, even if he had been shut out of the gallery, which frequently occurred. A few hints from a brother reporter were quite sufficient, for he grounded good speeches on them. Until he was bloated by alcohol, he was a

remarkably handsome fellow, with prodigious bodily strength; and, Felix Mac Carthy excepted, no better assistant could be found to get a friend out of a *row*. At length he became quite incapable of attending his duty in Parliament, yet Mr. Perry continued his kindness to him. I lost sight of him during my absence in the West Indies, but I think he died about the year 1808.

Finnerty had distinguished himself for many years as a leader of the reformers of the day; he had great talents, was a ready public speaker, and no man could harangue a mob on the hustings at Covent Garden like Peter; but he got into so many scrapes, that Mr. Perry was desirous to shake him off from his employment as a reporter. But this was no easy matter; his impudence was beyond all bearing, and after he had his dismission, he returned to his post. This happened generally every three months; at length Mr Perry was determined to get rid of him, and sent him a civil letter, declining his further services, and enclosing him a check of 50*l*. While this money lasted, Peter remained quiet, and was no more seen at the office; but the suspension was short. One evening, when I was partaking of a luxurious dinner with Mr. Perry at his apartments in the Strand, Finnerty entered *sans façon*, shabbily dressed, and in dirty linen; he was very drunk, and without being invited, took his seat at the table. Such an interruption to our *tête-à-tête* was

not to be borne with. Mr. Perry started on his legs, and had I not interfered, would have certainly knocked the offender down. Meantime Pat threw himself into an attitude offensive and defensive, while his opponent had time to recollect himself, and addressing him, said—"Your insolence, Sir, in thus obtruding yourself on my privacy, in a state of brutal intoxication, merits personal chastisement; but I will not dirty my fingers with such a fellow; I desire, however, that you will retire forthwith, or I must send you to the watch-house.—I shall not upbraid you with your ingratitude, for you are incapable of any honourable feeling!" During this harangue I was prepared to stand as a bottle-holder to my friend, having for that purpose seized on a crabstick, for the fellow looked as if he would fly on the enemy, and attack him like a maniac. By this time the footman, hearing the row, and knowing the character of the intruder, made his appearance; this reinforcement seemed to have its effect, and to have lowered Mr. Finnerty's *mercury;* for without uttering a word, he stalked out of the room, slamming the door with great violence, and in his descent made a slip, and tumbled over the first flight of stairs! We have a Scotch proverb, "God takes care of fou folk and bairns:" the saying was here verified, for he received no personal injury, and gathering himself on his legs, retired. We congratulated ourselves on getting rid of the fellow

so easily; in half an hour, however, a note was delivered to Mr. Perry signed "Finnerty:" it was dated from the Turk's Head Coffee-house in the neighbourhood, and contained a *cartel* "to meet him behind Montague House the following morning at six o'clock." The billet was not very legible, but as soon as Mr. Perry had guessed at the contents, he re-sealed it, and returned it by the bearer who was in attendance. "Finnerty is so drunk," said he, "that if I did not put him in mind in this way of his challenge, he would have no recollection of it when he sobers. I shall hear no more of him until he wants money." His prediction was right. In a few weeks he received a letter from the wretched man from a spunging house in Fetter-lane, to say "that he had been arrested for a debt of 25*l.*, and praying Mr. Perry's friendly aid to liberate him from the hands of the Philistines." A confidential person was immediately sent to enquire into the truth of this statement, and when it was found to be correct, Mr. Perry paid the debt, adding five guineas for his present exigencies; a noble instance of liberality! Finnerty died soon after in great indigence, but I have forgotten in what year.

These two men had been well-educated, and both possessed fine talents, but wanted the essential one—prudence. Mr. Perry told me that very few Irishmen whom he had occasion to employ had this quality: many, he said, came over to

study for the bar, and frequently with sufficient funds, but a love of society produced dissipated habits, and few prospered: as a *pis-aller* they became reporters. The Scotch, he said, had less talent but more steadiness, and nine out of ten got on, though they commenced their career without a shilling. This is a true picture of the genius of the two nations.

I remember a very clever man from Ireland, a Mr. Sheridan, a barrister; I know not what reduced him to the necessity of becoming a reporter, for he appeared prudent, and possessed superior talents; his memory was so extraordinary that he could report a speech of several columns *verbatim*. He was even superior to Woodfall as to accuracy; he had on this account a higher salary than any of his contemporaries, but was not always in the humour of working, and his services could not therefore be depended on.

Felix Mac Carthy was a fine specimen of an Irish adventurer of forty years ago. According to his own account of his dynasty, he was descended from the purest blood of *Mac's* and *O's*, and was heir to 1500*l.* a year, which a cousin (the right owner!) kept him from. Being of the catholic religion, (if *any* he had,) he was sent to St. Omer to his studies for the priesthood; but Dame Nature interfered, and raised him to the unusual standard of six feet five inches in his stocking soles! No cell could contain such a volume of bones and

flesh; besides the novice began to exhibit symptoms that his *Milesian* blood was not suited to the *tonsure* or the *cowl*, for being detected by the holy fathers in making love to his *gouvernante*, (a crime not to be overlooked,) the unhappy Felix was seized by the shoulders (broad as they were) and thrust out of the college gates; fortunately he had a friend at hand who gave him an asylum, a worthy compatriot in garrison, and in the service of the House of Austria.

It was a pity that a youth of such "square contents and solid dimensions," should be doomed to count beads. "Othello's occupation" was better suited to his talents, and Colonel O'Farrel, his friend, proposing to enlist him as volunteer, with promises of protection according to his merits, Felix was speedily equipped with a white uniform faced with blue, and a brown musket weighing sixteen pounds; had it been sixty, it would have been all the same to our young Hercules.

It would appear that he merited his countryman's patronage, as within a couple of years after his enrolment he had the honor of being raised to the rank of *sous-lieutenant*, with the *liberal* allowance of a florin (twenty pence) per diem, and a loaf of black bread by way of ration. This was short commons to a youth of Felix's gastronomic powers, but being an adept at the grand *jeu de billard*, and a favourite with the ladies, he

contrived always to have a few *cruitzers* in his pocket, and a *petit souper* with his Bourgeois friends.

The French Revolution began to be talked of, (1789,) and our hero was removed with his regiment into Austria, where he served a couple of bloodless campaigns. Whether the *sous-lieutenant* thought that his prospects of promotion were uncertain, or that he considered it more honorable to fight for his own country than to be a hireling under a despot, he never mentioned; but in 1793 he found his way to the *Green Island*, where he took the brevet rank of *captain*, and having contrived to get an introduction to the Marquis of Hastings, (then Lord Moira,) he was recommended by that nobleman for a commission in the British army; but his claims not being attended to so quickly as he had been led to believe, he forswore the profession of arms, repaired to London, and enlisted himself under the banners of Apollo. Being a classical scholar, and acquainted with the modern languages, he procured employment as a reporter of debates for the Morning Chronicle, and a paragraph-monger, which, however, hardly gave him the means of existence. But Felix had various resources and great ambition. He set up an establishment in Westminster, at the "*Irish Union*," as an agent between the two countries, offering his services to the nobility and gentry of the united kingdom, to transact all sorts of

business, civil, military, or ecclesiastic. He published a prospectus of his various modes of forwarding the views of any clients who might honor him with their confidence, holding forth that he could procure them places under government both at home and abroad, and even hinted that he had the means of finding them seats in a certain honorable assembly!

Felix's acquaintances laughed in their sleeves when they read his advertisements, but as he had contrived to fit up a house in the west end of the town, and to stick a couple of clerks with pens behind their ears into an office, he gulled a few unfortunate young men out of their ready money by promising them lucrative situations. The bubble however soon burst: Messrs. Mac Carthy and Co. did not find it convenient to fulfil the covenants of the lease of the premises, either by paying for the fixtures, or a quarter's rent when it became due. Felix disappeared one morning, leaving the key with his laundress, and a note to his landlord, stating that he had been obliged to go to Ireland to procure the needful, but proposed returning in a fortnight. The young gentleman appearing no more in the office, the creditors began to smell a rat, and more than one execution was put into the house; but every thing was found to be on hire!

Felix kept aloof a short time from his old friends, and the agency *hoax* was soon forgotten;

but so good a man as this modern Jonathan Wild could not remain long in obscurity: a column in a newspaper shortly appeared, giving an account of an exploit, in which he was cried up as "a generous defender of the weak against the strong." It seems Felix was at Vauxhall one evening, when the bruiser Mendoza insulted a gentleman under some frivolous pretence of offence, and struck him a violent blow, which doubtless would have been repeated, had not our hero gallantly stept forth, and seized the Jew by the throat. In vain he attempted to commit any violence on Pat, who held the enemy at arm's length, (occasionally refreshing him with a *facer*,) until he lodged him in the cage at the entrance of the Gardens.

This bold deed being accomplished, Felix returned and addressed the multitude in an elegant speech, trusting that they would approve of the summary mode he had taken of punishing a scoundrel, a prize-fighter, who had the impudence to intrude into the company of his superiors, and to commit such a scandalous breach of the peace.

The harangue and the act were loudly applauded, and the amiable and high-spirited soldier (which he was taken for by an enormous pair of mustachios) not only received the public thanks of the proprietors of the Gardens, but the free admission into them for the remainder of his life.

About this period the celebrated Mr. R—— was established in his office of *espionage*. Felix, though

he pretended to be a staunch friend to liberty and reform, offered his services to assist this gentleman in the suppression of vice, and in putting down the Jacobins. There was then existing a *forum*, or debating society, on political subjects, which our hero frequently attended, and with stentorian lungs thundered the rights of man, with all the eloquence and vehemence of *Anacharsis Cloots!* This society was particularly marked out by R——, and Felix undertook to get up a *row*, so that the police might have a fair excuse for interfering. Accordingly, the first evening that an important question was to be canvassed, of which the public had notice by an advertisement; he was found at his post, surrounded by a few chosen friends. The debate was loud and violent; Felix mounted the rostrum, and to the astonishment of his party, spoke *against* the necessity of *reform*. Delivering opinions diametrically opposite to his usual style of argument, he was, as might be expected from such a tumultuous assembly, hissed and hooted by a majority of tongues. This was the crisis the orator had looked for and desired, and he proceeded to the *argumentum ad hominem*. He delighted "in laying down the law by a breach of the peace," and many lusty blows did he deal about, without considering whether they fell on friend or foe. The battle became general, and was only put a stop to, by the lights being extinguished during the *mêlée*. A large posse of consta-

bles, who had been posted *a-propos*, attended by a dozen of watchmen with their lanterns, now entered, and seized on the *dramatis personæ*, who surrendered at discretion. High above the prisoners Felix was seen towering, with a scratched visage and a broken pate, foaming with rage; for he had got a black eye, besides a severe contusion on his sconce, and his apparel was in tatters. This was not what the peace-maker had calculated upon, but the general rage had been directed against him; as it was evident from his speeches and conduct, that he had planned the row for the purpose of dissolving the assembly, and of denouncing certain members to the vengeance of Messrs. R—— and Co.

Had Felix flourished in the days of Dick Martin, he would have made an excellent coadjutor of that humane gentleman in checking cruelty to animals. On more occasions than one, he had distinguished himself by his defence of that noble animal the horse, when he saw one ill-treated. One of his exploits made a great noise, and was fully recorded in the newspapers.

The celebrated Lord Camelford happened to quarrel with a fine animal, upon which he was mounted, when Felix was passing through St. James's Park, and saw the noble lord beating him severely about the head with a stick, causing him to rear and plunge. Our hero's indignation was roused, and springing on the pavement, he seized

the bridle, and at the same time raising his arm in a threatening attitude, desired "the rider would desist from *bateing* his horse, and give him his head." Lord C. was not a person likely to be dragooned into good-humour, either with man or horse, and jumping off, demanded "the name of the *scoundrel* who dared to dictate to him." "Here is my card," said Felix, thrusting one into his lordship's hand, "and if you will step aside, I will give you whatever explanation or satisfaction you require; but by J—s, Lord C. (for I know your person) you shall not *bate* that fine animal as long as I have an arm to defend him." The angry combatants retired into a shop, and after a furious discussion and high words, separated in anger. It appears however that an accommodation afterwards took place, and the particulars, which I have forgotten, were stated in the daily papers; but Felix triumphed. I once saw him chastise a carter on Ludgate Hill for ill-treating his horse, because the poor animal, being overloaded, had not physical power to drag the cart up the hill. The rascal, probably without examining Felix's powerful appearance, struck him over the sconce with his whip, when a blow from his antagonist's arm laid him on the pavement. A mob speedily collected, which our hero harangued, and was cheered. He lifted up his fallen foe, chucked him into his cart, and having enlisted several of the humane multitude into his cause, the culprit was dragged

to the Compter, when a *procès verbal* took place. The fellow was fined twenty shillings for maltreating his horse, and would have been imprisoned for assaulting Felix, had he not taken the law into his own hands.

Our hero also patronised the unfortunate females who parade the streets at night. I once witnessed a severe battle between him and a life-guardsman, opposite the Horse-Guards, whom he met dragging one of these wretched creatures along the pavement, while her screams were unnoticed by the vigilant guardians of the night. Felix interposed, and his remonstrance was answered by a blow. The life-guardsman was a huge fellow, but proved an infant in our hero's hands, a few rounds having laid him *hors de combat;* but in the contest Felix received a severe wound in his *hand,* by its coming in contact with the *head* of his enemy, which also suffered not a little. The whole party was taken to St. Martin's watchhouse, where Felix harangued the constable of the night with such effect, that he was forthwith discharged, while the soldier was committed.

These *glories* were regularly registered in the daily press by Felix's glowing pen, which, we need not add, took nothing from their merits.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Anon Club—A fashionable dinner thirty years ago—John Kemble and John Bannister—Dr. Burney's "Cabinet Dinner" at Greenwich—Imitations—Kemble in his cups—Anecdotes of Mr. P—— —The disappointed epicure—Biographical notice of J. G. Raymond—Debut of Romeo Coates at Bath—Mrs. Jordan—Her debut in Ireland—Henderson.

It was the fashion about the close of the last century, to associate at taverns and coffee-houses, and I was a member of many of these meetings, which made me acquainted with various prominent characters and *bon vivants* of the day. At the British coffee-house, at this time in high repute for plain dinners and superior wines, a monthly meeting was established, of which I was an original member: the number was limited to twelve. It was called the Anonymous, or, *causa brevitatis*, the Anon. We had no rules: every man was expected to behave himself as well as he could, and to be as witty as he pleased, provided he did not expect his jokes to be laughed at, and all arguments were to be settled by the *argumentum ad crumenam*; moreover every member, it

was hoped, would produce a new convivial toast from Shakespeare. This society existed fifteen years, and until more than one half of the original members died.

Porson, Perry, Gray, Matthew Raine, Charles Burney, Andrew Grant (a city merchant and a most accomplished scholar), Mr. Donaldson, army-agent and an admirable companion, Monk Lewis, and the poet Hewerdine (poet laureat), were staunch supporters of the Anon. They introduced occasionally their friends, and perhaps no society within the bills of mortality could boast of more talent and wit. I ought not to omit my own brother, who originally suggested the club, and was one of its most prominent and witty members. The facetious Captain Morris was a frequent visitor, and on one occasion we had the honour of receiving his Grace the late Duke of Norfolk, introduced by Mr. Perry; he seemed to relish the hilarity of the meeting, and we voted him an honorary member. The recollections of this admirable society are to me extremely painful: not an individual belonging to it is in existence except myself, and the British coffee-house, the haunt of wits and *bon vivants* thirty years ago, is degraded to a cook-shop.

The first time I passed it, after it had been thus disgraced, I was not a little chagrined, for instead of the joyous face of an old friend at the window, I beheld a calf's head, a pig's cheek,

and a rump of beef. London would now be to me a desert, for hardly a companion of my early days remains.

But gravity and moralising suit not these humble pages. I return to gayer subjects, and describe a country dinner of a wealthy citizen and *hidalgo* thirty years ago, with a few sketches as they occur to my recollection, trusting that the respectable persons whom I have taken the liberty of introducing, will not take offence in being thus brought before the public by a former associate in their convivial moments; but alas! some of these worthy friends are no longer living, to laugh with him or at him.

Dining at eight or nine o'clock would not be considered in the present day an uncommon occurrence; but at the close of the last century, this *now* fashionable hour of dinner was rare, and I once felt its unpleasant effects on my stomach. In the year 1797, when I was aid-de-camp to the late General Drummond of Strathallan, we were invited to dinner by his cousin Mr. D——, who lived at ——, near Harrow. Being desirous to walk about his pretty grounds, we arrived at four o'clock, and found that our hosts had not returned from town; we therefore sauntered in the park for an hour, and having made our toilets, were ushered by the groom of the chambers into the drawing-room, which we found empty; and on enquiry, learned "that Mr. D—— had not yet

arrived." The Morning Post and Racing Calendar (the only printed articles we could discover) amused us for a quarter of an hour; when our murmurings commenced, and the bell was rung to ascertain the usual hour of dinner, for I began to feel the disagreeable sensation of hunger. The butler informed us, "that it was quite uncertain when dinner would be served, as his master was often late in returning from town."

This information was rather alarming, but we waited patiently another hour, *killing the time* by examining a screen of caricatures. *Seven* came, and I was resolved I would no longer delay to reinforce my stomach; my friend agreed that this was indispensable, and the housekeeper was summoned, a respectable person, who had no appearance of *starvation* in her portly figure.—"Madam," said I, "your hours of dining in the country do not suit either the General or myself—we are both subject to disagreeable sensations at six o'clock, which can only be removed by *eating*, and as it does not seem certain when we are likely to get dinner, might we beg of you to examine the larder, and to entreat *Monsieur le chef* to give us a *sandwich*, or what would be more acceptable, a cold joint or a meat pie?" Our wishes were speedily attended to, and a small table was prepared in the breakfast-room, on which we found a pigeon-pie, and the remains of an excellent

round of corned beef. "This," said I, "*mon Général*, will perfectly satisfy *me*—I care not when your cousin comes." Down we sat, and with the addition of pickles and a tankard of ale, I made an admirable repast. My friend, who was more of a *gourmet* than myself, and knew that by waiting he would get a French dinner, was unwilling to spoil such a repast; but when he observed with what *gout* I devoured slice after slice of the buttock, his mouth began to water, he could no longer resist the attack, and did ample justice to the merits of the *paté*, which we washed down with "John Barleycorn," till the *eighth* hour arrived. We therefore concluded that some circumstance had occurred, to prevent the return of our friends. In this dilemma, which we could not remedy, I proposed a bottle of Bourdeaux, which we found so good, that by the time we had emptied a second flask, the wheels of carriages announced an arrival. We agreed to say nothing of our *gastronomic* employments, and returned to the drawing-room with smiling countenances. Meantime we learned "that Mr. D—— had brought with him a few friends, and that *within an hour* dinner would be served!" At *half past nine*, our handsome hostess, radiant as the sun in his meridian glory, entered accompanied by a couple of smaller luminaries, like Jupiter with his satellites! In another quarter of an hour, Mr. D—— *hopped in*.

"I am afraid, my dear General," said he, "that you will find our hour of dining *rather late*, but Mrs. D—— could not get away from a china auction till past seven, but I hope you have had a *lunch*."

"My aide-de-camp," (introducing me,) replied the General, "has been paying his respects to a pigeon-pie, but I dare say will play his part at dinner." I smiled, and observed "that the General's stomach was more accommodating than mine, and could stand a longer siege—but *supper* I believe is his principal meal." This was said and received with the greatest gravity.

Two soups and two dishes of fish appeared in the first course; we declined both, contenting ourselves with a *petit pâté des huitres*. In the second service was a superb haunch of venison, roasted *à point* with four *entrées*. I looked at the General, who returned a glance that I understood to mean, "our secret will not keep;" but I sat *mute*. "What," said Madame, "will you eat, General?" "I always follow my aide-de-camp's advice," he replied.—"I recommend you," said I, "to begin with the *fricandeau*, and you may proceed to the *vol-au-vent*, or a couple of those *cutlets* near me, which have a *bonne mine*, but reserve your appetite for the haunch;—for my own part," I added, "I would not disgrace the dignity of venison by eating any thing else."

But alas! "the power of man is limited;" and

the General, who was at all times a small feeder, could touch none of the delicacies presented to him, and he laid down his fork in despair, saying —"My dear Madam, murder will out; the aide-de-camp is a *wag*, and has made a good defence for himself, but none for me;" (and he then related the affair of our lunch,) "to which we were pressed," he said, "by the cravings of hunger, and we found the beef and *pâté* so good, that we have no room for your French dinner, and moreover supposing that we were not to look for another, we have also had our wine." This produced some merriment at the expense of our host, for we discovered that the delay in town had been occasioned partly by his trying some horses, as well as by the cause *he* had assigned—Mrs. D——'s attendance at the china auction.

The lunch, however, turned out a fortunate affair to the General and myself; for our landlord, immediately on the ladies retiring, fell asleep in his chair before a bottle was emptied, and we took this opportunity of following them to the drawing-room, to boast of our sobriety among the fair sex.

How long our worthy host's slumbers continued, I know not, for we saw no more of him during the evening; and the following morning we took our departure, not particularly gratified by the trouble we had taken of riding a dozen of miles, to eat cold beef and pickles!

The late Doctor Charles Burney, whom I have mentioned as my early friend, frequently entertained at his establishment at Greenwich a select party on his hebdomadal day of rest from his labours. He called these meetings his "cabinet dinners," and I was often invited to them, with my brother, Messrs. Perry and Gray, the learned Porson, Doctor Matthew Raine, &c. On one occasion I met John Kemble and John Bannister in addition to the usual party. The doctor was as renowned for his *black-letter* port, old hock, and *Lafitte*, as for his *Greek:* it circulated freely, and there was much mirth, wit, and good-humour. After the second bottle, Kemble began to relax his muscles, and to join in the laugh produced by the jokes and admirable vein of humour of Jack Bannister, who had introduced a friend, (whose name I have forgotten) who seemed to serve as an excellent butt, and many an arrow was flown at him. Such, however, was the self-sufficiency of this good-humoured gentleman, that he took all his sly friend's quizzing as compliment. Bannister had charmed us with several inimitable comic songs, which were highly applauded, but in acknowledging the honour that had been done him by drinking his health, he observed in a mock-heroic speech, "that his humble powers were not worthy of praise, when compared with those of his friend Mr. ——, and therefore begged to call on him for a song." After a variety of excuses,

and grimaces, as usual on such occasions, he was prevailed on to make an humble attempt, "though he really did not think himself *superior* to his honourable friend."

He commenced with a prelude, when Jack interrupted him by saying, "Tom, you are too high." A second bar or two of *solfeggia* was pronounced "too *flat*;" but on a third start, he went off at score. What the poetry might be it was impossible to judge, for it was perfectly unintelligible; it probably was of a comic vein, for it produced roars of laughter at every stanza; this however might be owing to a very singular faculty which the singer possessed of changing the key *ad libitum*, than which nothing can be more difficult. Where there is any musical ear, nothing could be more discordant, yet the performer was cheered *con furore* by the whole party, Kemble excepted, who looked "grave and gentlemanlike." The wicked wag Jack proposed a bumper to his friend, with a cup of thanks "for his *inimitable* song, which he declared to be an *unique* performance; as, though it was possible, he said, to sing on *two* or *three keys*, he believed no man in town could execute on a *whole bunch* as his friend had done." This sally prolonged the laugh, in which the *chanter* heartily joined, and when silence was restored, he rose with great solemnity, and made a speech as ludicrous as his song, the *vs* and *hs* being admirably misplaced.

After this exhibition, a *magnum* entered, when Bannister was prevailed on to give us a few specimens of his excellent imitations of Munden, Dignum, Suett, and many other celebrated actors. No one seemed more gratified than Kemble by these admirable portraits, and joining in the applauses, said, "I am surprised, Jack, that you have left *me* out." "Oh, Sir," replied the other with much solemnity, "I dare not attempt *you*." Kemble however insisted, saying, "that he understood every *would-be* mimic in the kingdom took *him* off:" but his friend declined. Meanwhile the *magnum* circulated, and while another was being produced, Bannister started on his legs, and after a short *programma*, commenced an imaginary dialogue between Kemble and Quick, scene, the Strand at midnight. A dispute arises between the parties about the reading of a passage in Shakespeare; a quarrel ensues, which (both being hot with the Tuscan grape) terminates in high words and a *row;* the guardians of the night interfere, and a mob collects; rattles are sprung, and the offending parties, having charged each other with the assault, are taken to St Martin's watchhouse for a disturbance of the peace. They both make speeches to the constable of the night, who commits them; Bannister, and another friend I have forgotten, are sent for to bail them: on their arrival, they also harangue the citizen in the chair; and on a small mulct are liberated, and shake hands.

Whether Bannister had previously concocted this dialogue, or it was the impulse of the occasion, I know not, but it was most admirable and the imitations perfect. The party might have "been tied with a thread," during the recitation, Kemble excepted, who although he smiled, or rather *grinned* occasionally, looked solemn at the conclusion, and turning to the performer said, "your imitation of Quick is excellent, but I must confess I do not think you are so fortunate with *me*." "I told you," replied the reciter, "that *your* manner was beyond my humble powers," but Perry and some others of Kemble's intimate friends insisted, "that the dialogue was quite a *chef d'œuvre* of *both*."

When the carriages were ordered, Mr. Kemble discovered that he had not provided the means of a conveyance to town, having come down in one of the stages. I was one of a *trio* in a postchaise, with my brother and Mr. Donaldson, army agent, our particular friend. I proposed to sit on a stool, and to surrender my seat to the tragedian, who had not the usual use either of his head or his heels. During our drive, he had slept off some of the fumes of his potations, and we had some difficulty to rouse him from his slumbers when we reached Parliament Street, in the neighbourhood of which we all resided, and where we got out, desiring the post-boy to drive Mr. Kemble to his own house; but men in their cups do

not always admit their incapacity to walk, and our Bacchanalian insisted on evacuating the chaise, which was discharged. It was shortly evident, however, that he could not move in a straight line, and like the Laird of Logan, "had business on baith sides of the street." I therefore volunteered to walk home with him, giving him my arm. We trudged on pretty fairly, and in complete silence, till we reached Covent-Garden market, when I stopped to ask him what turn we should take to his house, for many of the lamps were extinct, and the night was dark. On a sudden movement he quitted my arm, and staggering a step or two back, said, "who the d——l are you? I can walk without your assistance —do you imagine, Sir, that I am drunk? I know nothing about you, Sir, but I will fight you on the spot, to show you I am as sober as you are," throwing himself into an attitude pugilistic.

"Sir," said I with gravity, though I could hardly refrain from laughing, "I am not accustomed to fight in the dark, but I will meet you to-morrow on Westminster-bridge at high water." This sally increased his indignation; and had he been capable of advancing, he would doubtless have commenced an attack; for he seemed totally to have forgotten that I was his friend who had been dragging him along the streets, on which account I kept aloof. Meanwhile divers *genteel* persons, proba-

bly on hearing the clamour, had come forth from that *elegant* hotel the Potatoe-trap, to which we were opposite, and laid hold of the "obstropolous gemman," at the same time offering their aid. But their good offices were not taken in good part, and the enraged hero, in struggling to break from them, swung his arms about like a saw-mill, and losing the little balance of power that he had left, tumbled on the pavement. With the assistance of the mob, (for by this time a dozen persons had collected,) I picked him up, and giving him into the hands of a couple of sturdy fellows, I whispered to one of them that he was the great Mr. Kemble, offering him half a crown to see him safe to his house in the next street. But John would not submit to coercive measures, nor to the offer of any assistance, challenging any one in the ring to fight him.

Expecting every moment that this clamour would bring the guardians of the night to the spot, and seeing that we risked a scene in the watch-house which Bannister had so wittily imagined, I thought it prudent to decamp, leaving my friend to harangue the multitude, which was every moment increasing.

I afterwards learned that Mr. Kemble had the good fortune to get home with the loss of his hat, and the acquisition of a black eye through his fall.

I met him in society at Mr. Perry's the follow-

ing year, but he had quite forgotten me. In the course of the evening, however, some little argument took place, in which I had a part. It was about the length of time that P— had been on the stage, which I happened to know from having been acquainted with him at Cork the year previous to his *debut*. This strengthened Mr. K.'s opinion, and led him to ask my name of his neighbour; then he turned to me, saying, "Sir, I am happy to have an opportunity in again meeting you to thank you for a service you rendered me last year, the knowledge of which I owe to our friend Dr. Burney, for I had quite forgotten to whom I was indebted for conducting me home after the debauch of Greenwich." We entered into the detail of the row at the Potatoe-trap, of which he had but an imperfect account, and he was much astonished to find that he had challenged me to single combat, and he had no recollection of my being the person who was accompanying him to his house when he was seized with this freak. He confessed that wine had extraordinary effects on his brain, and that he had often sworn to forbear the juice of the grape beyond a pint, but he could not always keep his resolution when the wine was good, and the company particularly agreeable.

* * * * * *

Mr. P— was bred an artist. In 1778 I met him at Cork: he was just come of age, and a very hand-

some youth. He painted small portraits in crayons, price 1*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* (an Irish guinea.) Lieutenant-Colonel Crosbie, of the 67th regiment, then in barracks, patronised the young artist, and he sketched for that gentleman every officer in the corps. His drawings were more gaudy than nature, and generally *beaux ideal* rather than *portraits;* but as he could execute them readily, and his customers were pleased, he got a decent living.

A fancy ball during the assizes brought our *Apelles* into notice; he appeared in the character of young Norval, spouting passages from Douglas with great effect, and set all the misses sighing for the handsome youth. Some private theatricals succeeded this ball, in which Mr. P— played the hero with great applause; and he was so flattered by the commendations he received, that he turned his thoughts to the stage, and shortly threw aside his *pallet* for the *buskin.*

He has now "fretted and strutted his hour" for more than half a century. His performance has always been considered respectable, with a fine figure, and an admirable voice; his *forte* was genteel comedy; but his face, though handsome, wanted expression, and his acting was tame. I believe he still plays *the ghost in Hamlet* occasionally, in spite of *podagra,* with which he has been grievously afflicted for many years. No man worked harder for *gout;* the pleasures of the table being always his first pursuit. Above all

dainties he loved a delicate loin of veal, and *à la Bechamel,* when he could get hold of a French cook. This dish probably was the means of saving his life. I have heard him relate this extraordinary incident with *stage effect* as follows. Some five-and-twenty years ago he took a passage in an Irish coaster, (accompanied by his wife,) from Cork to Bristol. A gale of wind, attended by a thick fog, when the vessel had entered the Bristol channel, threw our hero into consternation; but it was still daylight, and they hoped they might reach their moorings before night, as Lundy Island was in sight. The wind, however, suddenly shifted with increased violence; darkness came on; there was only a *slice* of a new moon, the thickness of the edge of a knife, or a cheese-paring. How did poor Norval lament, that it was not "as round as his shield!" The land on both sides had disappeared, and there was no pilot. To add to the distresses, Mr. P— was sadly sea-sick, and the skipper had imbibed a too potent dose of *poteen* after dinner, which P— had carefully made into punch, flavoured with currants, little thinking of the consequences. Fear got the better of his *nausea,* and he scrambled on deck with difficulty and a broken shin; the sea was running mountains high, and it was as dark as Erebus. He laid hold of a *brace,* which gave way at his grasp, and another somerset was the consequence; but this was a trifling mishap to what he was about to hear. The

cabin-boy had been sent below to fetch fresh candles for the binnacle, and returned to report, "that there were none in the locker!" The skipper, who was at the helm *half-seas over*, stormed and swore "he would chuck the scoundrel overboard for neglecting to bring candles on board, as he had been ordered." The poor boy declared that he was ready to take "his bible oath" he had got no orders; and that there was not, to his belief, an inch of candle in the ship, but the *bottom* in the binnacle. "Then by J—s!" cries the captain, "we must all go to *Davy Jones!*" (a cant term for going to the bottom.)

Poor P—, who had overheard this dialogue, was in despair; he knew that no vessel could be steered without a *compass*, and that a compass could not be seen without a *light*. Fortunately he recollected, in this critical case, that, in walking down to the boat, he had seen at a butcher's shop "a delicate loin of veal," and not wishing to trust to the provisions of the ship, he had purchased it. The fat of this joint, he thought, might be converted into *oil* to supply a lamp, and immediately communicated this sagacious idea to the skipper, who "jumped *mast-high*" with joy when he heard it; but there was no *wick*, neither was there a *lamp*. This was a new dilemma, and there was not a moment to be lost, for "the candle's end would not last ten minutes." The cabin-boy said, "he could make a wick out of an old cotton stocking," and

while the delicate loin was converting into grease, little Pat got to work on his manufacture. This was a short process; an old tea-pot made an admirable lamp, and though not equal to a modern *quinquet*,* lighted the binnacle to a miracle; an invention of as much importance at this moment as that of the *compass* itself.

I have by no means done justice to P— in my narration of this "tale of terror;" he made the recitation quite a *melo-drama*—as interesting as any episode in Mathews's "At Home."

Our *Roscius* has had the happiness to lead three ladies to the altar. The first was the celebrated tragedian Miss Y——, his senior by many years; and she did not live long to enjoy the sweets of matrimony. When she was on her death-bed, a friend met him, and on enquiring how she was, he replied with a sorrowful countenance, "Ah! the poor dear creature is very ill; I fear she will not live out the month—and her benefit was fixed for the 25th." His prophecy unhappily was fulfilled. A young and pretty widow, Mrs. S——, also a daughter of *Melpomene*, shortly consoled the gentleman for his loss. She was a clever actress, of gentle manners, and a favourite with the public; but she had a delicate constitution, and was cut off in the flower of her age by a consumption. These were severe losses to Mr. P—

* The name in France of a chamber-lamp.

Both ladies had large salaries, and the last had left him a daughter to provide for; besides he was getting down hill, and had frequent attacks of gout; he was still, however, "the gay Lothario," and continued to play juvenile parts: with attention to his toilette he had a youthful air, when he had counted his ten lustrums. About this period of his life, he cast his eye on another bewitching widow, Mrs. W——, the relict of the artist of that name. This lady was the mother of a beautiful and interesting family of daughters; but with slender means, beyond her splendid talents as a flower-painter, which she still retains. When Mr. P—'s occupations on the stage diminished, he resumed his pallet as a painter in miniature, and with considerable success; and though his *drawing* is, like his *acting*, rather *tame*, he may be considered a respectable artist.

One of his most intimate friends, Mr. S——, once played Mr. P— a trick which occasioned him no small chagrin. He invited him a few summers ago to his villa near town to eat cold beef and salad, with two or three mutual friends. The *rump* was superb, and the pickles, cucumbers, and salad, proved such accompaniments, that he never perhaps exhibited more powers, and was so fully occupied with his performance, that he did not observe his friends only *picked* a little. When P—— thought that the cloth was about to be removed, and the Bor-

deaux to be introduced, a servant announced "that dinner was served," at the same time opening the *portes battantes* of the *salle-à-manger! There* they found Mrs. S—— and an elegant repast, consisting of Thames salmon, *soupe à la Reine*, &c. which were removed by a splendid haunch of venison *cuit à point*, as the French say. Oh for the pencil of Cruickshank to pourtray the indignation and consternation of the afflicted *gourmand!* No words can describe them. He dared not to quarrel "with his bread and butter," otherwise he would have quitted the premises in wrath. One recommended a breathing with the dumb-bells; another two drops of arsenic, which the *almanach des gourmands* directs as a *coup de milieu* to restore appetite; a third proposed a glass of cogniac as the best stimulant. At length he was in some measure appeased by the good-humour of the amiable hostess, who persuaded him to take a chair at the table. The fumes of the salmon and the haunch were still grateful, but the power of man is limited—"thus far and no farther shalt thou go—:" like Tantalus, he looked on to see others enjoy delicacies, of which he could not himself partake. It was a severe trial for a man of P—'s kidney, but he bore it like a philosopher; and a few glasses of sparkling champagne restored his good-humour, if not his appetite. *Lafitte* followed, which he took in moderation, and was delighted to find that by eleven o'clock

the *gastric juices* had digested the cold beef; and he was able to discuss a plate of the haunch hashed! "*Qui rit bien, rit le dernier.*" It was *now* his turn to triumph; his companions looked on with loaded stomachs, while *he* performed wonders; or as the French say—"*Il mangeait comme quatre.*"

This anecdote was related to me by one of the party; who added that P—— piqued himself on his prowess on the occasion; and solely refrained from taking another portion through the fear of being considered a *gourmand!*

* * * * * *

James Grant Raymond was born about the year 1765, in Banffshire, of obscure parents, who had hardly the means of sending him to the parish school, but having a relation, a servant in the family of the lord of the manor, Jamie Grant at the age of eight or ten years was taken into the house to clean knives and run errands. When his occupations permitted, his cousin instructed him in the rudiments of English, and the schoolmaster taught him to write, and to sum up an account. His progress was extraordinary, and his conduct in his subordinate situation so exemplary, that he became a general favourite in the family; and being a comely well-grown youth, at the age of sixteen he was removed from the scullery to the hall, and a suit of livery put on his back, as the lady's foot-boy. By degrees he was

promoted to the rank of butler and *valet-de-chambre*, with a salary of twelve pounds a year, and the squire's cast-off clothes. During this period of seven years, he had not neglected any opportunity of improving himself in useful acquirements, being still assisted in his leisure hours by the *dominie*, who taught him the rudiments of Latin, and he became an excellent accomptant, as well as a penman. In these pursuits he was encouraged by a most indulgent master, who gave him access to his library. When he had reached his twenty-third year, the family visited London, accompanied by our hero, who had grown into manhood, a tall and handsome youth, with a most prepossessing appearance. His master was desirous to forward his favourite's views of promotion, and the Earl of Westmoreland, having at this time been appointed to the government of Ireland, *Jamie* was strongly recommended to that nobleman, as a young man of great integrity and the most sober habits. He was appointed to the office of *valet-de-chambre*, with a salary of 60*l*.

He was now, as he imagined, raised to the height of his ambition, but he had not been more than a year in this situation, when he took a fancy for the stage. Having free access to the theatre, he never missed an opportunity of attending it, and when any play was performed

which he had not seen, he purchased it; and he might be seen in the pit, among the knot of critics, applauding or condemning, as his judgment directed. He got whole scenes of his favourite plays by heart, which he spouted at the *second table*, where he was quizzed for his outrageous Scottish accent!

Our hero, being aware of this defect as a *reciter*, contrived to make the acquaintance of a second-rate actor, with whom he rehearsed, and got lessons in elocution. His master was an Irishman, and the *debutant* having a quick ear, he shortly incorporated a tincture of *brogue* on his Scottish twang, so that it was difficult to say to what nation he belonged. Jamie, or as he was now called, *Mr. Grant*, persevered, and his friend encouraged him, insinuating how much more honourable and creditable the profession of the *stage* was than that of a *domestic*, and flattering him by praises of his extraordinary talents, especially in the line of tragedy. "If you could get rid of your barbarous accent," said this son of *Thespis*, "you would make a figure in any country theatre," "but," he added, "you must change your name—*Grant* would *detect* you any where as a Scotsman, and I never heard of your country producing a good actor!" All this was greedily swallowed by our *amateur*, and he worked day and night to get passages of Shakespeare by heart.

The Phœnix Park was the proscenium and the arena of his rehearsals; and by the inducement of a bottle of wine or a jug of whiskey punch, he frequently prevailed on his friend to accompany him.

In the meantime, he became acquainted with various *dramatis personæ* of Smock Alley, and especially with Mr. R——, a respectable actor, who had a daughter of promising talents for the stage, who was about to make her *debut*. Jamie had been frequently admitted at the rehearsals of the young lady, and took great interest in her success. Having many friends at the castle, he made a strong party to support her on her first appearance, which proved successful.

After having remained nearly two years in the service of the lord-lieutenant, he determined to quit it, and to try his fortune on the stage. Having been always treated with great kindness, he took the liberty of mentioning his plans to his Lordship, who strongly advised him against a measure that would probably only involve him in difficulties, at the same time offering to raise his salary; but the Scot was decided, and not omitting to express his gratitude for Lord W.'s kindness, he hoped that when his Lordship could suit himself with a servant, he would give him his dismissal. In a few weeks he took his leave, with the good wishes of the whole household.

The first step he took was to change his name. *Raymond* he thought sounded well, and he added it to his patronymic, sinking the *Grant* in his signature into a G.

I do not know where our hero first made his appearance on the stage, but it was somewhere in the north of Ireland, and in the character of *Rolla*, when he met with a most favourable reception.

After running the course of the Irish theatres for two or three years, he came over to England; having in the mean time married the young actress already mentioned.

On the death of the poet Dermody, he published a volume of memoirs of that unfortunate man, whose history is well known.

After remaining a few years in the country, where he was every where well received, he got a good engagement at Drury Lane, and afterwards became stage-manager, a situation which he filled with great ability, having entirely got rid of his Scottish accent.

I was early acquainted with Mr. Raymond, and the first time I saw him, after an interval of twenty-five years, was in the little theatre at Windsor, in the character of *Rolla*, his Majesty George III. and the Queen and princesses being present. Had I not previously known his history, even the evidence of my own eyes could not have induced me to believe that the

hero I saw before me was *Jamie Grant*, whom I had seen tending a flock of sheep, when I was at school.

He is a solitary instance of a Scotsman quitting his country as an adult, and getting rid of his provincial accent. Mr. Raymond's talents as an actor were very respectable; his literary acquirements quite wonderful, considering the circumstances of his early life; and his worth in private generally esteemed.

Besides his interesting account of the life of Dermody, he also wrote occasionally in the periodical publications with considerable ability, and was no mean critic. His daughter is married to a respectable bookseller, and I hope that this account of Mr. Raymond's birth will not give offence to his family, but rather be the means of holding him up to the admiration of the public. Nothing can be more honourable or praiseworthy than a man raising himself by his talents and good conduct from humble life to fame and independence. He had great pleasure in talking over with me his juvenile exploits, and when we met at Windsor, for the first time after a long interval, he put me in mind of a circumstance which I had forgotten, and said in broad Scotch, "Ou, Captain, d'ye mind saving me frae my licks (thumps) for letting the sheep amang the corn at Rosieburn."

His manners were extremely good, easy, cheer-

ful, and unassuming; and I have heard he was a most excellent stage-manager. His death was occasioned by an inflammatory sore throat, which cut him off after a few days' illness. To his widow and large family his loss was irreparable; and few men have been more universally regretted by his friends. In his person he was tall, strong, and well-limbed, and an excellent stage figure; and as an actor, highly respectable.

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I consider my having been the means of first bringing out the celebrated Romeo Coates on the British stage as one of the most singular circumstances in my life.

In the year 1809 I was at Bath, and lodged at the York House, where I found this gentleman an inmate, and we generally met in the coffee-room at breakfast. He shortly attracted my notice by rehearsing passages from Shakespeare during his morning meals, with a tone and gesture extremely striking both to the eye and ear; and though we were strangers to each other, I could not help complimenting him on the beauty of his recitations, although he did not always stick to his author's text. On one occasion I took the liberty of correcting a passage from Romeo and Juliet. "Aye," said he, "that is the reading, I know, for I have the whole play by heart; but I think I have improved upon it." I bowed with

submission, acknowledging that I was not a profound critic. This led into a dissertation on the merits of this fine tragedy, when Mr. Coates informed me that he had frequently performed the part of Romeo at Antigua, of which island, he said, he was a native, adding that he always travelled with the dress of that character. I lamented that, with the extraordinary talents which he seemed to possess, he had not gratified the English public with a specimen of his powers, or joined the amateurs of private theatricals, and mentioned Mr. Methuen, who made a great noise at the time as a first rate performer.

"I am ready and willing," replied our Roscius, "to play Romeo to a Bath audience, if the manager will get up the play and give me a *good* Juliet; my costume is superb, and adorned with *diamonds*, but I have not the advantage of knowing the manager *Dimond*."

After laughing at this *excellent* pun, in which he heartily joined, I observed that I was acquainted with this gentleman, and would either make the necessary arrangements, or give him a line of introduction, as he preferred. He chose the latter, and so eager was he to gratify the Bath public during the height of the season, that as soon as he had discussed a brace of muffins, and as many eggs, he set off to visit the manager, with his credentials.

In an hour he returned, full of wrath and in-

dignation at the cavalier reception he had met with. "The fellow," said he, "has treated me in a manner to which I am not accustomed, and I have a great mind to call him to an account for his impertinence and rude behaviour; I will show him that I can play *carte* and *tierce*," and putting himself into an attitude *offensive*, he thrust at a green door with his cane, to the astonishment of the waiters, and the terror of an old gentleman sitting in the corner with a newspaper.

I had some difficulty in appeasing his anger. "This is," said I, "diamond cut Dimond." ("Oh very good, ha! ha!" he replied, interrupting me.) "But I will call on the manager, and he shall make you a proper *amende*, and when he finds that you are a man of *fashion* and *fortune*, instead of an *adventurer*, which, perhaps, he might have supposed from not having the honor of knowing you, I am sure he will be but too happy to receive you on his boards." This satisfied our hero, and I promised to make the necessary arrangements without delay.

My friend Mr. Scrope Davies was at this time in Bath. I communicated the *affair* to him, into which he warmly entered, recommending as a preliminary step to consult Lady Belmore and some other ladies of *haut ton*, whose curiosity we readily excited, and in the course of the morning a large party agreed to fill the lower boxes.

With this assurance, I found no further difficulty on the part of the manager, and the play was fixed for the following week. Mr. Dimond having made his peace with the *debutant*, and advertised, "that a gentleman of *fashion* would make his appearance for the first time in England," every box was speedily secured.

In order that Mr. Coates might have a favourable reception, which however could not be doubted, I contrived, with the assistance of my friends, to plant in the centre of the pit a score of abigails and butlers, who with a large party in the lower boxes received Romeo on his appearance on the stage with *three* distinct peals of applause. Never was a greater *furore* heard in the Bath theatre, even in the best days of Mrs. Siddons. The first act went off quietly, but as the play proceeded, there were some symptoms of displeasure from the gallery, which were hissed down by the better bred part of the audience. In the balcony scene, some rascals, envious, no doubt, of the *amateur* actor, hissed in their turn, and threw apples and orange-peels on the stage; others *encored* certain passages, *laughed* when they ought to have *wept*, and some individuals from a side box were extremely rude in calling, off! off! Romeo, who had hitherto conducted himself with great equanimity, could no longer submit to such ungenerous behaviour; turned to the box from

whence these sounds proceeded, and crossing his arms, looked at the offending party with great scorn and contempt, when the curtain dropped amidst thundering applause!

In act fifth, when the hero seizes a *crow* (this is a vulgar name for the instrument) to break into Juliet's tomb, the clamour was so great, that the drop fell to rise no more! Thus from bad taste, and spleen and envy, was one of the finest actors that had appeared on the English stage since the days of *Master Betty, damned* by the audience of a provincial town, to its eternal disgrace! Fortunately Mr. Coates had excellent nerves, and treated his critics with the contempt they merited, receiving the congratulations of the most respectable part of the spectators with a "modest assurance."

A few nights after this unexpected defeat, there was a private subscription-ball at the York House, of which I had the honour of being one of the managers, under the direction of four lady patronesses, who instructed me to invite Mr. Coates to this fête, in token of their high approbation of his merits. He accepted the invitation, and on my suggestion, appeared in the costume of Romeo. After supper he was prevailed on by the ladies to spout "bucks have at you all;" and mounted on the table, among the glasses and decanters, "and other sweetmeats," he recited this

beautiful speech in the most admirable manner, and I need hardly add, with the greatest applause.

This gentleman, it is well known, afterwards appeared on the London stage, and at many country theatres, never failing to bring brimful houses. "He has strutted and fretted his hour," and is "heard no more" as a public man. He has been some years married to a handsome woman, and divides his time between London and Brighton, and in occasional visits to the continent.

In the year 1778, when I was on the recruiting service at Cork, Mrs. Jordan, at that time Miss Philips, was brought down from Dublin by her friend Mr. Daly, the Smock-alley manager, who had introduced her on the stage the preceding year. She had met with great applause, especially in the farce of "the Romp;" and Heaphy, the manager of the Cork theatre, engaged her at twenty shillings per week,* along with her father, who was employed as a scene-shifter. The young lady was at this time in her seventeenth year, and though not a regular beauty, she was universally admired, and proved a great attraction. On this account the manager gave her a benefit, but

* A few years afterwards the York manager invited her to play six nights at 5*l.* a night, although he had previously refused to raise her salary to 5*l.* a week!

for want of patronage it proved a complete failure, the expenses of the house being more than her receipts. A party of young men, at the head of which was a Mr. Smith, a banker's clerk, were desirous that their favourite should have another benefit, and they called lustily for Heaphy to come on the stage, but he would not appear. The young Pats, however, were determined to carry their point, and being joined by the pit, they proceeded to tear up the benches, and to attack the orchestra, who, to drown the clamour, had begun fiddling. This was alarming, and the acting-manager, O'Keefe, Heaphy's son-in-law, at length judged it prudent to make his appearance, when a spokesman delivered in an appropriate harangue the desire of the audience that Miss Philips should have a free benefit.

O'Keefe remonstrated, stating that the season had been unprofitable to the manager; but this excuse was not admitted, and he was compelled to yield to the wishes of the public—*alias* a score of wild bucks, of which I made one.

The benefit was fixed for an early evening, and our *debutante* had an audience that produced above 40*l.*, an immense sum in her eyes, we may easily suppose, as it was probably the first money she ever had. Her popularity increased before the season closed. Henderson had at this time an engagement in Cork, and I met him at a supper party, to which Miss Philips had also been invited.

This celebrated actor complimented her in the most flattering manner on her talents, advising her to study her profession, and to assume a higher walk in comedy than playing romps, and her success, he said, would be certain. On her return to Dublin, her salary was raised to three guineas a week. I believe her first engagement in England some years afterwards was at York. Smith the actor, and then manager of Drury Lane theatre, saw her, and procured an engagement for her in town, where she speedily rose into fame.

This was Mr. Henderson's first appearance in Cork. Mr. Heaphy gave him a liberal salary, for which he was well rewarded, the house being crammed every night Henderson acted. Mrs. Crawford, the heroine, was no less admired. Jack Johnstone also at this time made his *debut*, and became a great favourite, especially with the gallery. Henderson had a short time before married a city lady, Miss Figgins, with whom he got a considerable sum of money. She had a brother, a captain in the sixty-seventh regiment, quartered at this time in the barracks, a first-rate dandy, who wore his hair in curls *à la pigeon*, powdered with *marechal*; Malines lace dyed in coffee grounds, and large buckles that covered the instep! When this prince of coxcombs found that his sister had accompanied her husband, he procured leave of absence; so much was his pride hurt, by her having degraded the

high blood of the Figgins's by marrying an actor!

The citizens of Cork had better taste: they *fêted* Henderson every where. I had the good fortune to be invited to meet him several times, and to hear him recite comic scenes in these private parties.

CHAPTER XV.

Return to Scotland—Banff Castle—Sporting society—Appointed to the staff—Lord Montgomery's indisposition—Sketch of a veteran—The drummer—"He would be a soldier"—The soldier's retreat—Merit rewarded—Shetland—The memorial—The Duke of York—The narrative—The college chum—Captain Fiddes—The debutant—Patronage—Expectation—A bold visit—A promising prospect—Caricatures—Employment—Promotion—A dram drinker—The confession—The effects of drunkenness—A singular character—Fishing Jack—A musical dilettante—The enraged musician—The discovery—Jack Lyttleton—Sir E. Lyttleton—Jack's death.

THE convivialities and dissipations of a London life as a bachelor, although they neither agreed with my purse, nor my constitution, were, I am ashamed to confess, quite suited to my taste; but now that I had again become a family man, I speedily abandoned my clubs and tavern parties. It is not, however, easy to escape expensive society, except by withdrawing from it altogether, and as we found our disbursements beyond our means, I disposed of the lease of our house in Sloane Street, with an intention of pitching our tent in the country.

At this time my brother, who had the Living of

Banff, informed me that the old house of "Banff Castle," as it is called, having been formerly a royal residence, was to be hired for the taxes and about 45*l.* a year. We removed thither, and although a *château* was too large for such an establishment as mine, yet the rent being so moderate, and its being situated in the centre of my relations and old friends, I could not resist such temptations.

To a sportsman, Banff Castle is one of the best stations in the kingdom; I not only had permission to shoot over an estate of five parishes in a ring fence full of game; but my noble landlord, the late Earl of Findlater, allowed me to take out a deputation for a servant, and my groom being an excellent shot, my larder was always well filled. The kind attentions of the late, and especially of the present Duke of Gordon, of the late Lords Errol, Kintore, and Banff, and every gentleman in the neighbourhood, were highly flattering and agreeable, and made my residence for a period one of the most delightful of my long life. But alas! I found that this society also led me into expenses which I could not resist, and which were beyond my means, and my friend Lord Montgomery being appointed a brigadier-general, invited me to be his major of brigade at Colchester. By a new regulation, however, none but captains of the line could hold that situation; and I was placed on the recruiting staff in Warwickshire, where I remained two years; until my

friend, in consequence of a return of his complaint, was again advised by his physicians to pass the winter of 1807 in a southern climate.

I resigned my "blushing honours" and the society of the Birmingham button-makers to accompany his Lordship to Lisbon; but before I give any account of this trip, I must introduce a few reminiscences of Scotland; and shall begin with a very humble personage, though one of my earliest friends.

The first drum I ever heard beat was at a fair in our borough town of Cullen, when I was about seven years of age. I had often heard of a drum, and had one on a small scale, but I had an awful idea of a drum into which I might be crammed, and which I knew called soldiers together, and was always beat in battle.

As I walked with my old nurse to St. John's fair at Christmas tide, a few weeks after I had been put into *breeches*, (for *nether garments* were not the dress of boys in my time, at so early an age as now,) I heard the sound of the big drum at a great distance, and was most impatient to see this grand instrument. When my curiosity was gratified, I had the satisfaction to find that the drum belonged to a recruiting party, the sergeant of which was my nurse's acquaintance, and also known to my mother; I was therefore presented to Mr Sergeant Steinson, who shook me by the hand, and I thought him the finest man I had ever

seen. He was in fact a stout, strapping fellow, carried his nose up in the air, and strutted like our turkey-cock; his laced hat being adorned with large bunches of streaming ribbons, and a soldier behind him, carrying fine colours with the king's arms on them, while the boy that beat the drum was not many inches taller than myself. I thought him a bold little fellow, that would not be afraid to go into a battle, and I was not sure that I would have as much courage, but I kept this thought to myself.

The sergeant stood at the cross, and after a terrible rolling of the drum, made a speech in a sort of language which I did not readily understand, but it was meant to be English. "He promised all the brave fellows who would follow him great riches, and that he would shew them a country where guineas were as rife as gooseberries," which he called *groserts*. I confess I did not believe all this, nor did any of his audience seem to do so; for though he repeated his promises at least a dozen times, he could not persuade an individual even to drink the king's health, so afraid were the country fellows of being entrapped as soldiers.

Being anxious to beat on the big drum, when the sergeant and his party went into a tent, I offered a piece of my gingerbread to the drummer to let me thump his parchment, which he readily consented to; and when I had made a noise for

several minutes, to the great annoyance of my auditors, Mr Sergeant Steinson told me "that I was now a soldier, and that I must go with him." I was not intimidated at this, and said "that I must first get my listing money of a guinea and a crown to drink the king's health." I suppose he was pleased at my spirit, for he put his hat on my head, and presented me with sixpence, which I immediately exchanged for *sweeties*,* giving him a share of my *fairing*, as well as the drummer. "Now," said he, "my bonny boy, you must have a cockade," and pulling out of his pocket a few yards of blue and white ribbon, soon pinned me up a little cockade, which he fastened in my cap, and I strutted down the street alongside of the drummer, with an erect head, and carrying a stick over my shoulder by way of a gun. I was so taken up with the soldiers, that my attendant had some difficulty to get me away from them to my dinner, at the house of a friend. The sergeant shook hands with me, saying, "he would come to Deskford to see me;" keeping up the joke, by desiring "me to be ready to march," but I was too cunning to believe this. However, a week or two after, Mr. Steinson *actually* came to the *manse*,† and when I saw him, my heart at first failed me, and I was for a few minutes undetermined whether I would not hide myself. This made such an impression on me,

* Sweetmeats. † The name of the clergyman's house.

that it continues to this day in my memory, and is my earliest recollection, except the event of my throwing off my petticoats. I soon made up my mind that I would *face* the good-natured sergeant, and sticking on my cockade, I marched into the parlour, where he was taking some refreshment. "Well," said he, "my little captain, are you ready to march?" I answered, "that I was, but I must get my mother's leave." He smiled, and desiring me to be a good boy, said he would call for me another time. "*C'est ne que le premier pas qui coûte:*" from that day I resolved I would be a soldier. When I took possession of Banff Castle, 28 years after this enlistment, I found my old friend Sergeant Steinson converted into a retired captain on his full-pay, and living in a small house within a mile of me. I had previously heard something of his history, for his father, a small farmer, had told me many years back, "that *Jock* was an *officher*, and in the *Wast Indies*." I lost no time in calling on my former acquaintance, who had been some time domesticated *en garçon*, at the dilapidated manse of Boyndie, which he had put into tolerable repair, and fitted up barrack fashion.

I found the veteran sitting in a small porch, (which he had planted with honeysuckles,) basking in an autumnal evening sun, and smoking his pipe. A pointer was lying at his feet, and a cat purring at his side. His costume was quite picturesque; an old regimental blue great coat had been

cut into a rump jacket, and a scarlet waistcoat was evidently the remains of his uniform, for it retained the button; a pair of ammunition trowsers, patched in various places, had also certainly done duty on the parade, and his bald pate, covered with a cavalry foraging cap, exhibited an admirable portrait of a retired veteran: he might have sat to Wilkie without altering a jot of his dress.

As I approached, he rose from his wicker arm-chair, and saluting me *à la militaire*, stood as erect as the halberd he had formerly carried. I had no occasion to pronounce my name, for he instantly recognised me, having repeatedly seen me, it appeared, and we cordially shook hands.

I had been shooting, and being both tired and thirsty, I begged to take a seat by him, and to quaff a jug of his "sma' ale;" but the captain insisted on my stepping into his best chamber, to which I was obliged to submit. The apartment, small, and low on the roof, was fitted up altogether in the barrack fashion. Over the chimney was a wretched print of the Duke of York, and facing it another of the same *school*, the effigies of General Wolfe: these were framed and glazed; but on the side-walls he had stuck up representations, in wooden cuts, of the storming of Bunker's Hill, the battle of Lexington, &c. &c. with a grand flaming view of the burning of the Spanish gun-boats by General Elliot. These ornamented a *sky-blue* painted wall, and were bordered with *scarlet* tape,

the work of his own hands. On each side of the chimney were *trophies of war*, composed of a bayonet, and a halberd, a fusee, and regimental sword, sash and gorget, and a pair of Highland pistols.

When I praised the arrangement of his *barrack*, as he called it, he observed—"It's all my own doing, Major—You see I have not forgot my *first* weapons, the *bayonet* and the *halberd*; some who have got on like me from the ranks, are ashamed of their origin, but I am *proud* of having carved out my own fortune." I applauded his candour, saying, "that he well earned what he had obtained by his long and faithful services, and that a good sergeant always made a good officer." He bowed to the compliment, and we sat down to a smoked haddock and a mug of brisk home-brewed, to which succeeded a bowl of *Glenlivet** whiskey and water. I put my friend in mind of his having *enlisted* me at Cullen nearly thirty years back, when I was seven years old. "Aye, Major," said he, "I mind that—ye was a fine *speereted callan*, and I tould your mamma that I was sure you would make a brave soldier. I was then in Colonel James Abercromby's company—a worthy man, Major, and but for him I never would have been an *officher*. Honest man, he was aye vary kind to me—He enlisted me in his father's regiment, the

* A Highland district celebrated for whiskey.

44th, afore I was seventeen, and I served in it thirty years." On my expressing a desire to hear his military exploits in America, where he had served during the whole of the war, he gratified me by a long-winded detail of his services, commencing at Bunker's Hill, and ending by his campaigns in Shetland.

"I have had the honour of serving his Majesty," said he, "in almost all capacities, from a *preevate* to command a company, and have been eighteen years a King's *officher*. The old general (the colonel's father, you know, Major,) recommended me, after the battle of Lexington, to an ensigncy, and I had the honour to carry the King's colours at our next affair, where I got a bullet in my leg. It was a business of out-posts, and a *yankee* shot me from a tree;—that was *their* way of fighting, Major, d—n them!—excuse me for swearing, but I hate these yankees, for many a brave man did they bring down behind a bush. My wound soon healed, and I was again on my legs, when the adjutancy became vacant, and I was appointed to succeed to it. I was now rich, Major, with double pay, and I began to save a little in case of a *rainy* day, on being put on half-pay, for the war could not last much longer, and we were getting the worst of it."

The detail of his further services and promotion to a company in a garrison battalion lasted three hours, during which we finished as many *bowlies* of

punch. At length he came to the grand climax, his being sent to Shetland with his company.

"I had the honour, Major," added our hero, "of commanding the troops in the island, and I should have been satisfied with the country in spite of its climate, had there been any *game* in it; but there's nothing but sea-*fool*, kittyweacks, tammy-toornies, gulls, scarts, and many other birds, but all fishy, Major—good practice, but won't do for the pot. I amused myself with gardening, and raised curly, and lang kail, and Swedish turnips, under a south wall, and I actually produced gooseberries from some plants sent to me from a friend at Leith. I protected the bushes in winter with straw, though it was an expensive article; and the *third* year they flowered, but were nipped by a frost in July. The *fourth* season was more kindly, and I had berries enough to make a couple of pies, but I could na' get them to ripen. I kept a cow the first two years, but found she cost too much, being obliged to bring provender from the *continent*, for the milk of the *kye* fed on stock-fish, *tangles*,* and other sea-weed, tastes strong of the *fish*; so I imported oil-cake from Leith, and fed my beast up to *ten stone*, (one hundred and sixty pounds,) and she was declared to be the largest and fattest *coo* and the best beef that had been seen in the island for many a year.

* Tangles, large *fuci*.

"Shetland, Major, is a dullish sitivation," (the captain's pronunciation was a curious *mélange* of English and cockneyism intermixed with his mother-tongue,) "for a stranger is 'a nine-day's wonder;' and if he brings a few newspapers, he is caressed by all who can read, but months pass without an arrival from the continent, though it cannot be denied that the whale-ships from Greenland enliven us a little now and then. In winter we are all darkness, and the short summer hardly comes before it is gone; to be sure we have a *double* allowance of *sun* during this time, for it only goes down for a few hours, and is not so hot as in *Jamaica!*

"After a residence of ten years in this settlement, which many people would have thought a banishment, (but I never was a growler,) I began to tire of the place, and to find out that the climate did not agree well with a rheumatism, which I suppose I had contracted by lying out in the swamps in America; besides, though I was yet gay and *swack*,* I was waxing oldish, (sixty-seven last yule, Major,) and had a great desire to retire from the service, and to *sattle* in my native country after fifty years *hardish* work.

"With the assistance of a friend, the collector of the customs, I drew up a memorial of my long service to King George, which I addressed to his son the *Dook* of York at the Horse-*Gaards*, and

* *Swack*, active-nimble.

transmitted it to my correspondent at Leith, a grocer, who had a brother in the same line at Wapping—I dare say ye may have been in Wapping, Major, but take off your heel-*top*, and we'el replenish the bowlie;—lassie, mair water, and anither haddock. So, as I was saying—whareabeut's was I, Major?—noo, I remember; I got my memorial sent by a *preevate* hand to Mr. Mackiver, wha doobtless lost nae time to forward it to the Horse-*Gaards*, but I waited more than eight months without a *respaunse*. Noo, thinks I, there must be some *mistaak*, for a' the waurld says that if the *Dook* dis na' *graunt* a *faavour*, he aye sinds a ceevil refusal. Sae I mentioned my preceedings to the captain of a *vassal* bound for Leith, who offered to be the bearer of any other petition, but advising me to desire my friend there just to forward it by the post to his Royal Highness like any other letter. Weel, Major,—(but lat's take a glass to your lady, a fine woman; I saw her at the kirk in the minister's pew,)—what do you think was the upshot? Afore *sax* months *expeered*, arrives the packet, and in her a letter for me, as large as an *ermy* list, wi' a *brade* seal, of *reed waax*, and the royal arms on't. To tell ye truth, Major, I was more feart to braak the waax, nor to storm a redoubt; for I kent weel that my *fortun depanded* on the *contaunts;* sae I got a sheers, and clipp'd the bonny airms aff clean. Ye shall see the kindness of his Royal Heeness;—but lat's first take off our heel-*tops*,"—and getting with some

difficulty on his legs, he produced from a bureau the identical manuscript, locked in a box.—"Noo, Major—(hiccup!)—read that, for I hae nae got my spectacles; seeing's believing." It was a highly flattering testimonial of the old soldier's service; in consideration of which his Royal Highness had been graciously pleased to permit Captain Steinson, of the 8th gar. battalion, to retire on the full pay of *ten shillings* and *sixpence* per day, to take place from the 24th day of April next, 1801, together with the further allowance of twenty pounds in lieu of the expenses of his passage from the island to Leith per packet. After the perusal of this precious document, a fresh *bowly* made its appearance, accompanied by a couple of ale glasses. "I aye drink the Dook's health," said he, "out of these *bickers*, and on my legs," —but in this last attempt he could not preserve his equilibrium, and down he tumbled on the floor, bringing with him the table! I fortunately saved the *bowly* and my glass, which I had ready charged. The damage was not great, and with the assistance of the housekeeper, a strong country wench, the captain was replaced in his chair; and when he found that his favourite china bowl was saved, as well as part of its contents, the health was drank in a fresh glass of the same calibre. "Will ye be kind enough, Major," rejoined the captain, when he was fairly seated and *rubbed* down, "to read

oot the *Dook's* letter, for I have na lookit at it for six months, the mair's my shame."

I read with a sonorous voice, and all the solemnity which the document required, the compliments of his Royal Highness, (taking a glance occasionally at the old fellow's face,) and saw the tear of joy and gratitude streaming over his cheeks! He was *greeting fou* into the bargain, and had quite relapsed into the original sin of his native idiom; so when I had finished, he wiped his eye, and replenishing his glass said, "we maun drink to auld King George, Major, God bless him—I *daunt* merit his royal bounty, for I am too auld to take the field again, but lat me see the lang-nibbed French vagabounds shaw themselves on our shores, and I'll shaw them I can yet handle brown Bess, and gi' them a *skelter*, auld as I am."

After complimenting my host on the good fortune which he so well merited, and had earned so hard, I got up to move off, but to this he would by no means consent. "I never pairt so soon wi' a freend," said he, "and so auld a one as you, Major, wha has done me the honor to call in a freendly way—We maun just hae an *eek*;* the stirrup-cup as they say in the heelands." There was no resisting this invitation, and I got permis-

* *Eek or eke*—an addition.

sion to make the mixture, which I took care to amalgamate copiously with water, and had the *dénouement* of his tale. Though it was not very comprehensible, his *patois* being more than usually obscure, from the potations he had swallowed, I made out, however, that he had gathered together, by his economies at Shetland, and by his earlier savings, about 1200*l.* and being fond of shooting, he had settled near his old home, (where game was abundant,) and hired the minister's condemned manse already mentioned, in which he was living; and when he had finished the necessary repairs, purchased his pointers, and made himself comfortable, he received a notification from Lord Findlater's factor, "that he could not be permitted to sport in future over his lordship's manors in the *Boyne*," which comprehended all the farms within reach of the poor captain, so that he was completely *hors de combat*. This was the more irksome, being quite unexpected, as he had become the Earl's tenant, expressly on condition that he was to have permission to shoot *partout*, and now he found that this compact was infringed on by the insidious manœuvres of the Earl of——— who had persuaded the noble lord to withdraw leave from every one to shoot within a certain number of miles of ——— house, under pretence that the pheasants bred in his park having strayed to Lord Findlater's manors, had become the prey of all persons sporting thereon.

It was in vain that Captain Steinson remonstrated, "declaring, on his *parolé d'honneur*, that he never fired at a pheasant, that he protected the game in his own neighbourhood by keeping off poachers, and feeding partridges, &c." The *fiat* had gone forth, and the old soldier, who had no resource but shooting to give him exercise, could now only walk out with his dogs to give them an airing. I can hardly conceive anything more galling to an isolated old soldier, who had served his country honorably for half a century, than such an order, subjecting him to the caprice of a selfish and obstinate peer, whom providence had permitted to exist too long for the comfort of his neighbours and his heirs.

I remained but a short time at Banff Castle, after Steinson had settled near it. He lived but a few years after my departure, and I have no doubt but his days were shortened by chagrin and want of exercise; for having no means of amusing himself at home, he visited the neighbouring farmers, and dipped too deep in the mountain dew.

Among my college companions, though my senior by two or three years, was Mr. James Fiddes, the son of a dyer in Aberdeen, a respectable man. Jamie, as he was generally called, though extremely eccentric, was a general favourite. His countenance was very remarkable: never was seen so *bizarre* a face. Though he has been dead twenty years, I could at this moment

sketch his profile :—a large round head, flattened a little on the top, with pendant ears; small, twinkling, but expressive, intelligent eyes, and a nose which looked as if it had been crushed in its infancy, turning up like the *cat-head* of a *Dutch dogger*, or the head of a bass fiddle, with thin and sandy hair bordering on the carotty :—such was Jamie Fiddes at eighteen. His manner of moving, or walking, dancing, skaiting, or any other sort of exercise, was quite *unique;* a sort of *buffo caricato*, which he seemed to be proud of, and he always joined in the laugh at his own awkwardness, and at the oddity of his face. He gave a proof of this on one occasion. A foreign vessel was stranded on the sands between the old and new towns, and the whole of the students set off *en masse* to see the melancholy event, for half the crew had been drowned. A large tent had been erected with the sails, as a temporary covering for those who had been saved, and a great fire of spars in the middle, round which the poor half drowned *Danes* were reposing, some asleep, and others smoking. Fiddes had observed a piece of burning wood close to a sailor's feet, who was fast in the arms of Morpheus; he took the liberty of rousing him, and to tell him of his danger. Jack started on his *beam ends*, and after rubbing his eyes, and surveying the person who had thus disturbed him, very earnestly for a minute, ex-

claimed in English, (for he was a John Bull,) "well, split my top-sails but you are a queer one. I have been in the East Indies, in the West Indies, and America, and *gib* north and south, but damn my eyes if ever I saw such a face!—why, it puts me for all the world in mind of the heel of a darned stocking!" (for poor Jamie had been severely handled by the small-pox). This soliloquy, uttered with the greatest gravity, produced a roar of laughter in which Fiddes heartily joined, and he rewarded the speaker with sixpence (the contents of his pocket) to buy tobacco. This anecdote he never failed to tell, from that time to the day of his death, whenever his *beauty* became the subject of conversation, which he himself generally introduced; he had a dry and sarcastic, though perfectly good-natured humour, which added much to the effect of his jokes.

The year I left college, my friend took his degree, and I saw no more of him for many years; but during the session of five months, I profited by his kindness. He was an excellent flute-player, sketched landscape and figures with great taste, and in both these studies he gave me lessons.

Some seven years after we parted, on my return from the West Indies, I saw Jamie's name gazetted as a second lieutenant of engineers, and I learned from my brother that he was a favourite

of the master-general of the ordnance, who had employed him in draining Romney Marsh, and for this important service had made him an engineer. About the commencement of the French Revolution, I had the good fortune to be dining at a coffee-house in London, when my old friend walked in. It was impossible to forget his extraordinary countenance, and I was on no ceremony to introduce myself to him. The meeting was very agreeable to both, and he joined our party. We recounted our juvenile exploits, and Jamie did not fail to give us the story of the sailor with his wonted drollery and in the very purest Aberdeenshire accent, which, notwithstanding his fine musical ear, he had thoroughly retained.

In the evening we adjourned to the Cider Cellar, when he recounted his history over a *go* of Hollands. I shall give the detail as nearly in his own words as I can recollect.

"Having some turn for drawing, as you may remember," said he, "I was recommended to study land-surveying, for which a good opportunity offered at the time, and I became the pupil of a clever Englishman, whom Lord Findlater had brought to Cullen House to survey his estates. Under him I served a regular apprenticeship, and he flattered me by saying that I was at the end of three years qualified to serve in the corps of engineers, which he thought a better profession

than measuring land in Scotland. I took his advice, went to Edinburgh, and applied myself to fortification. I could already handle the pentagraph, and I soon acquired a competent insight into military operations; at least so I thought. My father had spent all his means in maintaining me for many years, and I resolved I would be no longer a burthen on him, but try my fortune in the south. Lord Adam Gordon represented the neighbouring county of Kincardine, in which my father had a little influence; and application being made to his Lordship, I obtained a letter from him recommending me to the notice of Lord Townsend, the master-general of the Ordnance. I set out forthwith for the great city in a smack, supercargo to a *kit* of *salmon*, as a present to a relation, a tailor in the Scots' barracks, (Suffolk street,) who lodged me.

"My apparel was not of the first order, and my *cousin* gave me many broad hints, 'that I would not be admitted into the presence of the *great man* in such a costume:' but I judged it imprudent to lay out my small funds on fine dress, until I saw the *upshot* of my application. I therefore set out for his Lordship's house, provided with my credentials, a roll of drawings in one pocket, and my German flute in the other; for as I rather piqued myself in my proficiency as a performer on that instrument, I thought my Lord might like

music, and thereby my views might be forwarded, a presentment which proved true, as you shall hear.

"I rang the bell gently with fear and trembling, and after waiting five minutes, the door was slowly opened by an old fellow, who, the moment he surveyed my *pretty face*, was about to shut it again, when I told him 'I had a letter for his Lordship.' He replied gruffly, 'that my Lord was not at home at such an hour,' (it was about eleven o'clock,) at the same time pushing me into the street.

"Thus discomfited, and indignant at the insolence of the old rascal, I returned to my quarters, half resolved that I would abandon the pursuit of the great. My landlord, however, soothed me by saying, 'that I must not be dispirited at such a rebuff,' adding that he had prophesied I should not gain admittance in my shabby country clothes. 'Besides,' said he, 'you ought, instead of ringing the bell as a servant, have made a thundering noise with the rapper, and have *tipt* the porter half-a-crown at least.' I began to think the tailor was in the right, and that a new *stand* of clothes would improve my appearance; but as to my *face* I could make nothing more of it—I had been at the expense of a barber to frizz my sandy locks, and to powder and curl them according to the fashion of 1785; yet, between ourselves, I did not

much think that my *beauty* was improved by this toilet.

"My cousin undertook to make me a new suit in four-and-twenty hours, and as I had an old crown-piece, the gift of my aunt, I determined to make a sacrifice of this family medal to the sulky *Cerberus*, if he would admit me to his Lordship's presence. When the suit was ready, I got into a hackney-coach, (it was raining,) and I was put down at the nobleman's gate once more. Jarvie did not spare the brass knocker. The summons was instantly attended to, and in I stepped with an air of consequence, with my letter in one hand, and my broad piece in the other. I held out the former, saying, as I had been instructed by my cousin, 'that if I could have the honour of seeing his Lordship, I would make him master of the money.' I think the old rascal did not recognise me, though mine is not a face to forget; for he said with a *grin*, and pocketing the cash, with a low bow, 'that if I would walk into an anti-room, he would send up my card,' on which was written, 'Mr. Fiddes, with a letter from Lord A. Gordon.'

"A fellow in livery shewed me into an adjoining room, hung with maps and drawings of fortifications, without a fire, though the thermometer was 6°. below the freezing point. I had plenty of time to study the ornaments on the walls, for after

kicking my heels an hour and a half, I became quite impatient, and was about to apply to the porter to know if there was any chance of my seeing his Lordship soon, when I heard in an adjoining room the sound of a *pianoforte*. I listened and peeped through the keyhole, but saw nothing. I gently opened the door, and beheld a lady sitting at the instrument, with her back to me. She was playing a lesson of Haydn's, the accompaniment of which I knew well; and it immediately came into my head that if I was permitted to take my flute, I might get a sight of miss's father, for I concluded she must be one of the family.

"I advanced on tiptoe a yard or two, till I came opposite a large mirror, which reflecting my pretty phiz, I was espied by the lady, who, starting from her stool with a scream, demanded who I was? 'Madam,' said I, bending to the ground, 'do not be frightened; I am not a robber or a house-breaker, but I am sorry I have alarmed you by my imprudence. I have a letter to Lord Townsend from Lord A. Gordon, and having been shewn into the next room, where I have waited nearly two hours, I heard the sound of a piano, and being very fond of music, I ventured to open the door to listen to a lesson that I knew well—for which boldness, Madam, I humbly beg your pardon, and if you will permit me, I will play the accompaniment to you—I have a flute in my

pocket.' During this awkward explanation, I was happy to observe that the young damsel's fears had given way to a smile, which further emboldened me to pull out my flute, when she good-humouredly condescended to sit down again to the instrument, and to play my favourite lesson. You may believe I exerted myself to please, and after the first movement, she applauded me more than I merited. While we were in the middle of an *adagio*, his Lordship entered the apartment, to my great confusion. I knew not how to explain my intrusion, but the lady relieved my embarrassment by saying to her father, 'that the gentleman had some business with him, and had been kind enough to accompany her with his flute,' adding, 'that I was a first-rate player.' His Lordship stared at me with that sort of expression which one does on seeing some extraordinary animal or wild beast; and when his curiosity as to my *person* was satisfied, he said—'Pray, Sir, how came I to be favoured with your company?' But the question being uttered in a good-humoured way, as I thought, I put my letter into his hand and replied, 'that it would explain the liberty I had taken in waiting on his Lordship,' and was beginning to apologise for my intrusion on the young lady, when a significant look from her put a stop to further explanation.

"When he had perused my credentials, I pulled out my drawings, begging his Lordship would do

me the honour to look at them. While he was examining them, he seemed to regard my face more than the drawings, and smiling, and turning from one to the other, said, 'very good—quite original—an excellent subject, Mr. *Fiddler!*' I kept bowing as in duty bound, though I could not help thinking at the same time that my Lord's exclamations alluded more to my *face* than to my performances, and I afterwards found my conjecture was right.

"After a few queries as to my knowledge of engineering, I was dismissed; his Lordship graciously honouring me with an invitation to breakfast the following morning. As I quitted the vestibule, the porter made me a condescending reverence, and I strutted out with my *pug nose* in the air.

"The tailor took all the merit to himself of my good fortune in having got an audience of the great man. 'You see, Jamie,' said the familiar dog, 'what good clothes and a little bribery will do—money makes the mare go!'

"You may believe I was true to my appointment, and was ushered into the breakfast-room; where I found my good-natured friend, who had so kindly relieved me the preceding day, and now received me with a condescending smile. I blundered out my thanks, when she said—'I thought it was better that you should leave to me your being admitted to the private room; I made out

a plausible tale to my father, with which he is satisfied. I hope you have brought your flute, that he may hear you play, for he is passionately fond of music.' This was very encouraging, and we had a long dissertation on the merits of different composers, until his Lordship made his appearance.

"He was very gracious, and down we sat to breakfast. 'I have been more than once in Scotland,' said he, 'and join in the general praise given to the Scotch breakfasts. This meal is not understood in England; we have no marmalade, smoked salmon, and haddocks, or grouse pies, Mr. Fiddes; but we can get you cold meat if you like.' I thanked his Lordship, saying, 'I did not eat meat twice a day, but would do justice to the fine bread and butter.' He seemed to be amused with my accent, and took sly looks at me, laughing out at some of my remarks; for his good-nature had removed all my *mauvaise honte.*

"'Do you draw figures, Mr. Fiddes?' rejoined my host. 'I have tried to sketch a little, my Lord,' said I, 'but I cannot get beyond a head.' 'I am an amateur also in that way—a sort of caricaturist,' he replied; 'do you know Mr. Macdougal of Edinburgh? I was very successful in his portrait—I never saw a finer subject.' 'I have seen the gentleman,' said I, 'my Lord, and I believe it is doubtful whether *he* or *myself* is

the *ugliest*—perhaps your Lordship can decide.' This sally produced a burst of laughter and applause, in which the young lady joined; and he exclaimed as on a former occasion—'very good! admirable! quite original!' When he had in some measure composed his muscles, he observed, 'why, Mr. Fiddes, it is seldom that a man takes such liberties with his own face—yours is certainly a singular one; my friend, Mr. Mac, has the advantage of you as to the *size* of his *nose*, besides an obliquity of vision, which you want; on the whole, I think you will be more admired by the ladies—we will appeal to my daughter.' The poor girl blushed, saying, 'she was no judge of gentlemen's looks.' I tried to cut short all further remarks, by proposing to sit as a study to his Lordship. 'Another time,' said he, 'I will make your portrait; meanwhile I must think how I can serve you in your profession.' To this I made my acknowledgments, and took the liberty of adding, 'that I could not afford to live long in London.'—'Call here in three days at noon,' concluded the worthy peer, rising from the table, 'and I will see what is to be done for you.'

"At my next interview I found two engineer officers with the Master-General, to whom he presented me, saying 'that these gentlemen were directing certain operations in Romney Marsh,

and that I would be employed to assist them in surveying and measuring, and as soon as he had a report of my capacity, of which, however, he said, 'he had no doubt, I should receive pay according to my labours.' In the mean time he had given directions to advance me 20*l.* on account.

"I was about to make a speech, when his Lordship interrupted me, adding, 'get yourself ready to quit London immediately; go to Woolwich, and present yourself to this officer,' putting a card into my hand, 'and attend to his orders. I shall be glad to see you, when you have occasion to come to town.' So saying, I was bowed out.

"I remained at my post above twelve months, and had the satisfaction to find that my exertions merited the approbation of the chief engineer. During this period Lord T—— frequently visited the operations that were going on, when he never failed to recognise me in the most gracious manner. My pay was 7*s.* 6*d.* per day, and I found that the money which had been advanced to me was a gratuity from his Lordship's private purse. When my probation of a year had passed, I was ordered to London by his desire, and an hour appointed to wait on him. 'Fiddes,' said his Lordship, 'I am much pleased with the various reports I have had of your talents and industry, and I have in consequence recom-

mended you to His Majesty, for a second lieutenantcy in the corps of engineers, and you will appear in the next gazette.'

"What could I say to such kindness? I attempted to express my sense of his Lordship's goodness, but he stopped me, saying—'When you get your uniform, call on me,' and with a smile, added, 'I will take your portrait.'

"My kinsman soon rigged me out, and I paid my respects to my noble patron. I had hardly entered, when his Lordship surveying me at all points, as if I had been a recruit, said, 'Now, Fiddes, you are an *Apollo* compared to my friend Macdougal; you must dine with me to-morrow, when you will meet your colonel. Bring your flute, that we may have a little music in the evening.'

"This was an honour I did not look for, and of which you may believe I was not a little proud. There was a party of officers at this dinner, but the young lady did not appear till the evening. During the dessert, my Lord sent me some fruit, and on the plate was a paper, which on opening I found was my own *phiz*, admirably sketched with a pencil, and as far as I could judge, a perfect likeness. I could not help exclaiming in my broad dialect, the moment I saw my pretty face, 'Capital, my Lord, I think it is a *faac-simile!*' All were anxious to see the performance, the nature of which they probably expected, from his Lordship's well-

known talents as a caricaturist; and I was going to hand it to my next neighbour, when he said, 'No, no, send it back—that is between you and me.' I however entreated that my *portrait* might be exhibited, as I was proud of the honour that had been done me; and it made the circle of the table, meeting as you may believe with general approbation, and a burst of laughter, in which I joined. My good-humour brought a compliment from our host, who honoured me by proposing my health and success. I got up and made an appropriate speech, which, probably from my outlandish accent, was highly applauded. The dinner passed with great hilarity; there was music in the evening, so that I was the *Lion* of the day. Lord T—— continues his kindness and good offices towards me, and I am daily expecting promotion."

Such was my friend's history, which he concluded by observing, "that he owed his good fortune to his ugly phiz and his German flute."

I had frequent opportunities of meeting him in town, and in the year 1789, when I went on the expedition to the West Indies, called the Spanish armament, I found him at Barbadoes, a captain and chief engineer. His appearance was not improved by a residence in a tropical climate, and I observed with regret, from certain indications of his face, (*mosaicked* with *pimples*,) that he had become a *grog-drinker*. He had been some years in

the island, and had acquired great reputation as an engineer, but the habits of the country had made him a *sot;* from Sangaree he had taken to punch, and destroyed the coats of his stomach, which he was now *repairing* with *alcohol*—this I learned from a mutual friend.

The following year he was recalled, being no longer capable of his important duties, the disease having as usual increased. His friend Lord T. still continued master-general, and though displeased with the reports he had received of his habits, hoped he might reform, and he was still employed; but all the promises he had made to his kind patron, and his resolutions of amendment, were in vain; he became daily more addicted to the bottle, till at length his nerves gave way, and he could no longer be entrusted with any duties. Still his amiable friend would not desert him, and he was sent down to Fort George, where there was little to do; habitual drunkenness, however, compelled the lieutenant-governor to report him as altogether unworthy of his situation, and all that the master-general could now do, was to place his old favourite on the retired list, with ten shillings a day. On this, had his habits been sober, he might have lived comfortably; and he gave a glimpse of reform by taking a cottage with a large garden, within five minutes' walk of Aberdeen. By the advice of his old friends, he converted his garden into a miniature fortification, with walls

and a ditch, &c. He procured such models as were necessary to exhibit to pupils the art of attack and defence.

In this plan he was greatly encouraged, and for a year or two had many *élèves* from the colleges. But alas! the *yellow-filly*, as he called brandy, paralysed all his plans; he was seldom sober enough to read his lectures, or to instruct his pupils, and his class fell off by degrees, till it was completely deserted. It is singular that he had occasionally *lucid* intervals, and would keep himself, though not sober, yet capable of ordinary occupations. My particular friend, Mr. Garden of Troup, had been long meditating to fortify a neck of land near his house in Banffshire, which was thought accessible to an enemy landing, in case of invasion.

I recommended Mr. G. to employ Fiddes as his engineer, giving him my opinion how he ought to be *treated* as to his *diet-drink*. My plan was adopted: the engineer accepted the invitation, superintended and directed the operations for several months, and completed a most scientific and beautiful little fortress, embracing every inch of the ground. I know not if *Fort Fiddes* still exists, but an engineer officer, who inspected it, told me that it would have done credit to the most able engineer in the kingdom.

On poor Jamie's return to Aberdeen, his habits, as might be expected, were renewed, and he probably made up for his lost time; for when I saw

him a few months after, I observed a considerable change for the worse in his appearance. I found him at noon in his flannel *robe-de-chambre*, though it was the dog-days. I wished to consult the captain about equipping my eldest son, for whom I had lately obtained a cadetship in the artillery.

"Pray," said I, "my friend," after telling him of my good fortune, "how many shirts ought a cadet to have?"—"A cadet with shirts!" replied he, "that is very good! I have been twenty-five years an engineer, and the d—l a shirt have I;" opening at the same time his gown, and exhibiting himself, in *puris naturalibus!*

We talked of Fort Fiddes, which gave me an opportunity of insinuating, that he had not, I feared, "continued the sobriety he had practised at Troup." "I am too far gone," replied the poor sot, "to stick to such a regimen,"—a confession that few drunkards will make.—"Tell me," I rejoined, "Jamie, why you take such poison, when you know its effects:—is it the taste of the spirits that gratifies you, or does it serve to stimulate your stomach?" He looked at me with a ghastly smile, and replied, "That is not a fair question to put to an unfortunate man, and I know not that I would answer any other but yourself. I will make you my *father confessor* for once, but never come on the subject again with me. I tell you that spirits are as necessary for my existence, as the air I breathe. I cannot sleep without a bottle at

least; when I awake in the morning, generally at an early hour, I feel all the horrors of the damned. My servant always leaves a large glass of whiskey or gin, (for brandy I cannot now afford,) and I sometimes have hardly the power to reach out my hand to swallow it; it acts as an opiate, and sets me to sleep again. At seven or eight o'clock I generally again awake, and ring the bell, the well-known signal for a repetition of the dose, which the old woman fills out for me, for I dare not trust myself with the bottle. In another hour I get up, and dress myself without assistance; sometimes I can eat a Finnan haddock, or a broiled bone, after I have taken a cup of tea with a glass of *rum* in it, which I call my *doctor*. Between this hour and dinner, I swallow a couple of glasses more of whiskey, which stimulates my appetite. After my meal, I manage to finish the other half-bottle before 10'clock, when I have just physical power enough to undress myself and tumble to bed, and I care nothing for the quality of the liquor, so long as it acts as a sedative to my nerves. If I was to look out of a window before I had taken my usual dose, I should certainly be inclined to throw myself out of it, nor would I like to encounter a razor, for fear of being induced to cut my throat. Now I have made a full confession of my infirmities, which are beyond remedy, and will be a warning to you not to follow my example. Till I went to the infernal

West Indies, I was as sober as any one; it was there that I destroyed my stomach by indulging in the vile liquors of that country, by which I lost my health, and was obliged to quit my profession."

I reasoned in vain with the poor man, to make an attempt to get rid of his bad habits, by daily diminishing in small quantities his *poison*, and gave him more than one example of its success. He promised he would make the attempt, but I was sorry to learn that he increased his usual quantum, till at length he became bedridden. The Duke of Gordon, (then Marquis of Huntly,) was most kind to him, as well as his friend the amiable Mr. Garden of Troup. His income did not meet his expenditure, he had got into debt, and could not even pay his apothecary's bill; but his Grace and Troup relieved him from these embarrassments, and were at the expense of his funeral. He died about the year 1806, worn to a skeleton, and an awful example of the effects of drinking ardent spirits. In this instance it destroyed a talented and honourable man, who would otherwise have been an honour to his profession.

* * * * *

Doctor Johnson said—"that no man thinks of anything so much as his dinner." Certainly the pleasures of the table are our great considerations, and many sacrifice all the other *agrémens* of life to eating and drinking. I asked a rich friend one

day why he did not keep a carriage for his wife? "Sir," said he, "I would rather grease the guts of four honest fellows than any four wheels."

This sentiment proceeded from hospitality, for he was no *gourmand*. My friend Jack Smith was a character. Thirty-five years ago, this gentleman making the tour of Scotland, came to Aberdeen, which being situated between two fine rivers, the Dee and the Don, he thought he could pursue with advantage his favourite amusement of fishing (being a second Isaac Walton). On enquiry, he found that the Scots were not fastidious in permitting sportsmen to angle in their waters; he took a house at the *Alton*, Aberdeen, for six months, and pursued his piscatorial amusement with perseverance and success.

Jack was charmed with his station, and though he had no letters of introduction to the inhabitants of the good town of Aberdeen, he had ample letters of credit at the bank, the best passport to society. It was evident that he was a man of consideration and education; his manners, though rather *blunt*, being extremely agreeable, and his information extensive. Music was his chief domestic resource: he was a scraper of catgut, and *thumped* the harpsicord *con strepito*. The ancient composers, Handel, Corelli, Geminiani, and Bach, were his favourite masters; and he travelled with all their works in score. He held the modern school in great contempt, and would not permit a

pianoforte in his house; he considered it "a pitiful instrument, only fit to amuse children*—a mahogany packing-case with strings."

After an experiment of six months, he was so much pleased with his station in the Alton, and with the society of a few friends with whom he

* I once played an innocent and successful *hoax* on my good-natured friend's musical enthusiasm, with which the reader may be amused.

I happened one day to observe in the window of a London picture-dealer an old head, extremely well painted, which bore a most remarkable likeness to *Jack*, whose features were marked and intelligent. I obtained the portrait for a trifle, and I contrived with the aid of the vender to get painted on the corner, Ritratto del Famoso—FRANC: GEMINIANI, dipinto a *Milano*, A. D. 1750. par *A. ROSSI.* The name was so well executed, that when the head was varnished, it would have been difficult to detect the imposition. Knowing that *Jack* considered this composer as only second to Handel, I sent it to him on my return to Aberdeen, adding, that "I was sure he would value it, and the more especially as the few, to whom I had shewn it, considered it as a remarkable likeness of himself, and that it was this resemblance which first attracted my notice."

Though my friend was no connoisseur, he was charmed with my gift, and so far as he could judge, acknowledged the likeness, being proud of resembling so great a man. Mrs. S—— thought it "too old," a fault which ladies often have with their husbands. The portrait was superbly framed, and placed over the mantel-piece, where it was universally admired; and by many (who were not in the secret) supposed to be Jack's own visage.

I did not let my trick out till after his death, when I got more *credit* for it than it deserved.

had got acquainted, that he took a lease of his domicile, hired a first-rate cook, and kept a most hospitable table.

No one could tell from what part of England he came, though enquiries were made by the gossips. He drew largely on Messrs Drummond, paid his bills regularly every month, and disbursed in his establishment not less than 3,000*l.* a year. Though of temperate and sober habits himself, he delighted to bring to his table the *bon vivants;* and Champagne and Bourdeaux circulated freely. My noble friend, the Marquis of Huntly—who has so long been "the grace and ornament" of the festive board—then a jovial youth of twenty-five—sometimes did us the honour to assist on these occasions, and *I* often acted as *croupier.*

Mrs. Smith (a little fat and comely dame, twenty years younger than her husband) gave little *soirées* and *hops,* and Jack, having *drilled* a few Aberdeen fiddlers to perform the symphonies and overtures of his favourite composers, he collected all the amateurs of the city and neighbourhood to his concerts.

The leader, more in the habit of executing the music of Neil Gow than of Handel, generally excited Jack's indignation by *drowning* the orchestra with his *harsh bow.* One evening a diverting scene occurred. The band had been drilled to play a quintetto in which there were several *obligato* passages for the *tenor.* He had given especial orders to attend to the Fs

and Ps. "Music," said our *Apollo* to his colleagues, "is intolerable, if it is not 'ben sostenuto'"—a phrase which these gentlemen had never before heard, and unfortunately his maxims were not attended to; for the *primo violino*, (having probably imbibed too much of the "mountain dew,") instead of letting Jack's *solo* passages be *heard*, bowed away as if he had been playing to a country bumpkin. It was in vain that our *amateur* cried "*piano*" (sotto voce): the more *forte* were the accompaniments. At last he lost all his usual good temper, and launching a huge volume of Corelli at the sconce of the unfortunate fiddler, laid him, *straff** and all, prostrate. What an admirable representation of Hogarth's "enraged musician!"

The ladies screamed, and *Mrs. Jack* fainted; but it was happily found that the scraper of catgut had received no personal damage, for he suddenly jumped up, making a precipitate retreat. The hostess recovered by the usual remedies; her spouse made an apology and a speech to the company for this breach of decorum; the fiddler was appeased by a double fee, and harmony restored, the concert being converted into a reel. Jack fished on, as long as he could see a salmon rise, and continued his hospitalities in the Alton for a period of twenty years, universally respected. The poor were fed and clothed, and

* The Scots name for a fiddle.

his charities were liberal and unostentatious. At length, when he had arrived at a goodly age, his affairs called him to England, and his death soon followed his departure.

Doctor Dauney, who had always been his *homme d'affaires*, received this notice from Sir Edward Lyttleton, Bart., of Staffordshire, a wealthy squire. This gentleman, it appeared, was the elder brother of the *pretended Jack Smith*, who made him his heir and residuary legatee. It was afterwards understood that this singular man, in consequence of some family difference, sold his estates, and converted their amount into canal shares, amounting to 3000*l.* a year. It was insinuated that the lady who had assumed his name was not legally entitled to that honour, and that this circumstance had occasioned his emigration from his *natale solum;* be this as it may, she always conducted herself with perfect decorum, and was kind to her poor neighbours. Her chief failings were over-rouging and swallowing opium, under pretence of a disordered stomach, a disease which she brought on by indolence and late hours.

A few years after my worthy friend *Jack's* death, I happened to be at a race ball at Lichfield, when I observed an elderly gentleman, such a perfect *fac-simile* of my old crony, that if I had not known of his demise, I would have taken him by the hand. On enquiry I found him to be the *baronet*, and I asked the master of the ceremonies

to introduce me. I was equally struck with his similarity to his brother in *voice* and *tournure*.

I mentioned my great intimacy with him, and my respect, detailing his worth and popularity in the North. "Aye," said he, "Jack was as good-hearted a fellow and as warm a friend as ever existed. I wanted him to marry, but unfortunately he had formed an attachment to a girl of mean birth. On this subject I lectured him, in which I was in the wrong, for I ought to have known that Jack was not to be controuled, and we parted in anger. It was some time after his departure from Staffordshire, before I could find out whither he had gone, but he was traced at his banker's, and we learned that he had settled in the North with his *chere amie*, and was enjoying his favourite amusement. I wrote to him, making every *amende* in my power, but my advances to a reconciliation were fruitless. During his long residence at Aberdeen, he corresponded with none of his family, and it was only through his agent that we occasionally heard of his existence. At length about a year before his death, I received a short letter from him, to say that he intended to pay me a visit, not doubting of a kind reception; for though we had separated in anger, yet he was sure of my brotherly affection, even after an absence of twenty years. In this he was right. Poor Jack made his appearance at —— Hall,

and we cordially embraced. He recounted his adventures, if the quiet and regular life he had led might be so called. I observed with concern that he was daily declining, but he never complained; and though he submitted to take medical advice, he paid no attention to the doctor's prescriptions. His appetite failed, and he became so feeble, that he could no longer take exercise. After being confined to his bed for ten days, he died without a struggle. He had made his will, and left every thing to me, excepting an annuity to an old and faithful domestic. There was no provision for the person who had lived so long with him, which I thought very extraordinary, she having behaved to him, as I had reason to believe, with kind attention, and conducted herself with decorum, of which his agent at Aberdeen had informed me. On rummaging among his papers, however, I found an unfinished letter to me, recommending the lady to my protection. I regretted that he should have saddled me with so unpleasant an office, but I made what I considered a suitable settlement on her, though I hear that she is dissatisfied."

The above Sir Edward communicated to me with great candour in a long conversation, which he ended by inviting me to pass a few days with him at his residence in the neighbourhood. "I shall rejoice," he added, "to receive an old friend of poor *Jack's*—I never could find out for what

reason he changed his name; and I confess I was not a little chagrined, when I found that he had sunk the honourable family name to adopt that of *Smith!*" The old fellow smiled, when I told him "that he was little known by *that*— as we generally called him '*Fishing Jack!*'"

CHAPTER XVI.

Miscellaneous reminiscences—The Comte D'Artois and the Duc D'Angoulême at Holyrood—Deskford—Antiquities—The Rev. James Lawtie, a "Jonathan Oldbuck"—Lord Monboddo—An air-bath—Lord Kaimes—The Duchess of Gordon—An "Edie Ochiltree" fifty years ago—Geordie Raeburn.

In the spring of 1796, as I have already mentioned, Monsieur le Comte D'Artois (now Charles the Tenth) honoured Edinburgh with his presence, attended by a numerous retinue of emigrés, of both sexes. Holyrood House was fitted up for the reception of the royal *cortège*, and His Royal Highness was received with all the honours due to his rank. His son, the Duke D'Angoulême, was of the party.

The arrival of these august personages was announced by a discharge of artillery from the battery at Leith, and the commander of the forces, the amiable Lord Adam Gordon, with the whole staff of the garrison, went to meet them. I was at this time aide-de-camp to General Drummond of Strath-

allan, and we headed the cavalcade, the adjutant and quarter-master-general with his Lordship's staff bringing up the rear; his Excellency in his coach, painted black, with four long-tailed sable horses in the centre. Nothing could be more lugubrious than this procession. The Duchess of Athol, spouse to the noble Lord, had lately died, which was the cause of this sombre equipage.

Their Royal Highnesses occupied the coach, carriages having been provided for their retinue. A great crowd had assembled, especially on the north bridge, where there was a halt. I was sent to ascertain the cause, and found that a horse in a coal cart had dropped down and expired. So great was the crowd, that it was with difficulty this obstruction could be removed, and it was considered as a *bad omen* by the strangers.

At the palace we had the honour of being presented to the Princes by Lord Adam, his adjutant-general M'Kay acting as the *Sir Clement Cotterel.* Neither was very *au fait* in the French language, so that General Drummond, who had been bred in France during his father's exile, and who spoke French like a native, was called on to the duty of gentleman usher.

Our government having granted a certain allowance to *Monsieur,* and the commander of the forces being desirous of doing him all possible honours, a weekly levée was *got up,* under the auspices of his Lordship, who, in defiance of his

slender acquaintance with French, generally acted as master of the ceremonies. The mistakes which occurred at this modern court of Holyrood, were sometimes not a little ludicrous. One gentleman, on presenting an officer of a Highland regiment (now a *lord*) in his full costume, said, "*voila, mon Prince, Monsieur G— capitaine d'un regiment des Ecossais sauvages!*" The "voila" and the "sauvage" made His Royal Highness titter, and turning to General Drummond he asked for an explanation, who replied, "that *montagnard* and *sauvage* were synonymous." On another occasion, Lord —— was desirous of telling the Duke that the adjutant-general kept a good table, and said, "*Monsieur le Général tient une bonne boutique!*" which caused no small amusement.

The judges and lawyers, and all the respectable inhabitants of the metropolis, attended the levées, and brushed up their French. On these occasions, notwithstanding my imperfect knowledge of the language, I was found useful as an interpreter.

There was also a weekly dinner, at which I assisted *ex officio*. Until I had seen these Frenchmen, I thought the power of man was limited; one day a salmon three feet long, and certainly not less than 25lbs., was put down in the second course, and in a *trice* it disappeared.

These festivities were, however, of short duration. It was discovered that feeding so many

hungry wolves, and the expense of the establishment, far exceeded Monsieur's means, and at the end of three or four months both the levées and the dinners were discontinued, much to His Royal Highness's satisfaction; who was now left to repose, and the society of his friends and followers.

I had frequent opportunities of conversing with him: his manners were extremely affable, and at the same time dignified. I formed a great intimacy with one of his suite, an interesting and highly-educated young nobleman of high birth, who, being desirous to learn English, often came to breakfast with me to get a lesson, and his progress was astonishing; but this promising youth was called away to fight the battles of his friends in La Vendée, and fell in that heroic adventure.

I had the honour to attend the Duke D'Angoulême, when he made his *first* essay as a fox-hunter. Mr. Baird of Newbyth furnished His Royal Highness with a horse; the Caledonian hounds were at Haddington, and we went in a post-chaise to meet them. The weather was favourable, the scent high, and a fox was soon found. I recommended the young prince to follow Mr. B. as closely as he could, as he was acquainted with the country. He did so, and as all the gates had been previously opened, and the fox broke gallantly, there was a sharp run for ten minutes, when the hounds came to *fault*.

Laurie had stole away, or given them the *slip*, but I afterwards learned that, an earth which the huntsman thought reynard would try, had been left open on purpose; for the country beyond was enclosed, and Mr. B., who had the direction of the day's sport, did not wish that a descendant of Henry the Fourth should run the risk of breaking his neck. If this was true, nothing could have been better managed. The youth had a gallop of four miles, and was delighted with the sport. As he was engaged to dine with the Earl of Haddington, I took my leave, and returned to Edinburgh in the chaise.

At the next levée Monsieur thanked me for my attention to his son, who, he said, could now talk of nothing but the "*grande chasse au reynard!*"

DESKFORD—LORD MONBODDO, &c.

The small parish of Deskford, which gives the second title to the Earl of Findlater, lies south of the borough-town of Cullen three miles. The remains of a seat of the family still exist, and the ruins of a Roman Catholic chapel dedicated to St. John may be traced; to this chapel was attached a small nunnery, which served a few years ago as an asylum for several old women supported by the bounty of the noble family. Close to it is a magnificent ash-tree, perhaps the largest of its

species in the island, being twenty-seven feet in circumference, when measured a yard above the roots; but about thirty years ago its largest limb was torn away by a violent storm, and its beauty destroyed. The late earl was proud of this noble specimen of "vegetable decoration," and regretted that Dr. Johnson had not seen it when he visited Cullen. Its great growth is attributed to a spring which waters its roots, (St. John's well,) and to its sheltered situation. An old orchard belonging to the nunnery still contains a few apple, pear, and plum-trees, and many excellent red and black *geens*, (small cherries.)

The Rev. James Lawtie, the pastor of a neighbouring parish, a learned man and a great antiquary, imagined that *Diskford* or *Deskford* had been a Roman station; and pretended that he could trace an encampment as well as pavement, and that the parish owed its name to the Romans. As a rude pavement of large stones yet exists, leading from a bridge, certainly of high antiquity, the reverend antiquary decided Deskford to be a corruption of *Decius' fort* or *ford*, a suggestion worthy of Jonathan Oldbuck. My grandfather however, was an *Edie Ochiltree* on this subject, and remembered the *bigging* of the said *Appian way*, to improve a hill-road to the old bridge, which had previously been impassable in winter; but Lawtie contended, that the stones from their *form* were unquestionably Roman, and that the

ditch, which he called the *encampment*, was a proof, from its *shape*, of being also of the same date; though his opponent insinuated, "that it was nothing else than a *drain* to a part of the glebe-land, which his predecessor had improved." Lawtie wrote a long treatise to prove his assertions, and frequently conducted strangers to visit his encampment and Roman way. He had the good fortune at length to pick up a *true believer* in his theory.

The lord of session, (Burnet) Monboddo, who was as great an enthusiast as himself, being on one of his summer tours in search of certain *tumuli*, which he had heard of as being situated near Inverness, and which were considered as the boundary of the Roman incursions, in his way thither paid a visit to General Abercromby of Glassaugh, whose residence being in Lawtie's parish, the reverend gentleman was invited to meet the lord. I happened to be on a visit to my mother at this time, and also had the honour of being of the party. I stood high in the opinion of the parson, by pretending to be a convert to his theory of *Decius' ford*, and in having presented him with a few Roman copper coins.

The meeting of the antiquaries would have been worthy of the pen of Sir Walter Scott. I shall not attempt to describe it, but it afforded me great mirth, though I was obliged to conceal my laughter for fear of giving offence. The venerable

general, who had passed his eightieth year, presented his friend to Monboddo with great ceremony, and a learned discussion immediately took place. The parson gave way to the *tumuli*, and though he confessed he had never before heard of them, he could have no doubt, he said, of his Lordship's theory; adding, that it was his opinion, "that the several little mounts which were remaining in Morayshire were of Roman construction, though they were generally considered as Danish. In a neighbouring parish, my Lord," said he, "is one of these tumuli, which the ignorant call the work of fairies—such is their superstition; but I believe it to be Roman, for I have no doubt of a Roman colony having existed in this parish, and that its name is of Roman origin."—Here he had a fine opportunity of enlarging on his favourite doctrine, and detailed the Appian way and the encampment, to which his Lordship listened with greedy ears, and when he found that the antiquities were only three miles distant, it was arranged that they were to ride there the next day. These *worthies* reckoned between them 151 years, Monboddo being seventy-five, and the minister seventy-six.

They were both vigorous, although the latter was not capable of undergoing the fatigue of riding twenty or thirty miles a day, as Monboddo frequently did. The general was also a hale man for his age, and having invited his neighbour and

relation Sir Robert Abercromby (who was nearly of the same age) to meet Monboddo, perhaps such a *quartetto* of healthy and fine old gentlemen had seldom been seen in one company. It is well known that his Lordship had for many years been in the practice of taking every morning, summer and winter, an *air-bath*: viz. opening the windows of his bed-chamber, and jumping out of his bed, *in puris naturalibus*—walking about his room, *al fresco*, for a quarter of an hour, when his valet rubbed into his body a certain quantity (half a pint I believe) of olive-oil. This method he alleged was a sovereign specific to preserve health, and though he recommended the practice to his friends, I never heard of his having any followers.

This meeting having occurred more than forty years ago, I do not recollect much of the conversation, except Monboddo's saying to the Baronet of Berkinbog, "Pray, Sir Robert, do you make use of oil?" "Why yes, my Lord," he replied with a grin, "occasionally in my salad, though Lady Abercromby prefers the cream, and that principally because we find it on the farm; but when I was at the siege of the Havannah, I always eat oil, though it was often rancid." During this speech the noble Lord could hardly retain his usual gravity, and with a sardonic smile, added emphatically—"I mean, do you *anoint*, Sir Robert?" The Baronet had never heard of his Lordship's habits, and was planet-struck, re-

peating "anoint! anoint!—what is that?" An explanation took place, and it was fortunate that the ladies had retired, otherwise their modesty might have been put to the blush by the details of the *anointment!*

The worthy presbyterian had no opportunity of introducing his Roman researches until the following day, when they visited *Decius' fort*, and he put his treatise into the hand of his companion, who became a convert, promising to introduce it into a work he was about to give to the world, "on the Roman antiquities of Scotland." This learned dissertation, however, never made its appearance, and both the antiquarians were shortly after this interview "gathered to their fathers." The Baronet, who had only "used oil in his salad," survived them many years.

Monboddo, in his way to the *tumuli*, paid a visit at Gordon Castle, where he was met by his usual travelling companion, Lord Kaimes, from whom he had separated at Aberdeen. As the Duchess had kindly honoured me with an invitation to the castle, I had the pleasure of accompanying Lord Monboddo, who was pleased to say that my company would be highly agreeable to him.

Though his Lordship had many eccentricities, his conversation was most interesting, and I only regretted that I was but little acquainted with the subject of it—antiquities. I proved however,

a good *listener*, and an able cicerone at Cullen House, which he visited *en passant*.

The Duchess was delighted to see his Lordship, and I was also graciously received. I had never seen Lord Kaimes, who was the great literary *lion* of his day. In manners he was quite a contrast to his brother of the bench, being plain, and blunt in speech, with a strong Scottish accent, while Monboddo was quite a courtier of the *ancien regime*, well-bred, and ceremonious. Of his bluntness in manner I have heard an anecdote, which it may not be amiss to introduce here. Every one knows that in the celebrated work on *man*, the author asserts that men originally had *tails*, but had worn them off by sitting on chairs! On one occasion, in Edinburgh, when Kaimes and Monboddo met to dine with a friend, a girl of six or seven years old, who was in the drawing-room, archly and slyly attached a fox's brush to Monboddo's skirt; and the ceremony of who should first proceed to the dining-room as usual produced some demur, (Monboddo insisting that he could not possibly *precede* a *senior* lord,) till Kaimes, spying the tricks which had been played on his friend, exclaimed, "gang in, man, and shaw's your tail!" pushing him forward. Of course the laugh was irresistible, but Monboddo could not enjoy it, as, through fear of giving him offence, he was not informed of the joke.

Her Grace was unusually brilliant in her admirable sallies of ready wit, and *jeux d'esprit* on this occasion; and though so many years have passed, I have a perfect recollection of this delightful day. The Duke, whose readiness in repartee is well known, added greatly to the hilarity.

When her Grace retired, Monboddo turned to me, and said, "Sir, her Grace has a brilliancy and radiance about her like the rays round the head of an apostle!"

I never again met his Lordship, but I understood he found his *tumuli* near Inverness, was satisfied they were Roman, and died in this faith.

From this long digression I return to my little pastoral parish; a narrow valley of four or five miles in length, (which in Scotland would be called a *strath*,) through the middle of which runs a clear mountain stream or *burn*, with several tributary rivulets descending ravines clothed with low trees of natural birch, hazel, and alder; forming altogether a pleasing and pastoral scene. In the centre of this rural valley is the kirk, manse, and school-house; the remains of the ancient habitation of Lord Deskford, and a few slated houses, still called the nunnery.

Farther up is an old habitation of a bonnet laird called *Skeeth*, the only dwelling that is not thatched in the parish. It is a singular circumstance that my grandfather was sixty-seven years its pastor; and his successor, my step-father,

lately deceased, filled the pulpit for upwards of fifty.

AN "EDIE OCHILTREE"—GEORDIE RAEBURN.

The Bedeman in the Antiquary I have always considered as one of the most highly-finished sketches of character among the many admirable portraits after nature to be found in the Waverley novels; and I was the more particularly struck with Edie Ochiltree, from having an early acquaintance with one of the same *genus*, and to whom there was a striking likeness.

This personage, 'yclept Geordie Raeburn, flourished in the northern counties of Banff and Aberdeen about half a century ago, and he is one of my earliest recollections. My mother, however, remembered him from the year 1764, and of his paying an annual visit to the parish in which she resided for a period of twenty years: my most perfect recollection of him is about the years 1775 to 78, when I left home. His figure continues so impressed on my mind, that I could sketch his portrait at this moment. I frequently, when a boy, attempted this, and succeeded, at least to Geordie's own satisfaction: the only critique he made on it was, "that it was o'er young." His stature was above six feet, and he carried himself so erect, in spite of the burthens he bore, that you could see at the first glance that

he had carried arms; and though he reckoned his age to be "three score and ten," he might have passed for a man of fifty on a Sunday, when he was shaved, and had put on his "*clean sark;*" ceremonies which he never omitted, nor was he less regular in his attendance at the Kirk.

He wore the blue gown, badge, and bonnet of his order, but along with his profession as a licensed mendicant, he united that of a pedlar, if it be not degradation to call a man who only dealt in literature by that title! Geordie was, in fact, both a minstrel and a ballad seller, dealing also in "story buiks" and "auld writings." He carried three bags, for three separate purposes: the largest was a *pock* for his *awmous* of meal, which was suspended over his left shoulder; another, balancing it on the other side, was of leather, resembling a large purse, and served as a *depot* for his "orra sark, hose, and shoon, his drinking-horn, sneeshin-mull, and other such gear:" the third, and most consequential, was a knapsack of goat's-skin, carried on his back by a strap across his shoulders, and was crammed with the literary property above-mentioned. Few men had more knowledge of ancient ballads than our *hero*, scores of which he could repeat from memory; and, being a musician, he contrived to stow away a fiddle, or *struff* as he called it, under his cloak, and when he had secured his quarters for the night, (which he found no difficulty in

doing, for every door was open to him,) "and cozy by the ingle in a corner," he tuned the struff, and set the whole family dancing, encouraging them with *hechs!* and *hous!* and other cheering sounds, to fling about their legs,—finishing the rustic ball by singing them a ballad: then his wares were displayed, and eagerly purchased. A mess of porridge, or brose, and occasionally "a bottle o' ale," (alias small beer,) was a luxurious supper to the minstrel when he retired to the barn, in clean straw, which he preferred as his dormitory to all other localities.

Geordie gave himself out as a native of Glenlivet, and "of having been out in the 45, on the *right* side," he said, "as his badge would show;" it was however strongly suspected, notwithstanding this mark of loyalty, that he had fought against the house of Hanover on that day, though, as well as many of his brethren, he had joined the Royal standard when the rebels were defeated. Be this as it may, his ballads were chiefly of the Jacobite cast, as well as the airs he sang. From him I picked up the beautiful air, "O send Lewie Gordon hame." I also remember his chanting merrily, "The wee bit German Lairdie," "Tootie too," "O'er the water to Charlie," and other songs of the same stamp.

According to his further account of his services, he became a soldier in the regulars from being only a follower, and joined the royal Scots, where

he continued until the peace of 1763. "He might," he said, "have been an out-pensioner, but, by the aid of a friend, he procured what he preferred, a blue gown and badge;" extending his peregrinations as far south as Brechin, and to Speyside on the north. During the winter months he retired to his native country, "wi' his bit o' siller," residing with an old brother soldier, whose wife was akin to him.

The man cultivated a little croft "on the *Duke's* land," and the wife distilled a little "mountain dew" in a black-pot. When the snow melted, and the birds began to carol, Geordie got his bags and *graith* in order, and set out on his travels. It was however said that he had "hained a good penny o' siller," which was lodged in the Aberdeen bank. When questioned on this subject, he replied, "that there wud be aneuch fund in his kist to bury him."

The last time I saw the old soldier was in June 1778, a few weeks before I quitted my "paternal roof." I told him "I was now an officer." He threw back his head, and raising his hand, saluted me *à-la-militaire*, saying, "Ye will na be the waur of an auld soldier's blessing: tak mine wi' you!" at the same time placing his broad hand on my head with great solemnity, and uttering something which I could not hear, but no doubt it was a prayer. I had for some time had in my

possession a Queen Anne's half-crown, which an old aunt had given me, and I thought it could not be better bestowed than on Geordie, and I put it into his hand. He turned it over two or three times with a *glowr*, and said, "that's a bonny coin; I ance had ane, but I winna tak this frae you, my bonny lad: its o'er muckle, and ye may want it yersell; but gin ye hae an orra saxpence I'll tak *that*, as it will nae doubt be the last time I'll see you: for I'll be deid and gane lang afore ye cum hame." "Weel, weel, Geordie, here's a shilling, we'll split the difference, and I'll take back the half-crown, as it was a keepsake," said I.

When he was about to take leave, he said, "I've been among the Irish, Captain, (quick promotion) —they're a willfu' folk, and a drunken; tak care o' them, but aboon a' had out o' the gait of bad womenkind: they are the ruin and doonfa' of mony a fine youth!" So saying, he whistled to his little dog, his constant companion, and, with many a "God be wi' you!" marched off (with a tear in his eye) double-quick time.

I had for some years been a particular favourite with Geordie. Besides his speaking a little Gaelic, and adding a few phrases to my vocabulary, I was much pleased with the merriment his visits always occasioned in the family, and I took care that he never departed without a hearty meal or two, a good awmous of oatmeal; but what above

all gratified him the most, was a bottle of our home-brewed, which, he said, "was the best atween the Spey and the Dee."

Geordie was a famous gossip, and could tell all the little news of the country. He knew all the marriages that were to happen, and those that had been broken off; had a list of the *faux pas* that had been committed among the lower orders, and sometimes had a tale of a *cutty-stool* punishment, which in those days was not an uncommon occurrence, and procured him an attentive audience among the giggling lasses; in short he was "a famous *cracker*," and "could discourse with the minister himsel' about the price o' nowt and sheep at the different fairs and trysts which he attended." He was moreover so honest and trustworthy, that he was often charged with little commissions to execute for the *guid wives* at Aberdeen, and brought needles and pins for the lasses.

On my return seven years after, I learned that poor Geordie had been dead a few months, and that his hoards amounted to 50*l.* which his Highland cousins fell heirs to.

CHAPTER XVII.

Reminiscences of Scotland continued—College friends—Tom Bostock—Juvenile indiscretions—School flagellation—Gypsies—A barbarous pedagogue—An elopement—Kind friends—News of an old friend—Story of a sailor—Barbarity—Revenge—A duel—Pirates—A sea-fight—Fatal catastrophe.

* * * * *

THE year before I left college, another Englishman entered the mathematical class. His name was *Bostock*, from York: he was my junior by a year, but a well-grown, robust and active youth. He had private apartments in the town, and seemed to have plenty of funds for his *menus plaisirs*. He had a lofty and independent spirit, and a violent temper, but was withal very generous, and at the bottom good-natured. He soon quarrelled with his countryman Peter Julian, and became his sworn enemy. Gray and myself took his part, thinking the cause of the *row* (for it came to

fisty-cuffs) originated with the latter; in consequence, Mr. Tom Bostock vowed *eternal friendship* to us, and we were at all his tea-parties. Julian was a liberal fellow, and showed no jealousy on this account, so that we lived on good terms with both the Englishmen, and before the session was over we made them shake hands.

I gave Bostock some instruction in the delightful art of angling, of which he became very fond, and in the months of March and April, when the snow had melted, we never missed to spend our Saturdays in *lashing* the river Don, and frequently with success, our sports ending in a salmon dinner, and a little bowl of punch at an ale-house at the bridge, famous for its fish and *twopenny*. In one of these excursions I asked my friend, "what had induced his family to send him to Aberdeen, when there were such fine colleges in England?" "I will tell you the reason," said he, "in confidence."

"My father died about six years ago, having given me a *step-dame* shortly after my mother's death. I was an only child, and so *petted* by my father that it became difficult to manage me as I grew up. I had my own way in every thing as long as he lived, but when I lost this indulgent parent, the tables were soon turned on me. I was ten years old at the time of this sad event; and he had hardly been cold in his grave when my step-dame began to tyrannize over me. My temper is

not the best in the world, as you may have observed, but her cruel treatment made it worse. She had been left a good jointure, and could afford to send me to an academy; but, no doubt to save that expense, she kept me at a little school in York, giving orders to the pedagogue 'to rule me with a rod of iron, and to curb my perverse dispositions.' A worse plan could not have been adopted towards me; for though I might have been coaxed into good conduct, severity only hardened me the more. Having a good memory, I soon got my lessons, and there was no fault to find with me on this account, but I was full of mischief. On a holiday I was always the first to rob an orchard or a hen-roost, young as I was; and in one of these exploits I was detected, and so severely punished, that, after kicking my master's shins, I ran away and joined a gang of gypsies, who had an encampment in the neighbourhood, that I had more than once visited. Luckily for me, the king of the tribe knew my family, and carried me home to my mother, who issued orders to give me another flogging; but an old relation, residing in York, hearing of my adventure, interposed, knowing my mamma's harsh treatment of me, and I escaped this second punishment. The good-natured man did not stop here; he invited me to pass the holidays with him, which were just approaching, and in the meantime strongly advised my mother to send me to a public school, or some

academy at a distance, as he was sure I never would do any good at home. His advice was taken, and, to my great joy, I was sent to Richmond in the West Riding, and boarded in a large academy in that town.

"I was pretty well advanced in my education in spite of all my bad habits, and jumped from the last to the second form the first year. My new master did not prove the most gentle of beings towards me; and one day, after I had been with him about two months, having incurred his displeasure by beating another boy for breaking my pen-knife, I was ordered up to be flogged: if I had made an apology, I dare say I should have been forgiven, but I had too high a spirit to make any submission, and I bore a severe punishment without a murmur; my fortitude was considered obstinacy by the *worthy* pedagogue, who read me a lecture on my hardened disposition, which he concluded by telling me, that my mother had informed him, 'I was a wicked good-for-nothing chap, and that flogging alone, she was sure, would cure me, and I shall take care,' said he, 'you have enough of that, if you do not mend your ways.' I tell you all this," said Tom, "because it is to this punishment that I attribute my future misdeeds, and the occasion of my being afterwards sent here.

"At twelve years of age I believe boys generally forget a flogging; I was not however one of

such a temper, and I never could forgive the tyrant who punished me so severely for so slight an offence. From that day I became more idle, mischievous, and quarrelsome; I was always getting into scrapes with my companions; I fought fifty battles, in which I was generally conqueror, till at last no boy in the school of my age would dare to face me. I had but one friend, a youth on the same form with me, my senior by two or three years. He was my *bottle-holder*, and always took my part, on which account I became greatly attached to him, for I am easily won by kindness. My master, however, imagined that severity was the best mode of correcting me, and whether to gratify himself or my mother I know not, but he certainly did not spare the rod. There was a brook about two miles from the school, full of small trout or rather minnows; and when I expected a holiday, I saved part of my meals for a day or two preceding, and instead of joining my school-fellows on these occasions, I put my crusts into a wallet, and passed the whole play-time fishing. In one of these excursions I fell in with a gang of gypsies, one of whom recognised me as an old acquaintance, and coaxed me to join my meal to theirs; and, finding I had a shilling in my pocket, they read my fortune, in which, among other events, they prophesied 'I should be one day a great sea-captain.' I thought this very extraordinary, for I had already meditated to go

to sea, having an uncle an admiral, who had offered to bring me up in his profession. It is probable the gypsies knew my connexion; but I did not then think of this, and I believed them to be *prophets!* The next holiday I re-visited these vagabonds, provided with better fare and half-a-crown in my purse. I also brought them an old pack of cards, which they had told me they very much wanted. My fortune, which had been formerly read by my palms, was now tried with these *cards*, when 'honours and riches and a beautiful wife'-were promised me, 'after I had incurred many dangers.' I was so pleased with these fine prospects, that I pulled out my broad piece of Queen Anne; which my cousin at York had given me, and offered it to the fortune-tellers, if they would teach me the tricks which they pretended they could play with cards. This was, you may believe, readily accepted, and never was a more apt and attentive disciple; instead of fishing, I passed the whole day with the gypsies, and learned to slip a card, to guess one any body thought of, and even to tell fortunes: I thought this a delightful accomplishment, and I determined to take another lesson; unhappily, however, I was too vain of my new talent, and unwarily let out how I acquired my knowledge, which being conveyed to the ears of the master by some good-natured friend, I got a flogging for absenting myself without leave a whole day from school,

and associating with vagabonds, with a threat, 'that a similar offence would be still more severely punished.' I paid no attention, you may believe, to this counsel, but took the first opportunity that occurred of returning, having had the prudence to procure leave for the purpose of fishing. My master, however, suspected my intentions, and put a spy on my motions, who dogged me into the Egyptian camp, as I afterwards learned.

"On my return, I was called into the tyrant's room, and cross-examined with a smiling face, unusual on such occasions, which withdrew all suspicion of what was coming. 'Well, Mr. Tom,' said he, 'have you caught a great many fish?' 'Not one, Sir.' 'Why this has been a fine day, but perhaps you have not been fishing?' 'No, Sir.' 'Where have you been then all day?' 'Amusing myself.' 'Oh, I suppose you have been visiting the gypsies again, have you?' I made no reply. 'Tell the truth, Sir,' said he, 'and if I catch you lying, I will flog you within an inch of your life.' I was not addicted to lying, and now thought that, if I made a confession, I should escape punishment. I therefore boldly replied, 'that I had been with the gypsies, to give them a pack of cards which I had promised them.' In an instant the artificial smile on his countenance changed into a frown, and in a thundering voice he exclaimed, 'You young rascal,

you are a gambler as well as a low-lived tinker—you will be hanged, Sir: I will not keep you another day in my establishment, you will ruin every boy in it; but to-morrow I will make an example of you, and then send you home—begone, Sir, from my presence!'

"This amiable speech deprived me of my night's rest; I had sense enough to see the injustice of my sentence, and that my candour in speaking the truth ought to have obtained my pardon, had my crime even been greater. I determined, therefore, that I would run all hazards rather than submit longer to such a tyrant. My friend W—— slept in the same apartment, and I communicated my plan of *desertion* to him, who remonstrated in the strongest manner against my taking such a step, although he admitted my being treated with unusual barbarity, which I did not merit. All his reasoning was in vain; I had made up my mind to escape as soon as the dawn appeared. I left all my little effects in my friend's charge, and a pencil note on the table, stating, 'that my master's cruelty had occasioned my flight.' I slipped out (while my companion slept) at cock-crowing, and walked, or rather ran, three miles to an ale-house on the road-side, where I knew the York coach would pass before breakfast. My only fear was, that my flight would be discovered before it could take me up; fortunately, however, I was not missed till I was some miles

on the road, which I afterwards learned from my *chum*.

"I dared not present myself to my step-dame, but hoping my cousin, whom I have mentioned, a surgeon in York, would give me an asylum, I was put down at his door. I told him my story, without concealing a single circumstance that had occurred to me since I left home; he knew that, although I was a *Pickle*, I never had been detected in telling a *lie*, and gave implicit belief to my statement, highly condemning my tutor for his severity, yet regretting I had taken a step that would incur my step-mother's displeasure, and probably that of my guardian, the worthy admiral, who was now on a foreign station. In the mean time, however, he offered me an asylum until my uncle's pleasure should be known.

"My mother flew into a violent rage, when she heard of my return, and I was delighted to find 'that she would not receive such a *viper* (as she called me) under her roof;' and I continued to live with the doctor.

"In a few months he received a letter from my relation, in reply to one he had written to him, 'lamenting my indiscretion, but at the same time acknowledging that the treatment I had received from the master of the academy, and my mother's unnatural and harsh conduct, had driven me to despair;' adding, 'that since I had been under

his roof, my conduct had been uniformly good, and he had no doubt but gentle treatment would correct my violent dispositions.' In this hope the admiral had desired him to tell me, that if I was disposed to be a sailor, and would study mathematics and navigation for a couple of years, he would receive me in his ship, and in the mean time put me on the books.

"There was a clever man in York, who took a few pupils, and under him I was placed; he treated me kindly, and I advanced in my education for a year to the satisfaction of my instructor; but no good conduct could *move* my step-dame: she refused all advances on my part to a reconciliation, and would not even see me. Another letter from my uncle recommended my being sent to Scotland for a winter to finish my studies, and the surgeon of his ship, who had been educated at Aberdeen, advised King's College as an appropriate seminary.

"This is my history, and you will think it, I dare say, a singular one. I have not disguised my faults, nor have I exaggerated the cruel treatment of a cold-blooded step-mother and a tyrannical preceptor. I shall bid Scotland adieu in a few months, which I regret, but I must embark in my new career before it is too late. In general, boys are sent to sea at a much earlier age, but my uncle does not approve of this. He is daily expected from his station at Newfoundland, being

ordered home to take a command in the East Indies. I am anxious to see the world, and to go to sea, for which Robinson Crusoe has given me a taste. I have his Adventures by heart, as well as Gulliver's Travels: they are my favourite studies and my travelling companions."

I had often thought, since I parted with my friend, that he would make a figure in history; for he had a precocity of talent quite extraordinary. He talked and reasoned like a *man*, and from his external appearance, as well as his intellect, might have passed for a youth of twenty. He was as courageous as a lion, of great personal strength and activity, and highly qualified for the profession of arms; but, as far as my judgment at that time went, I feared his violent passions would lead him into scrapes.

We parted with mutual regret and good wishes, hoping that fate would one day throw us in each other's way. I lost sight of him, however, for more than twenty years; but a singular accident occurred, which gave me an opportunity of learning the sequel of this interesting young man's history, which, as I could have prophesied, was chequered with good and evil.

I was travelling in the mail from Edinburgh, about the beginning of the nineteenth century; and at York was joined by a portly gentleman of a certain age, with whom I soon got into conversation, and I fancied that I had before seen him somewhere.

As we advanced on our journey, I discovered that he was an admiral, and had been often at Plymouth, which accounted for his face being familiar to me. At length he told me his name, which I recollected was the same as that of Bostock's uncle; and I could not doubt of his identity with him, which was confirmed when I mentioned having passed a winter at Aberdeen with a young gentleman, who had often mentioned Admiral W. as his relation; adding, "that I considered myself extremely fortunate in now having an occasion to hear of one, in whom I was so much interested."

"Sir," replied my *compagnon de voyage*, "your friend Tom's life has been one of singular events and calamities, and would furnish subject for a romance. He has been dead eight or nine years, and no one lamented his fate more than myself; for though he had an impetuous temper, he possessed many amiable qualities. I will give you a sketch of his short career, which I cannot doubt will interest you.

"After he quitted Scotland, he joined my ship at Portsmouth, which I was fitting out for the East Indies; I found him everything I could wish, except that I soon perceived he had still an irritable temper; but I hoped it would be improved by experience, and the mild measures which I adopted towards him, without however shewing him too much indulgence—the more especially, as being so near a relation, I thought any par-

ticular favour shewn him might excite jealousy in his messmates. But to do Tom justice, he did not look for favour—he only took his turn of dining at my table with the other midshipmen, and all duties he performed with alacrity and good-humour; no youth in the squadron could *rough it* better, and he was always foremost to volunteer his services. He soon became a good navigator: his journals were correct, and I could trust to his taking an observation with as much accuracy as my first officer. Yet, with all these good qualities, he was constantly getting into quarrels with his shipmates; and on one occasion he shewed so much violence, that I threatened to send him home, or to turn him into some other ship, if he did not curb his temper. It was for impertinence, and a sort of defiance to one of the lieutenant's orders, that he had incurred my displeasure; but to do him justice, when he found his error he made an apology, and promised amendment; and he kept his word, for this was the last time I had occasion to find fault with him.

"When he had been with me two years, I shifted my flag into another ship, taking with me my *followers*, as the midshipmen are called. My first lieutenant had been promoted, and another sent to me by the Admiralty; this man was a harsh and severe officer, and poor Tom soon got into disgrace with him, which I feared might lead to something unpleasant; and I therefore, under pretence of

shewing my nephew a little more active service than he could have in the flag-ship, which was often in port, I sent him into a frigate, the captain of which was my intimate friend. I recommended him as an active and intelligent young man, and deserving promotion when he had served his time, not, however, concealing his hot temper. With this officer he went on very well, though I learned that he had already a *row* with the first lieutenant, from which I boded no good. Shortly after I was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral, and my health having been for some time declining from a diseased liver, I wrote home to be relieved, but I grew so much worse, that the admiral, Sir Edward Hughes, strongly advised me to strike my *flag* to save my *life*, and I returned to Europe by the first occasion that offered. On taking leave of Tom, I charged him to conduct himself with more temper, and that he might depend in this case on my getting him made a lieutenant in a short time; as having been two years on the ship's books before he joined, he would be shortly qualified to pass his examination.

"I had not, however, been three months at home, when I had the mortification to receive a letter from his commander, stating, 'that my unhappy nephew had again quarrelled with the first lieutenant, who had taken an opportunity of revenging himself in a most brutal manner on poor Tom.'

"What the origin of this new quarrel was I did not learn, but it ended most seriously to *both* parties, and fatal to *one*.

"Tom's captain was so highly satisfied with his conduct and abilities, that he made him a warrant officer, which brought him more in contact with the first lieutenant; when one day he unfortunately fell from the main-top, and had he not alighted on some hammocks in the boats, must have been killed; but he escaped with some bruises, and a severe injury to his shoulder. When he became convalescent, and able to keep his watch, and the captain had gone on shore, the lieutenant, who owed him a grudge, took this opportunity of showing his authority by barbarously ordering him to go aloft, under some frivolous pretence of duty, although he was aware of his incapacity. Tom remonstrated, stating his total inability; but no excuse was admitted, and the brutal *Jack in office* swore he should mount, *coûte qu'il coûte!* This was a physical impossibility; nevertheless the order was persisted in, and two sailors were directed to convey him to the mast-head, and if he could not *hold on*, to *lash him to it!* The poor sufferer was kept there four hours in a burning sun, and when brought down was so exhausted, that he fainted on deck. When he had recovered his senses, his rage and indignation returned at the insult and cruel treatment he had received; and without waiting for the captain's

coming on board to make his complaint and procure redress, he tore his warrant, threw it on the deck, and stamping on it, with the most bitter execrations on his tyrant and the whole service, swore in a paroxysm of rage, 'that he would desert the first opportunity!' The fact was, the poor fellow was in a state of delirium, and the surgeon recommended he should be bled; but the monster who had thus tyrannised over him, ordered him to be put in irons for *mutiny*, which would have probably terminated fatally, had not, luckily, the captain returned in the evening, and from the surgeon's report instantly released the prisoner and put him into the hospital: a severe fever was the consequence, which, with all the care of the doctor, and the naturally fine constitution of his patient, had nearly cost him his life. The captain, highly indignant at the barbarity of the lieutenant, put him into close arrest, reporting him to the admiral, who ordered a court-martial to try him for cruelty. There was no want of evidence to convict him, and though he endeavoured to recriminate on his *victim*, by stating that his conduct had been previously mutinous, the prisoner was dismissed the service. The surgeon having declared that Tom had been in a state of temporary delirium (when he tore his warrant) brought on by the treatment he had received, was honourably reinstated in his former station.

"It would have been imagined," continued the

admiral, "that he ought to have been satisfied with this verdict, but alas! Tom's was not a disposition to put up with such wrongs, and revenge lurked in his heart. As soon as he had completely recovered, he procured leave to go on shore, and learned that his *enemy* was still in Madras, shunned by all his former brethren. Returning to his ship, he took his measures to call the scoundrel to a personal account for the insult he had received. He prevailed on one of his messmates to be his friend on the occasion; and the first day they could get leave to go on shore, Tom provided himself with a case of pistols, and penned a bitter *cartel*, demanding satisfaction for his injuries.

"The challenge was accepted: the parties met, attended by their seconds, both eager for revenge. They fired at ten yards, when Tom's ball lodged in his antagonist's head, 'who bit the dust' without uttering a word! The duel being fought at sun-rise in a solitary spot near the beach, they took to their boat and immediately returned to the ship, surrendering themselves to the captain, and relating every circumstance of the melancholy tale. Tom declared that, 'though he now lamented what had happened, his sense of honour had been so injured by the monster, who had taken the advantage of temporary power to treat him so barbarously, that his mind had never been at rest day or night since that time; and that

though revenge could not be justified, he trusted the wrongs he had received would be considered by honourable men as a mitigation—at all events he had surrendered himself to the laws of his country.'

"The captain, a humane and honourable man, acknowledged the justice of this reasoning, and took the necessary steps to bring him to trial with as little delay as possible; the result of which, I need hardly add, was favourable. He was honourably acquitted, and returned to his duty.

"When the period of his time as a midshipman had expired, he passed his examination with *eclat*, and was made a lieutenant in a frigate ordered to cruise on the coast of ——, to protect the British traders against the depredations of the Malays, a nation of daring pirates, who infested these seas, to the great injury of our trade. He had not been many months on this station, when he was seized with a violent fever, which threatened his life; and his recovery was so slow, that the surgeon recommended his returning to Madras, hoping the change of air, and quietness on shore, might restore his health. He took a passage in a country ship well armed, which unfortunately fell in with a squadron of these pirates, who attacked them in a calm; and in spite of a noble resistance, after the loss of two-thirds of their crew, they were obliged to surrender. Tom was early wounded in the action, and lay among the dead. When the bar-

barians were in the act of throwing him with the others overboard, he had sufficient power to address them in the Hindostanee language, (which he well knew,) praying for mercy, which was granted, probably thinking he might be useful as an interpreter on some future occasion; and he was put into the prize, which was manned by fifty of the pirates. His wounds, though severe, were not dangerous, and he suffered much from loss of blood and want of surgical aid; he contrived, however, to dress his wounds himself, and in a few days was able to crawl about the deck. Meantime a gale of wind came on, and the savages, not knowing how to navigate a three-masted ship, were in imminent danger of foundering. In this dilemma they were fain to call their prisoner to their assistance. The gale was of short duration, during which he took the management of the vessel; and as they had lost their reckoning, he was directed to continue steersman to a certain port which they named. It could not be expected that these barbarians knew any thing either of charts or the use of the compass; but, by the sun, they were aware that their course was westerly. Tom immediately conceived a project of conducting the ship to a British port, or to a coast where he might fall in with his own frigate, or an English cruizer, provided he could deceive the savages by altering one of the compasses. On examining the chart, he made his arrangements so

that one compass should vary *six points* to his purpose; this he easily contrived, and on comparing them again, he recommended they should steer by *that* which he thought the most correct, which being left to his judgment, the scheme succeeded; and the next day a sail was seen to leeward, which by the glass was perceived to be a trader. The pirates thought they might make a prize of her, and our helmsman was ordered to steer towards her. Having no suspicion of the approach of an enemy, the strange sail made no attempt to escape. Cannon not being the mode of warfare the Malays were accustomed to, they intended to attack by boarding; and when they approached, Tom hailed his countrymen in the English fashion, telling them 'to fight to the last extremity, for they were enemies, and if captured, every soul on board would be put to death.' This they had probably perceived, for when the Malays were within musket shot, they poured in a volley of small arms from their tops, and raked them fore and aft, with a broadside of their great guns, which swept their decks. In this manœuvre the two vessels got entangled, when Tom, in defiance of his wounds and debility, contrived to pass by the bowsprit to the English ship, exclaiming 'that he was a friend!' The pirates attempted to board with their long pikes and hatchets, but were repulsed with great slaughter. Tom was not an idle spectator, but fought like a lion;—fortunately, an explosion of a

barrel of gunpowder took place, by the carelessness of the pirates, which was a *coup de grace* to their hopes; and, after a loss of two-thirds of their gang, they surrendered—the Englishmen having only three killed, and a dozen wounded. Tom escaped with a pike-thrust of little consequence. When he had related his history, and the captain found he was an officer in the navy, he begged him to take the command of the prize. The pirates were distributed in the two vessels, put into the holds, and ironed with the chains which they had provided for their enemies.

"In a fortnight they safely reached Madras, and when Tom's exploit was made public, he was noticed and complimented by the governor, as well as by the admiral, who offered to appoint him to any ship in the squadron he preferred; but his health was not yet re-established, and he begged to be permitted to take a short repose on shore.

"During his sojourn at Madras, he made the acquaintance of some of the native merchants from his knowledge of the languages, and, among others, that of the agent of the nabob of ———. This man had been long desirous to procure a British officer to take the management of the military establishment of his prince, and made such flattering proposals to Tom to enter his service, that he consulted his old captain, who was of opinion he should accept them, provided he

obtained the admiral's consent, which he found no difficulty in doing.

"As soon as his health was completely restored, he set out for the territories of the nabob, provided with credentials from the agent, and a sum of money which had been advanced him. He accomplished his journey of six hundred miles up the Ghauts in safety, and was graciously received by the prince, with whom he soon became a great favourite, and appointed to the highest military command, the duties of which he executed to his highness's satisfaction. In this honourable situation he remained three years, daily increasing in favour and riches. Unfortunately, however, he had excited the jealousy of a person who had formerly been the favourite of the prince; and one day, when he was conversing with his master in the royal gardens, this fellow sprang from a grove, and stabbed poor Tom with a long dagger in the back. The weapon had entered some vital part, for he dropt at the prince's feet, while the assassin made his escape! Every assistance was afforded him by an English surgeon in the service of the nabob, but it was found that the dagger had penetrated the lungs, and he only survived four hours. He had previously made his will," concluded the Admiral, "in my favour, with a few legacies to his friends, among whom the surgeon of York, and his cousin who had given him an asylum as a boy, had the largest share. Long and deeply," continued the Admiral

"did I regret this amiable youth, who, had his life been spared, would have been the comforter of my old age. He was in the way of realizing a large fortune, having in so short a time accumulated above 8,000*l.*

"Among his papers which were transmitted to me, I found a journal of the events of his life, with a variety of remarks on the customs and manners of the countries he had visited, which, if given to the public, would form an interesting volume. His friend, the surgeon, is in possession of the papers, which he has put into a form for the press, and I have given him my permission to publish them."

The Admiral concluded this long and interesting detail of my old friend's eventful history, by politely adding, "that if I would give him my address, he would send me a copy of the journal, should it be printed." I heard no more of it, however, and presume it never went to the press. Two years after I saw the Admiral's death announced in the newspapers.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Story of a renegado, a reminiscence of Ireland—Henry King Edgeworth—A gentleman volunteer—Coercion—Ingratitude—An Irish rebel—The reward of villainy.

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DURING the time I was employed on the recruiting service at Limerick, a stout well-looking fellow offered as a volunteer. He had the air of a gentleman, which he seemed desirous to conceal; on cross-examining him, he confessed "that his family was respectable, his name Henry King Edgeworth, and a native of Dublin; that he had been brought up to the business of a woollen draper with a relation, and had just served his apprenticeship, when his father, (an upholsterer,) with whom he continued to board, presented him with a step-mother, who treated him so ill, that he determined to quit Dublin, and seek his fortune elsewhere. When a young fellow's affairs are

desperate," said our hero, "he generally lands in the army. Before I was articled to a trade I had the desire of being a soldier, and, had my father, instead of giving me a *step*-mother, presented me with a *pair of colours*, I hope I should not have disgraced the cloth: but I must now be content to handle the *brown musket*, and to trust to my good fortune for advancement. I prefer your corps to a marching regiment, as I understand I have a chance of getting on service immediately. I should have presented myself to the party recruiting in Dublin, but that would have been soon known to my family, and I might have been thereby thwarted in my views."

All this was spoken without hesitation, and an air of candour that completely took me in. He was a smart-looking well-made fellow, and said he was in his twenty-second year. His countenance, however, had something forbidding from a sort of *cast* in his eyes, and a bushy brow hanging over them like a pent-house. It was a face that no art could disguise, although it was evident, from the *materiel* and cut of his clothes, that he was desirous of changing his appearance, particularly as he wore a sandy coloured wig, over his short black hair.

I remonstrated with him on the folly of the rash step he was about to commit, recommending

him to return to Dublin, and to reconcile himself with his father; but the "young Othello" would not listen to my advice, and observed, "that if I did not choose to enlist him, he would proceed to Cork or to Waterford, where the officers, he was sure, would not be so scrupulous."

I therefore put a shilling into the *gentleman's* hand, the usual retaining fee, and the next morning he was attested.

When I mentioned to my friend Gubbins the story of my volunteer, he shook his head, saying, "depend upon it this chap is a *tramper*, and will be off as soon as you pay him his bounty."—"I have already," I replied, "given him a guinea; the rest he will receive at head-quarters, and we will keep a sharp look-out on him in the mean time."

Joe's prophecy, however, was fulfilled; for Mr. Henry King Edgeworth was not forthcoming the following morning. He had contrived, during the night, "to slip his cable" from the room in which he slept with some other recruits, and I was obliged to return him a deserter in my weekly report.

I was a great deal more chagrined at being outwitted by this fellow than at the loss of my guinea, and I determined in future to be more wary.

About ten days, however, after his desertion, I was agreeably surprised one morning (when at breakfast,) by the entrance of my recruit in *pro-*

pria persona, and in a new costume: he was equipped in a sort of *pea-green* jacket, a scarlet waistcoat, dirty leathern lower garments, the knees of which were unbuttoned, and a pair of blue worsted stockings, not a very appropriate dress for the *dog days!*

The sandy *scratch* wig had given place to a black bushy *Brutus* which overshadowed his brows, and he had altogether a *sinister* appearance, looking like a member of the tribe of Egypt; but I knew him at the first glance.

Before I had time to say a word, he boldly advanced to the table, and opened a long *exordium*, (though very little to the purpose) by way of excuse for his sudden disappearance, the import of which was, "that he had some private affairs to settle before he bid adieu to his native land, and especially to take leave of a *nymph* to whom he was attached; but now, having settled all these matters, he hoped I would send him off to Cork, and give him an opportunity of being embarked on service. He trusted that I would *look over* his having *quitted his post* without my permission, and allow him his back pay."

I did not interrupt the fellow in his impudent harangue, till he had finished it by a profound bow; when I replied:—

"Mr. Henry King Edgeworth, you do not seem aware that what you call 'quitting your

post' is *desertion,* and that you now run the risk of being tried by a court-martial, and shot for such a breach of military discipline; as, however, you have surrendered yourself, I shall not have you sworn in as a deserter, though you are returned as such. I am as anxious as yourself to send you to head-quarters, that you may not play me a similar trick; and in the mean time I shall give you a lodging in jail, from whence you cannot so readily escape, as from your former quarters."

Our hero was not a little disconcerted at so unexpected a reply, and throwing back his head with a theatrical *air,* said, "What, Captain, send a volunteer to prison, who has surrendered himself at discretion!" "Yes," I rejoined, "and you may think yourself very well off by so slight a punishment, which is entirely a measure of precaution; I am not over anxious to enlist such *gentlemen volunteers* as you; for what confidence can I have in a fellow who accepts part of his bounty, and absconds the next day? Had you told me all you have now related, I might have been induced to grant you a furlough—I now recommend you not to consider yourself any longer as having a free will, or you may come to the halberds instead of a pair of colours, which by good conduct you might aspire to at some future day." At this moment Gubbins entered,

and I presented my runaway. My friend cross-examined him, but he was too cunning, and would answer none of his interrogatories regarding his family, or the name of the person to whom he pretended he had been apprenticed: he stuck to his original tale; and we both agreed he was an impostor, and that he ought to be guarded; the serjeant, however, undertook to keep him in safe custody at the rendezvous, by clapping on him a pair of handcuffs, and placing a sentry over him. This coercion Mr. Edgeworth, disgraceful as it was, preferred to the city jail. The following morning I sent him off to head-quarters, stating to the colonel my opinion of him; no time was lost in sending him on board the Tender at the Cove, and I never expected to hear more of the gentleman; but he was again to come on the stage more than once, and though the continuation of the history of such a scoundrel is out of its place, and perhaps hardly worthy of relation, I shall here give it.

Two years after, when I joined my corps at Plymouth, I was one day dining with our paymaster, when a serjeant came into the room on some business; though I did not immediately recognise my recruit in his military dress, I was sure his was a face I had before seen. On his retiring, I asked his name. "That is my paymaster-serjeant Edgeworth," said the captain;

"and the cleverest man I ever had in my office; he writes a beautiful hand, is an excellent accomptant, very intelligent, and is indeed my *factotum.*"

I related his having been my recruit, and all I knew of him; adding, "that I had considered him a *mauvais sujet,* but was now glad to find my judgment had been erroneous."

On further enquiry, I learned that shortly after his joining his corps at Plymouth, his talents as a penman had been noticed by the captain of his company, and when he could handle his arms he was made a corporal, and taken into the pay-master's office as a clerk; whence his accomplishments and good conduct were such, that he was within a year elevated to a halberd, and to be pay-serjeant, with an additional shilling a day. His chief had the most implicit confidence in his integrity, trusting him with considerable sums of money; and as he had a taste for the *belles lettres,* Captain Weir gave him free access to his valuable library, of which the *élève* had, at his leisure hours, made a *catalogue raisonnée!*" Every thing went on *con amore,* and the serjeant daily increased in favour for another year; when, on the morning of a muster day, he did not make his appearance at the office at the usual hour. It was thought that indisposition had prevented his attendance; but when the messenger, who was sent to make enquiries, returned, it was found, that "the bird had flown!" Strict search was every where made,

but no trace of him could be discovered: he had not slept at his quarters, and his effects had been removed; it was therefore concluded he had deserted, and as an Irish brig in Stonehouse Pool had sailed in the night, the probability was, he had escaped in it. The pay-master was alarmed; and on examining his books, a deficiency of more than 300*l.* was found, and the *man of letters* had also purloined many of his most valuable books.

There was "a hue and cry" in the village; scores of petty creditors came forward; and it was astonishing the great amount of debts he had left unpaid. It finally came out that our Hibernian hero had been long cohabiting with a lady, whom he had introduced to his friends as his lawful spouse, and who had absconded with him. It was now whispered, that this female was only his *concubine*. Every means were used, and a reward of a hundred guineas placarded, for the apprehension of this public robber, but without effect.

He was destined, however, to appear again on the stage; for in 1798, when General Hoche invaded Ireland, Monsieur Henry King Edgeworth formed a part of the French army; unfortunately for him, he was put on board an English frigate with other prisoners, and sent to Waterford. In spite of a pair of huge mustachios, a French uniform, and a *patois* of that language, he was recognised by a brother soldier of his old corps; for as

I have already observed, nature had put a mark on the *arch fiend*, that nothing could disguise. He was denounced "as a traitor to his country, and a robber of the public money." He was accordingly put in irons, and kept a close prisoner; shortly after he was landed at Plymouth, and tried by a general court-martial in the marine barracks. There was no want of evidence for his conviction, and he was sentenced to be shot. On the morning of his intended execution, this wretched *renegado* was found dead in his cell. The body being opened, it was discovered, from the appearance of his stomach, that he had taken poison.

When he found there were no hopes of pardon, after sentence of death had been passed on him, he admitted the justice of the sentence, and requested to see a countryman, one of his quondam comrades, to whom he made a full confession of his various iniquities.

He had, as it was supposed, escaped in the Irish brig, and by bribing the skipper was landed on the coast of Wicklow, and among the mountains of that county he skulked for several months. His plan was to join his countrymen in Ireland, and he contrived to procure an introduction to one of the Irish delegates at Paris; and the first opportunity that occurred, he made his escape from his hiding-place, and reached the French capital in safety. His funds were nearly exhausted, when his Irish friend gave him employment in the

*Bureau de correspondence** for Irish affairs; where he picked up the means of existence, until the expedition gave him an opportunity of offering himself as a volunteer, and he obtained the *grade* of *sous lieutenant;* but on being made prisoner, he had changed the costume of an officer to that of a private soldier, in order to be less noticed; no artificial mustachios or change of dress, however, could serve his purpose to those who had previously known him; and unluckily the serjeant, who denounced him, had served in the same company with him at Plymouth, on his joining the corps.

He attributed all his crimes and misfortunes to the woman, whom he had seduced under promise of marriage before he became a soldier; and no doubt the same person, whom he had deserted at Limerick to visit, and who afterwards lived with him at Plymouth.

Whether to be revenged for his breach of faith, or that he had no longer the means of supporting her, I know not, but this woman not only deserted him on the eve of his embarkation for France, but plundered him of his watch, and the few guineas he had left of his ill-gotten wealth. "It was her insidious counsels," he said, "which induced him to plunder his benefactor, and betray the trust reposed in him."

Such was his tale! It could not be doubted

* Irish Delegates.

that he was a person of good education, and he had doubtless changed his name, for though much pains were taken to trace his connexions in Ireland, nothing could be discovered.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Duke of Gordon and Cosmo de Medici—An interesting widow—Her tale—Donald M'Gregor—The Gordon estates—Rise of rents—Successful fishing—The late Duke of Gordon—Curious drinking cup—The present Duke—His military services—His benevolence.

I cannot close this volume, in which I have more than once mentioned my noble-hearted chief the Duke of Gordon, (then Marquis of Huntly,) without giving a few anecdotes relating to his illustrious family.

* * * * *

The Gordon family claims kindred with that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Alexander, the second Duke of Gordon, being invited by *Cosmo de Medici* to pay him a visit at Florence, his Grace was received with all due honours by that illustrious prince, who *fêted* his cousin for many weeks, with every mark of distinction and kindness. The Scottish duke had brought in his suite

two sturdy and handsome highlanders, as running footmen or *volantes* (the fashion of the time, and which is still continued in Italy on state occasions.) These mountaineers, clothed in appropriate costumes, exhibited a novelty which had never before been seen in Italy; and their well-turned limbs, warlike countenances, and extraordinary activity, as *avant-couriers*, attracted general admiration. During my residence at Florence in 1799, I made an acquaintance with a descendant of *one* of my countrymen, which I considered very interesting, and worthy of a place in my reminiscences.

At this period, there were but few travellers in Italy, in consequence of the northern provinces being occupied by the republican armies. It was known, however, that an *Inglese* had arrived, who purchased objects of art, and in consequence I had daily visitations from dealers and chapmen, offering *virtu* of all descriptions, and I was not therefore surprised, when one morning our *valet de place* announced at my levée a *signora*, "who requested the honour of a private audience with my *Eccellenza*."

I dismissed my male brokers—although I had no doubt that my new visitor had come *in forma pauperis*—and I was not altogether mistaken in my conjecture. For although her dress did not manifest any appearance of poverty, yet there was a dejection in her countenance that indicated

distress, and having the remains of beauty, and an air of *bienseance*, I felt it necessary to apologize to my visitor for receiving her *en deshabille*, and to give her the post of honour, the *fauteuille*. "Ah! Signior," said the dame with a sigh, "I am not entitled to such distinctions, being a poor widow, although I have seen better days. Hearing that a *cavaliere* of the name of *Gordone* had arrived, a name which I highly respect, I have taken the liberty of waiting on you, hoping that you will listen to my unhappy story; and as I understand you are an admirer of the arts, perhaps you may afford me a little temporary relief, by purchasing a few articles of *virtu*, which belonged to my father who was an artist, and which nothing but poverty could induce me to dispose of.

"I am," continued the interesting widow, "descended from a countryman of yours, *Donaldo Gregorio*, my great grandfather, who came into Tuscany during the reign of *Cosmo de Medici*, in the *suite* of *Alessandro, Duca de Gordone*, whom I presume you know was related to that illustrious prince. If you will take the trouble of reading these papers, (putting a packet into my hand,) you will see the history of my ancestors. My father was a painter in *enamel* of some eminence, and having been patronised by the late Grand Duke, was enabled to leave me at his death, twenty years ago, a respectable independence,

being his only child. But unhappily I contracted an imprudent marriage with a Siennese, who very soon dissipated all our means, leaving me a few years ago almost totally destitute, and indeed I should not have had the means of existence, but for the kindness of the Grand Duke, who allows me a *rente viagere* of one hundred crowns; this is all I have to depend on, except some small earnings I gain by embroidery. I have hitherto preserved a few of my father's enamels, a port-folio of his drawings, and some pictures; but necessity compels me to dispose of them. I have brought a couple of the former with me for your inspection, and cannot doubt that you, as a connoisseur, will acknowledge their merit."

She produced two cases from her *sac*, containing two highly-finished and well executed *enamels*, one a copy of the *Madonna della Seggiola*, and the other of the *Fornarina* of Raphael.

"These miniatures," said I, "Signora, are in my opinion very fine, and though I cannot afford to purchase them for any large sum, I will endeavour to dispose of them for you among my friends, but you must fix the price." To this, as usual on such occasions, she was unwilling to consent, being desirous to leave that to my liberality, which I refused, and at length she proposed *twenty sequins* for both. This I observed was a sum which I could accomplish without difficulty, and put it into her hands, saying "that I would

take an opportunity of looking at her drawings." I need hardly add, that my countrywoman retired highly pleased, and overwhelming me with compliments.

A few months after this transaction I went to Rome, and mentioned it to my uncle, Mr. Morison. He had a perfect recollection of the painter Gregory, whom he had often seen during his frequent visits to Florence, where he generally passed the hot months on account of the *mal aria* of the Roman capital, and said that he was esteemed an excellent artist in enamel, and that his copies from the old masters were highly valued. This account induced me, on my return to Florence, to fulfil my promise of examining the widow's collection of drawings, many of which were very clever, being the copies he had made for his enamels, and I purchased the whole at a price which fully satisfied the lady, and made her, she said, *rich*, although the sum did not exceed fifty crowns.

I shall conclude this sketch by saying, that when I met the late Duke on my return from Italy, I gave his Grace the history of Donald M'Gregor, which highly gratified him, and made a specimen of the artist's pencil with which I presented his Grace, the more acceptable. It was a beautifully finished miniature of Raphael's mistress in the *Tribuna*, and, what still added to its value, it strongly resembled in expression the countenance of Lady Madelina Palmer. As it

was set in a *lava* snuff-box, I presume it may be preserved in the cabinet at Gordon Castle.

The Duke had a previous knowledge of his grandfather's having taken in his suite two fine Highlanders in the capacity of running footmen, when he visited the Grand Duke, one of whom went into the service of that Prince, which had the Duke known when he visited Florence in 1761, he would have certainly enquired about his descendants.

I know not if any communication continues between the families of the Grand Duke and the Gordons, but there has been more than one *Cosmo* in that of the North, in compliment to the House of *Medici*, with whom it was connected by marriage in the sixteenth century, of which the late Duke gave me some details, but they have escaped my recollection. At Gordon Castle there is a fine bust of Cosmo de Medici, presented by him to his friend, Duke Alexander.

* * * * *

The annals of Scotland do not perhaps exhibit a more remarkable example of the increase of rents during the last century, than that afforded by the rent-roll of the present Duke of Gordon. His Grace's immense property, extending from the east to the west sea, a distance of sixty miles, besides that in the low country, produced in the year 1707 only seven thousand pounds a year, while precisely one hundred years afterwards the

gross rental amounted to nearly ten times that sum! This extraordinary rise cannot altogether be attributed to changes in the times, or the improvements in agriculture, which have swelled the revenues of many other proprietors, but to injudicious management.

Alexander, the late Duke, when in his ninth year, succeeded to his father, and the trustees, finding the estates encumbered with debts, besides provision for younger children, were desirous to liquidate them during the youthful heir's minority, and for that purpose, took a year's rent from the tenants, in the shape of grassum (fine), instead of letting the farms at their value, as the leases became vacant.

This injudicious plan was unhappily followed by the Duke after he became of age, and continued until 1807, to the great injury both of landlord and tenant; for should the latter have been able to make a saving during his lease, he finds the whole swallowed up, on the renewal of it, which he could have laid out to more advantage to both parties in improving the farm; besides it is well known that tenants who pay low rents are generally slovenly agriculturists. At length, however, his Grace saw the evil of pursuing such a plan, and took a favourable opportunity in 1807, when turnpike roads had been introduced, of letting his Highland farms at their fair value, and the good consequences ensued; the estates produced the sum mentioned, and were in general

taken by the old tenantry, who speedily found the great advantage of the improved communication with the coast by the new highways, enabling them to transport their grain to the Duke's granaries, in half the time and at less expense, besides many other advantages.

The increased value of the salmon fisheries on the river Spey was no less remarkable. The right of fishing the left bank had formerly belonged to the Earl of Moray, but had lately been purchased by the Duke, when the whole produced a revenue of 1500*l.* a year; but being again out of lease, they were put up to auction at Gordon Castle, when Messrs. Richardson of Perth became the tenants at a rent of seven thousand guineas, on a seven years' lease.

Within a period of fifty years, these fishings had been let to the father of Mr. Gordon of Cluny, for 150*l.* a year; and although the system was not so well known in those days, nor had the mode of transporting the fish in ice to the metropolis been adopted, the profits must have been considerable, as they are said to have been the foundation of the large fortune afterwards realised by this now wealthy family.

From the extreme rapidity of the Spey, the expense of fishing it is much greater than that of the Dee or the Tay; yet I have heard that even at the enormous rent paid by Messrs. Richardsons, their labours were amply remunerated. I hap-

pened to be at Gordon Castle, when a miraculous draught was taken; amounting in a few hours to 4,760, the value of which at a shilling per lb. (the contract price) was calculated at 1400*l.*

I cannot help here mentioning another extraordinary draught of sea-fish, which I witnessed about the same period, and which has not perhaps been equalled since the days of St. Peter!

The late Mr. Gordon of Troup, who had a fishing village in the bay near his house, frequently amused himself and his friends by hauling an immense net, or *seine*, as it is technically called. I happened to be on a visit to this worthy man, when one evening we observed a more numerous flock than usual of sea-gulls, hovering in the bay, which being considered as a sign of a shoal of herrings, the net was put in requisition, and the whole herd of fishermen turned out to haul it; but so great was the quantity of fish in it, that forty persons were incapable of bringing it to the beach, and it was left until the tide retired; and when it was "high and dry," as the sailors say, it was found to have given way at one end, and half our cargo had escaped; but notwithstanding this loss, there was abundance left to supply Billingsgate for a week. In order to ascertain the number, a large tub was filled, which contained 500, and the sum total (thirty-two measures) amounted to 16,000 of various sorts, haddocks, whitings, red and grey gurnetts,

flounders and seathes, (or coal-fish,) and not herrings, as was expected.

When the fishermen had helped themselves to as many as they could dispose of to their customers, the residue filled a large waggon, which two Suffolk horses could with difficulty drag up to the house. The tenants were summoned to share the spoil, and what was not carried off by them went to the dunghill, which was already garnished with *three whales*, and 100,000 dog fish!—But to return from this digression.

The late duke enjoyed his honours for seventy-five years, and was the only peer of the realm living at the late coronation, who had assisted at that of George III. His grace at one time intended to have been in the procession on the last occasion, but his medical advisers considered the fatigue too great for an Octogenarian, yet he enjoyed good health for several years after, and was airing in Hyde Park the day of his death, when he only wanted a fortnight to complete his eighty-fourth year.

A great number of the Highland lairds hold their lands of the Duke of Gordon, and it is said, if his superiorities were divided into valuations of 400*l.* Scotch, (which gives a qualification to a freeholder to vote for the return of a member to Parliament,) that they would produce 70,000*l.*, supposing each vote worth the *current price of* 400*l.* The Highland estates, including these superiori-

ties, are, in point of extent, the greatest of any British subject, (except perhaps the Marquis of Stafford's,) although not the most productive.

It is supposed that the Earls of Huntly had formerly large possessions not only in Berwickshire,* but in the Carse of Gowry, and that Huntly Castle was built by that family. A curious relic was found there by a shepherd about twenty-five years ago, which might corroborate this, if any proof was wanting. It was a large metal seal, with the arms of the Earls of Huntly quartered thereon. Mr. Paterson, the proprietor of the castle, sent it to the late duke, when, by the

* My friend Mr. Fairholme is the proprietor of the parish and village of *Gordon* in the Merse; and there *is* or *was* a wood there, called *Huntly*-wood. There is a *Huntly-burn* too, on Sir Walter Scott's estate of Abbotsford; which, as it is in the immediate vicinity of excellent *hunting* ground, obviously suggests *Hunting-Lee* as the origin of this ancient and illustrious title.

Mr. Fairholme's property was bought by a female ancestor from the *Seytons*, a branch of the family of Gordon. Not many years ago the remains of an old castle were to be seen here, the foundation composed of immense stones on which were some Gothic inscriptions, but they were illegible. This castle was besieged and burned by the English soldiers in the time of Elizabeth. The heiress took fright and hid herself among the rushes in a moss. Near this is an artificial mound called *Green Knowe*, which tradition says was raised in commemoration of her escape.

Mr. Fairholme holds his superiority of a part of the parish from the Duke of Gordon.

diligence of Mr. Hoy, his Grace's steward, a bond, or deed, was discovered in the charter-chest, the seal of which exactly fitted this antique, and made it very interesting.

I have seen a highly curious piece of plate, the cup of one of the Earls of Crawford, plundered by an Earl of Huntly at Brechin, while the former was at table with a party of his friends. This drinking-cup was found by Sir Ernest Gordon of Park, about the close of the century, in a silversmith's shop at Edinburgh, by whom it was purchased for the value of the weight. It is capacious, and of a classical form, but its chief value is from the inscription, which stamps its authenticity. I have forgotten the date, but the arms of Crawford are engraved on the pedestal. This relique is valuable not more as a family memorial, than as a document of the practical pleasantries, (if not more serious purpose) with which the Highland chieftains of old appropriated to themselves the goods and chattels of their enemies or neighbours.

* * * * * *

I have had the good fortune to be honoured with the acquaintance of more than one nobleman, whose condescending and affable manner never varied, and who took me by the hand as kindly in St. James's Street, as in the provinces.

I trust the Duke of Gordon will pardon the

liberty I take in introducing his name, by saying, that I never saw any change in his Grace; and I may add, that no nobleman in the kingdom was ever more universally distinguished for kind consideration to every one he noticed with his friendship, on all occasions receiving them with cordiality, and an air of affability, graceful in him, and highly flattering to his inferiors.

I had the honour of being noticed by his Grace (when Marquis of Huntly) at an early period of his life, and to enjoy his friendship and confidence for twenty-five years. Independent of his high rank and accomplishments, his elegant and dignified manners, good-humour and conviviality, would have secured him popularity under any circumstances. The Marquis was the life and soul of every society he honored with his presence, and no one quitted it without regret.

On the commencement of the French Revolution his Lordship had just come of age. He began his military career in the Forty-second Regiment, which he quitted on promotion to a company in the Third Guards, and embarked with this brigade in the celebrated expedition to Holland, under the Duke of York, and assisted at the siege of Valenciennes; but having obtained letters of service to raise a regiment, he returned, and in a short time became colonel-commandant of the Hundredth, afterwards the gallant Ninety-second, which was

immediately ordered to Corsica. The young soldier embarked with his levy, and served two campaigns with it, when it was recalled.

On the second expedition to the Helder, the Marquis again embarked, and was severely wounded, at the head of his regiment, by a musket-ball in the shoulder, which occasioned him great suffering, as it could not be extracted for many years; but at length the operation was performed, and his Lordship was relieved from a painful and troublesome injury.

In 1809, his Lordship, having obtained the rank of lieutenant-general, took the command of a division of the army, on the expedition to Holland, under the command of the Earl of Chatham. Shortly after, when member for the borough of Eye, his Lordship was called up to the House of Peers, by the title of Baron Gordon.

In 1813 he married the only daughter and heiress of Alexander Brodie, Esq. of Arnhall, a most amiable and highly accomplished lady.

In 1827, on the death of his father, he became Duke of Gordon, was appointed Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, and Governor of Edinburgh Castle. He is also colonel of the First or Royal Scots. At this period the splendid family-mansion was greatly injured by fire, but it has been since restored, and is his Grace's chief residence.

Although the estates are burthened with an

enormous debt, the Duke and Duchess disburse a great part of their revenues in acts of benevolence and hospitality; and during the late calamities, occasioned by floods in the neighbourhood of Gordon Castle, they have shewn a noble example in relieving the many unfortunate sufferers, who were left houseless and pennyless by that awful visitation of Providence.

P. S. Since the foregoing sheet was printed off, I have understood from the best authority, that the miniature set in a snuff-box mentioned in page 445, has not been found at Gordon Castle; but there is an enamel portrait there of an artist whose name was supposed to be *M'Pherson;* and of whom the story corresponds in all respects with that which I have given.

APPENDIX.

Note to page 108.

* Delacour's "Abelard to Eloisa" in imitation of Pope's, was thought, at the time, to possess some of the spirit of the original. His "Prospect of Poetry" was much admired by many competent judges. Indeed his works were so popular at one time, that it is strange we do not find even a selection from them in Chalmers's English Poets, into which several bards of inferior merit have been admitted.

Delacour became quite deranged during the last years of his life, believing that he was visited by a demon, who enabled him to prophecy future events. During the siege of the Havannah, a gentleman meeting him in a bookseller's shop, asked him whether he could tell him when the garrison would surrender? "Oh, yes," said Delacour, very confidently, "I'll tell you the very day—it will be on the 14th of August next." "Do you pledge yourself for that day?" "So much so," replied he, "that I will stake my character as a prophet upon it." It really happened as he foretold, and Delacour was elated beyond measure, and laid claim to all the honours of a prophet. Notwithstanding his dissipated habits, he lived to the age of seventy-two, dying about the year 1781.

END OF VOL. I.

CORRECTIONS.

Page 177, line 4 from bottom, for *à l'Inglese*, read *all'Inglese*.
—— 195, line 4 from bottom, for *non potite*, read *non potete*.
—— 207, middle of the page, for *Perscia*, read *Perseia*.
—— 209, line 12, for *chaste* gold, read *chased* gold.
—— 214, line 13, for *a*, read *an*.
—— 231, line 10 from bottom for *vechetta*, read *vecchiardo*.
—— 248, line 12 from bottom, for there *were*, read there *was*.
—— 252, line 2 from bottom, for *benefit* of *bishops*, read *bench* of *bishops*.
—— 269, at bottom, for *fuor di casa*, read *fuori di casa*.
—— 274, line 13 from bottom, for *non posso impossibiles*, read *non posso, impossibile*.
—— 307, line 4 from bottom, for *St. James's Park*, read *St. James's Street*.
—— 446, line 1, for *nearly ten times that sum*, read 53,000*l*.
—— 447, line 14, for *Richardson of Perth*, read *Hogarth of Berwick*.
—— —, line 2 from bottom, for *Richardsons*, read *Hogarth*.
—— 448, line 4, for 1400*l*., read 700*l*. or 800*l*.
—— line 9, for *Gordon*, read *Garden*.

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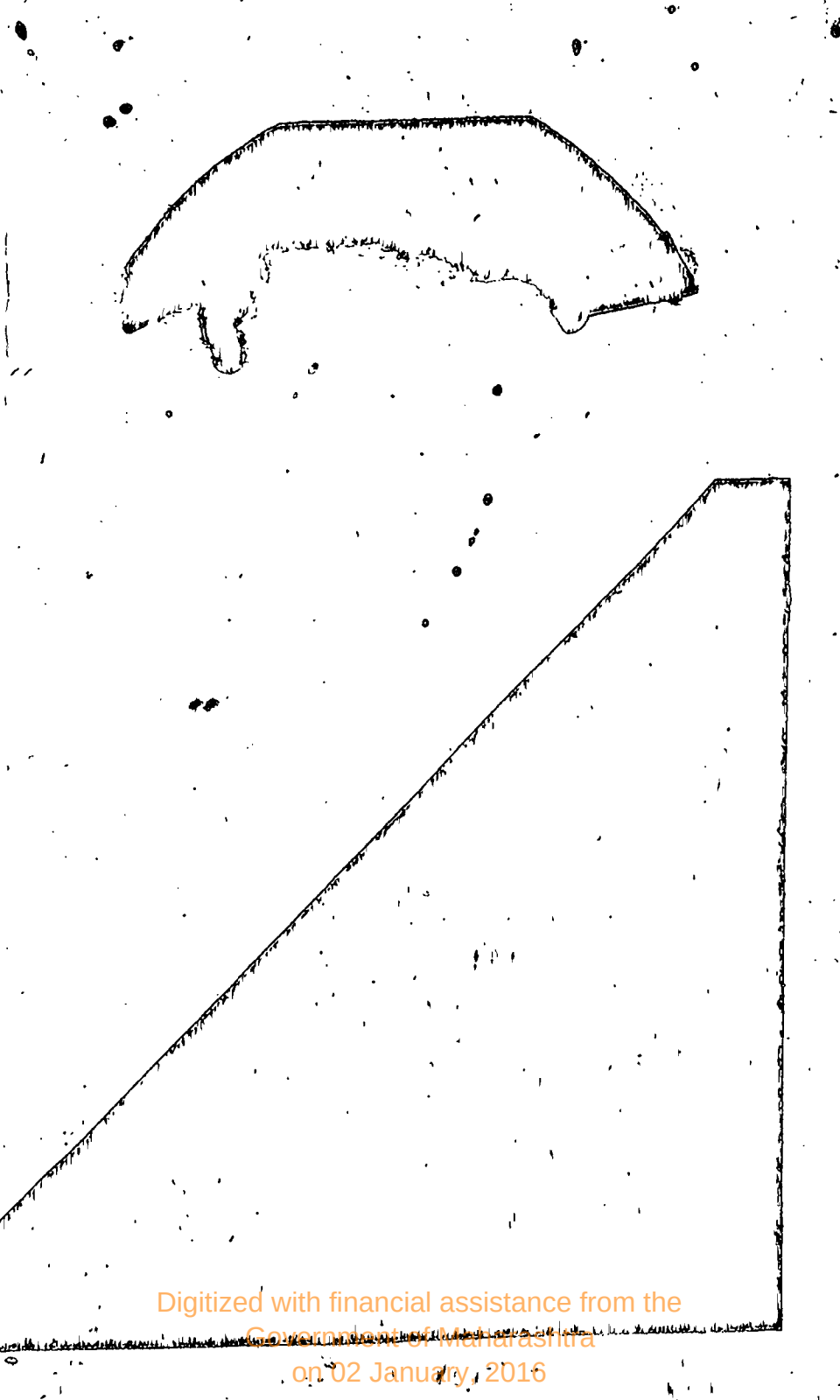

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